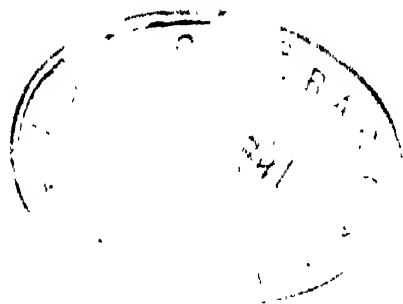


WITH RUSSIAN PILGRIMS.





THE PICTURE PROCESSION.

With Russian Pilgrims

BEING

*AN ACCOUNT OF A SOJOURN IN THE WHITE SEA MONASTERY
AND A JOURNEY BY THE OLD TRADE ROUTE FROM
THE ARCTIC SEA TO MOSCOW*

BY ALEXANDER A. BODDY

VICAR OF ALL SAINTS', MONKWEARMOUTH; FELLOW OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL
SOCIETY OF ENGLAND; MEMBER OF THE IMPERIAL GEOGRAPHICAL
SOCIETY OF RUSSIA

AND AUTHOR OF "TO KAIKŪAN THE HOLY: SCENES IN MUHAMMEDAN AFRICA"

*ALSO AN APPENDIX GIVING A FULL HISTORY OF THE
SOLOVETSK OBITEL, BY THE*



VENERABLE ARCHIMANDRITE MELÉTII

With Maps and Illustrations

LONDON
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THIS STORY
OF TRAVEL AMONG THE CHRISTIANS OF SUB-ARCTIC RUSSIA

HUMBLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

Dedicated

TO THE

Beloved Memory

OF

ONE OF THE GREATEST OF BISHOPS,
THE RIGHT REVEREND JOSEPH BARBER LIGHTFOOT,
D.D., D.C.L.,
LATE BISHOP OF DURHAM,

WHOSE WILLING AID AND WARM-HEARTED INTEREST ENCOURAGED
BOTH THE MAKING OF THIS JOURNEY AMONG

“THE ORTHODOX,”

AND THE RECORDING OF IT IN ITS PRESENT FORM

PREFACE.

IN the course of an acquaintance, extending over a considerable time, with the Russian educated classes, the writer of the present work has been struck with the knowledge they display of English affairs generally, and in particular with their sense of the ignorance we exhibit, both in our writings and public utterances, of the leading outlines and facts of the Russian religion.

He endeavours in this book to take the reader just within the fringe of the curtain of the Eastern Church as we find it in Russia. The work must not be understood, however, as being entirely devoted to the religious aspect of Muscovite life. It is mainly a record of a journey over the old trade route of the sixteenth century, long since abandoned, and includes reminiscences, which it is hoped may prove interesting, of various personal experiences, together with items of miscellaneous information collected from different sources on the way.

Those who have means and leisure very seldom

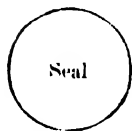
travel in Russia, or if they do, they more often cling to the few well-beaten tracks where they are surrounded by an almost Western atmosphere. Not only is the language severely blamed, but the passport system soundly rated. If wise precautions are taken, and courtesy is shown to those to whom it is certainly due, there is no reason why the pleasant experiences in the very heart of Russia which are here recorded should not be the experience of others. The kindly interest of the late Bishop of Durham in all his clergy did was shown in the letter which the present writer bore with him to the White Sea:—

*“To the Very Reverend the Archimandrite
of Solovetsk.*

“Grace and peace in Christ Jesus,—

“The bearer of this letter, the Rev. A. A. Boddy, is a respected priest in my diocese of Durham, for whom I have a great esteem. He is desirous of visiting your celebrated monastery, and I shall be greatly obliged for any kindness that may be shown to him.—Your very faithful brother in Christ,

“J. B. DUNELM.”



The writer's warmest thanks are due to W. J. B. for his useful suggestions and for revision of some

of the proof sheets. He also desires to record with gratitude his obligations to Professor Orloff, now holding the Russian Chair at King's College, London, for a careful examination and correction of the Russian orthography. His note on p. xiv. will be found most useful to those who would pronounce Russian words accurately. Acknowledgment is also made here (as has been made in the body of the work as well, and in the Index) of indebtedness to several writers who have been quoted at considerable length.

The history of the White Sea Monastery in Appendix B is valuable. The venerable Archimandrite who supplied it to the writer had the monastery documents before him when he penned it.

ALL SAINTS' VICARAGE,
MONKWEARMOUTH.

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NOTE.

To insure and facilitate correct phonetic reading of Russian words used in this book, a somewhat novel, but uniform, system of spelling them has been adopted.

Every letter has a peculiar sound of its own: there are neither diphthongs nor mutes, and the letters are to be pronounced as follows:—

1. VOWELS.

a—hard, as in 'father,' 'park,' or as in German, French, Italian, and Spanish, its softer sound, as in 'lad,' 'fat,' being represented by *ya*.

e—as in Continental languages, but with *y* before it, as in *yes*; still softer sound, corresponding to the French in 'mieux,' 'seriesx,' is rendered by *yo*.

i—as in Continental languages, its broader sound, as in 'pretty,' being represented by *y*, when *i* is found after another vowel, it should be pronounced as *y* in 'gray,' 'slay'—viz., very short.

o—as in English prefix com or con ('communicate,' 'condition').

u—as hard as in German, and therefore somewhat harder than in 'truth,' 'true,' its softer equivalent, as in 'unanimous,' 'fluent,' being represented by *yu*.

2. CONSONANTS.

a—Single.

Instead of *c* having two sounds, *k* is used whenever the former might have been followed by *a*, *o*, *u*, and *s* in other cases.

g—only as in German, or as in English when followed by *a*, *o*, *u*.

h—as in 'have,' 'hatch.'

j—exactly as in French.

s—should never be pronounced as *z*, but as in 'serve,' 'slave.'

b—Compounds

ch—as in German, or in Scotch word 'loch.'

tch—as in 'latch,' 'satchel.'

sh—as in 'shilling.'

ssh—is used as an approximate expression of the most difficult Russian sound, for which some writers, with no better success, marshal as many as six English letters, *sssch*.

Every single consonant (and compound) can have both hard and soft sounds. To show that the latter is intended, a sign of elimination (') has been used after the consonant.

Accentuation being most irregular in Russian, and playing most important part in correct reading, all words, with the exception of monosyllables only, are supplied with one uniform sign of it in the shape of acute (') accent. There being but one accentuated syllable however long a word may be, the whole force is concentrated on the pronunciation of that particular one, all the others being pronounced much quicker and less distinctly—viz., slurred over. Herein an explanation is to be found of the fact that *o* unaccentuated sounds somewhat like *a*, or *u* at the end (in names, e.g.) like *f* (the latter giving occasion to Russians themselves to end their names with *f*).

WITH RUSSIAN PILGRIMS.

CHAPTER I.

ROUND THE MURMÁNSKII NOS.

Leaving Tromsö—Midnight photography—First glimpse of the midnight sun—The North Cape—Fish-fodder—Whales and their persecutors—A fortress in the Arctic—Russia ahead—The Murmánskii coast—Russian fisheries in the Arctic Sea.

A PLEASANT sojourn amongst the Lapps was ended, and one evening in May at seven o'clock the engine-room bells rang, and the order, "Full steam ahead!" was telegraphed as we commenced our voyage from Lapland to the White Sea.

Churning the green crystal water into foam with our propeller, we passed from Tromsö Sund into the Gröt Sund.

It was a brilliant icy Arctic night, yet every object glittered and sparkled in the frosty sunshine. On we steamed through noble estuaries, hemmed in by heights still clad with spotless snow, though the brilliant sunlight above and a blue sky reflected on the wave-lets below gave no wintry aspect to the landscape.

In another month the weather would be warmer, for it was still early in the year ; in fact, we were one of the first steamers of the season bound for Archangel.

But before we proceed farther on our journey, I must not forget a photographer I met whilst at Tromsö, Schjetne by name.

"Can you photograph the s.s. *Highlands* by the light of the midnight sun ?" I asked him.

"Yes, sir," he replied ; "and that I think would be very amusing."

He came on board and asked for the first steersman (first mate). He had evidently thought that I was an officer on board the *Highlands*. I felt complimented (I always had a weakness for being taken for a sailor). So we moored our photographer in a barge boat in the Sund, and the crew and officers, firemen and engineers, grouped themselves on the forecandle and bridge, and the clerical passenger sat on the upper topsail yard, all keenly interested in the proceedings, for it is not everybody who has possessed or even seen a photograph taken at midnight.

Before we left Tromsö a German captain had warned us that we should certainly be frozen up in the Arctic Sea. But no such thoughts troubled me while I was feasting my eyes on the scenes which opened out as we passed from one great fiord to another ; for the gaze involuntarily lingered on the glorious mountain ranges stretching up Ulf's Fiord and Syngen Fiord, and wandered back up the Gröt Sund. Nobody who has once seen will ever forget the sight of those glaciers

and those snow-fields, containing millions of tons of snow waiting for the never-setting sun to liberate them from the power of the Ice-King.

Those of my readers who have seen it will permit me to wax enthusiastic about the midnight sun.

At midnight, in bright sunlight, we pass into the Arctic Ocean, over the dark green waves, under a hazy blue sky. On our starboard bow is Fuglö, a great rocky island of ungainly shape, upon which broods heavily an umbrella-shaped cloud, submerging its plateau summit, and spreading out over the neighbouring sea.

For a moment the island obscured our view, but as we pass out into the Arctic waves we come into full sight of the glorious midnight sun, some five or six diameters above the horizon. According to the captain's observations taken at the time our latitude was $72^{\circ} 12'$ north, and our longitude $20^{\circ} 25'$ east of Greenwich; and the apparent altitude of the lower limb of the sun above the horizon, $1^{\circ} 29'$.

Europe lay beneath us shrouded in darkness, Sunderland was wrapt in slumber, but all around, with the brilliance of midday, the sun poured its light on the rugged mountains and desolate islands, and made a dazzling, glittering path upon the green Arctic Sea.

"Well," said one of the firemen, shading his eyes as he looked straight at the dazzling sun as it began to rise again, "I would never believe *that*, though I've heerd about it before; for I guess I'm one of them that never believes what they don't see; there's so many queer stories afloat."

For as we remained on deck, the sun, which up to midnight had been steadily going down, commenced to ascend in the heavens again, and to begin another day's work without any interval of rest.

[“Master Chancellor held on his course towards that vnknowne part of the World, and sailed so farre, that hee came at last to the place where hee found no night at all, but a continuall light and brightnesse of the Sunne shining clearly vpon the huge and mightie Sea.”¹]

About three o'clock in the afternoon (May 28th) we are abeam of the “Murmánskii Nos,” the Cape of the Murman (or Norman), as the Muscovite still calls the North Cape of Europe. It is a gloomy looking spot. Dark frowning slate rocks (1010 feet high), with snow clinging to every available projection, jut out into the grey dull Arctic waves.

Masses of icy water tumble over and foam as they hurl themselves ceaselessly against this *island* outpost of Europe on Mager Ö. (The true North Cape of the *continent* of Europe is the Nordkyn, which we pass later on.)

Concerning this spot John Dee wrote in 1577: “The North Cape was first so named by the worthy of eternal good fame and grateful memory, my derely beloved Richard Chancellor, whose diligent, painful and faytfful service is known in the Muscovy region.”

Hakluyt in 1598 wrote as follows:—

“Wil it not in all posteritie be as great a renowne

¹ Hakluyt, vol. i. p. 274.

unto our English nation to have bene the first discoverers of a sea beyond the North Cape (never certainly known before) and of a convenient passage into the huge Empire of Russia by the bay of St. Nicholas and the river of Dwina; as for the Portugales to have found a sea beyond the Cape of Buona Esperanza, and so consequently a passage by sea into the East Indies; or for the Italians and Spaniards to have discovered unknown landes so many hundred leagues Westward and Southwestward of the Streits of Gibraltar, and of the pillars of Hercules."

A little *west* of the North Cape is a long jutting point of land on Mager Island, which without a compass might easily be mistaken for the Cape, as it stretches out farther, but not towards the true north; it is called Knivskjær-Odde.

Beyond the North Cape the Porsanger Fiord opens out and stretches for miles to the south, a favourite haunt for fish, and especially a species of cod, the *Sei* (*Gadus virens*), which is found in great shoals, ruffling the water as with a breeze.

That foreland yonder across the fiord is Sværholt-klub, its clayey slate rock rising perpendicularly 1000 feet, covered with gulls (*Larus tridactylus*). Just at the east side, close to the sea, stands the residence of the Landhandler, the most northerly, I should think, of all houses. Whales sometimes disturb his sleep by gambolling in front of his house, and he goes back to bed dreaming that he is the prince of whales. He tells us that the shoals of cod are so thick that he could not

get a line with a pound of lead to sink amongst them, and he caught 500 in a day; and it is said that he is a very truthful man. The last thing he says is that he kills gulls and sends them off in barrels for fodder after putting them in a sort of silo. The cattle find this less difficult to swallow than we do.

During the dog-watch some sailors began to climb up and roost on the rails of the forecastle deck and flap their wings and crow. "What's that tomfoolery about?" growled the captain. "Well, ye see, captain," said the boatswain, "it's all along of this yere 'oller meat. They says they've had so many cocks and hens forrad that their wings are sprouting, and they'd take it kindly if you'd let 'em have some hard salt tack again." The fowl-fed cows at the Wardhouse Fortress will soon be cackling when they supply their milk in the morning on the same principle.

At the eastern side of the Svæzholt is the great inlet known as Laxe Fiord, an inland sea shut in by the Spirte-Nyarga and the Corgas-Nyarga, two great peninsulas, and at the northern extremity of the latter is the Nordkyn or Kinner-odde. This is the true North Cape, though the "special midnight sun and North Cape pleasure-trip steamers" do not generally come hither. The scenery is, if anything, grander than that of the cape on Mager Ø. As we sail past in the evening a smart shower sweeps over its rugged, snow-sprinkled form, but we are in fine weather farther out on the Arctic Ocean.

As we get near Vardö we pass a school of whales;

spouts of spray rise in all directions, and now and then a black shiny back appears above the water.

The whale has many enemies. Yonder among the fish a whaling steamer from Vadsö has fired a harpoon gun, and has succeeded, as far as we can make out, in harpooning one, and is commencing to tow it to the establishment of Svend Foyn at Vadsö, where train-oil and manure are manufactured. The sword-fish is another enemy which relentlessly tortures the whale, attacking him from below, while the huge "thresher" flings itself on the top of the whale and attacks the helpless dazed creature from above. While we were among the whales one of these thresher fish kindly performed for us, and leaping in the air, came down upon the whale with its full force, belabouring it with its powerful tail.

One day on the Atlantic, when I was chaplain on the *Vancouver*, a big whale created a sensation. The upper deck was covered with loungers, for it was a lovely summer afternoon, and all the deck chairs had their novel-reading occupants. He was sleeping in the sunshine, and suddenly he felt his tail tickled by the passing monster, and he leapt bodily out of the water in his anxiety to hurry away. The fashionable crowd gave a shout; novels flew and chairs emptied themselves quickly as every one rushed to the rail; but the whale dived, and an infant's voice said, "Ma, did the whale jump out of the cabin window?"

The thresher, called also in Russian *kosátka* ("little scythe"), is a frequenter of the neighbourhood of the

Varanger Fiord and the Gulf of Motover and harbour of Nývaya Zemlyá, between the Fisher Peninsula and the mainland.

Apropos of this creature, Tradescant wrote in his diary here : " The 14th daye being Fridaye we saw mani whales, whearat the owner of ship saw one chased with a thrasher and called me to see it, but they rose no more."

Dr. Hamel says : " Just one hundred and nineteen years after Tradescant's visit to Russia, viz., 1737, the thrasher, as well as the sword-fish, were instanced by Dr. John Brickell, by hearsay, in his Natural History of North Carolina, as deadly enemies to the whale."

Dr. Brickell writes : " These fish (the whales) are never found dead or floating to the shore with their tongues in their heads, for it is the opinion of many in these parts that the thrasher and sword-fish (which are mortal enemies to the whales wherever they meet them) eat the tongue out of their head as soon as they have killed them ; but whether this be done by the fish above mentioned, or by others of the same voracious nature, I will not take upon me to determine."

In 1725 Paul Dudley communicated to the Royal Society the following report : " Our whale men have given this fish (that preys upon the whales) the name of killers. They go in company by dozens, and set upon a young whale, and will bite him like so many bulldogs ; some will lay hold of his tail to keep him from threshing, while others lay hold of his head, and bite and thresh him till the poor creature, being thus

heated, lolls out his tongue, and then some of the killers catch hold of his lips, and if possible, of his tongue; and after they have killed him they chiefly feed upon the tongue and head, but when he begins to putrefy they leave him."

Vardo, down yonder in Varanger Fiord, is now a little town of 1300 inhabitants upon a small H-shaped island, containing a fortress which formerly was a terror to the Russians of the North. It is now manned with sixteen soldiers. Wardhuus, as it was called in Chancellor's time, was the meeting-place arranged for the *Bona Venture*, the *Bona Esperanza*, and the *Bona Confidentia*. Chancellor waited here a week in vain, and then sailed on to the east.

Here in those troubled times the Danish ships of war would lurk to catch the merchant-ships coming from the White Sea laden with treasures; and it was often an anxious time when they were passing this spot in those days, as may be seen by an extract from Tradescant, who was then on a voyage to the Dviná: "The air is cold, the land high, all Ilands, with many bayes. Tuesday morning (7) one of the King of Denmark's men-of-war demanded of us to come on board to show our pase, but we ansered that our boat was stowed, we could not; beside, we had an Inglish Ambassador on board, which he presentlie desisted from his demand. Our consort also tould him in like sort that he had a Russ Ambassador aboard. Also in his company we found the Companye's other shepe who had bin from her port from Hamborow 3 weeks with other two in her company,

also two Hollanders, who he caused their boats to come aboard. We at that time had been out of England 5 weeks lacking a day. The man-of-war laye to waft or watter the fishermen that fishe upon that coast of Wardhouse whear the King hathe a castell withe great command of Lapland, whear many Danes live with the Laps, which, if I might have the whole Kingdom to be bound to live there, I had rather be a portter in London, for the snow is never of the ground wholly. The King's man-of-war gave us a peece or gun, which we ansered with another, and so parted, being now short of Wardhouse 3 leagues."

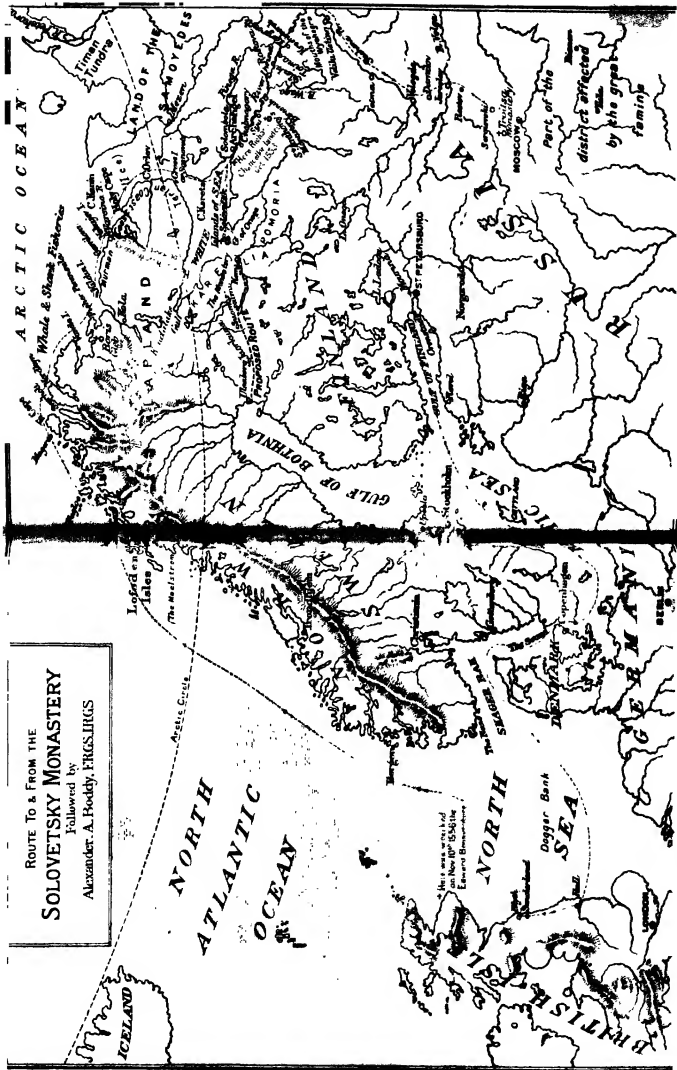
A little farther down the Varanger Fiord stands Vadsö, with about 1500 inhabitants, strong in smells and the whaling business. This is the terminus of the fiord journey for the steamers from Hamburg, which come weekly up the whole coast of Norway.

Vads Ö means "water island," and formerly the town was on the island; now it is on the mainland opposite to Water Island.

We leave Norway now behind us, and early next morning we see the cold Murmanskii coast on the Kóla peninsula of Russian Lapland. My last sight of Russia had been the fast receding heights of Inkermán as our vessel was cleaving the dark waters of the Black Sea bound for the Bosphorus, and now from the Arctic Ocean I look on the low hills of the Rybátschii Poluóstrov (the Fisher Peninsula) still retaining their winter coat of snow.

The Russian boundary had been finally rectified in

ROUTE TO & FROM THE
SOLOVETSKY MONASTERY
 Followed by
 Alexander A. Roddy, FRGS, I.R.G.S.



1826, and the-Pasvig Reká was henceforth the boundary line. But Russia wished for a square verst of Swedish land just towards this river, for on it had stood the shrine and monastery of Boris and Gleb, erected by Trifon, the Muscovite apostle to the Lapps. This concession was made by the Swedes, though with the utmost unwillingness; more recently the Petchénskaya Obíteľ has been revived by a mission from Solovétsk.

We pass the north-east corner of the Fisher Peninsula, where is the small fisher town of Sibtnavelok, and then we are opposite the entrance to the Kola Fiord, west of Kildin Island.

Up yonder Kola Fiord, in the war-time of 1854, steamed, it is said, the *Miranda* in the bright summer time, and when she was within sight of the white church of Peter the Great and the grey houses, she sent some sailors ashore for water, &c. The patriotic Karelians or some local officials shot our men. Then the guns of the *Miranda* (which belched forth fire and shot at Solovétskii monastery), after twenty-four hours' grace, wrecked a hundred houses, two churches, one old battery, and the Government stores of corn and salt. The natives have never forgotten this occurrence.

Two hundred years before (in 1556) came Burroughs, searching for Sir Hugh Willoughby and his ship, which had been wrecked three years previously near Svyatói Nos, a hundred miles to the east. He found the fishing industry here very active, some thirty *lodjes* lying in the bay destined for walrus hunting in Nóvaya Zemlyá.

Every year from these northern towns sail small vessels for Spitzbergen and Nówaya Zemlyá, where the crews spend the summer months in hunting reindeer and fishing for seal and walrus, mostly using some wealthier man's boat, net, and implements, and having to give him the lion's share of results on returning. The men do not often live here in the winter, but tramp from their homes in the far interior.

We sat down to our comfortable dinner on the s.s. *Highlands* as we skirted along the Murmanian coast in its raiment of snow. Though it is called Lapland, there are in the whole peninsula only 2214 Lapps to 4970 Russians and 1950 Karelians; they thus form only one-third of the population.

We passed Mályi Olénii, the little island beyond Kildin, then sighted Tiribérskii Point and Opásova fishing-station, and Gavrílov or Gabriel's Town.

In a few weeks now these deserted and inhospitable regions will be alive with Norwegian and Russian fishermen. This is the middle fishing district, extending from Kola Fiord to Sem Ostrovóv. The western district is beyond the Fisher Peninsula, and the Kóla district is around Kóla Bay and the Fisher Peninsula, while the fourth or eastern district extends from Seven Islands to Cape Sweetnose (Svyatói Nos—the Holy Cape).

They fish for the Greenland shark, haddock, halibut, flounder, cod, &c. The latter is not found beyond Holy Cape, as it is too cold, but the herring boldly

pushes on to the White Sea and the mouths of the Petchóra, the Ob', and the Yeneséi.

The air gets colder and colder, the deck becomes slippery, one's breath comes out of one's mouth in white puffs of vapour, and the steam-winch on the fore-castle deck freezes up.

On we go through the Polar Sea, and we wonder if after all we shall be able to double the Holy Cape. Thick jerseys, mittens, double woollen socks, and great ulsters are now in requisition, and we stamp up and down the deck to promote circulation, and speculate vainly as to how it fares with the fisher-folk of Gavrílov yonder, who snare the Greenland shark in winter time from the edge of the ice.

I might here acknowledge my indebtedness in this and some subsequent chapters to Dr. Hamel's "Early Voyages to Russia," Rae's "White Sea Peninsula," Dr. Friis' "Summer in Finmark and North Karelia," and Mackenzie Wallace's most thorough book, so well deserving its title, "Russia."

CHAPTER II.

ICE-BOUND IN THE SÉVERNOE MÓRE.

Ice ahead—Seven Islands—Nokúev Island—Frozen heroes in 1554—Holy Cape—Letter-writing on an iceberg—Amateur sealing—Maksím Jósifovitch Lóyushkin—The *Tchésov*—Sailings of the White Sea coasting steamers.

THERE is something exciting in the cry from the lookout at the bows of "Ice ahead!" The news speedily travels round the ship, and all turn out. I have seen it produce great improprieties of conduct when in the North Atlantic: a hundred saloon passengers have been solemnly going through a dinner of many courses on a great "liner," and some one has inconsiderately remarked in a loud voice, "There are some icebergs in sight." Knives and forks and manners have all been dropped, and there has been a scamper upon deck, whilst seasoned travellers only have continued the repast to great advantage. "Ice ahead!" brought me out of my bunk that Arctic midnight, and I was on deck as soon as I could get into my clothes.

How bitterly cold it was, every drop of moisture freezing on deck in this polar atmosphere. Nor had we any compensation, for on this occasion the midnight sun was shrouded by heavy leaden clouds.

We were now off Sem Ostrovóv—Seven Islands: Chárlov, Lítskii, Vishnyák, Zelenéts, Mályi Zelenéts, Kuvshín, and Kosogóry. These islands, spread out on the Murman coast for eight miles or so, are covered with a deep mantle of snow, the dazzling reflection from which lit up the sombre clouds hovering over Russian Lapland.

Near us in the slate-coloured water were floating detached pieces of ice of considerable thickness, white, and here and there brilliant green, whilst ahead we could see what appeared to be an impenetrable barrier of white ice reaching far across our path, while to the north the horizon was studded with what we took at first to be small icebergs.

As we drew nearer to the pack we could see an opening. "Port a little!" sung out the captain. "Ay, ay, sir!" and bringing her round, we went right through the masses of strange-shaped ice without a collision. It was bitterly cold on the bridge, especially when suddenly turning out of a snug bunk. Such was evidently the opinion of the captain, for he remarked, "I think your friend Mr. Rae must have had pretty cold lodgings if he pitched his tent near the Seven Islands." He then went on to tell me about an English pilot on the Yang-tsi-kiang who had a strange remedy for cold. He was a teetotaller, and one freezing night (sometimes 30° of frost were registered) he had to be on the bridge for twelve hours. The captain (who knew him to be a teetotaller) said, "I suppose I cannot offer you anything, pilot?" "Well," he replied, "have you any rum?"

"Certainly," said the other, somewhat surprised. "Give me a bottle, then, will you?" said the pilot. "A bottle! yes, of course." The bottle was brought, and to the captain's great surprise, the fellow first emptied half the bottle into one of his sea-boots, then the other half into the other. Beyond feeling cold for a moment as the spirit went down, the pilot said he never felt cold that night in his feet. This ardent abstainer liked to put his foot down on the spirit business.

About two in the morning, off the mouth of the Vársina River and Nokúev Island, masses of ice were seen stretching out again ten miles from the shores of Lapland, and blocking our way, so that we had to put down our helm to starboard and stand off skirting the outside edge. It was an interesting sight. Great blocks some thirty yards across and a yard or two out of the water, and of course some six yards thick, were lying crowded together, with here and there the blue sea peeping through, but nearer to the land united apparently in one field. Ice-birds flew in flocks across our bows, and seals, disturbed by such unwonted intruders, popped up their heads to look at us in astonishment.

The appearance of ice in the distance is very deceptive, for the power of refraction is strangely similar in the case of the ice to the phenomenon I have witnessed in the Saharan desert, where the mirage throws up a palm-tree or a white tomb into the air. The ice-fields, as we first see them, have the appearance of high land some hundreds of feet above the sea level. Now

that we skirt this great tract of ice-sheets we see all kinds of icy shapes and forms, some exquisitely white and green, other pieces discoloured with mud and dirt.

Reader, and fellow-traveller, let me take you to the bulwarks of s.s. *Highlands*, and show you on the shore there a spot the sight of which should send a thrill through the heart of an Englishman. In yonder creek (at the mouth of the Vársina Reká) poor Sir Hugh Willoughby, with the crews of two ships, perished from cold. The *Bona Esperanza*, of 120 tons, and the *Bona Confidentia*, of 90 tons, had separated from the *Edward Bona Venture* (160 tons), on board of which Chancellor had found his way into the White Sea and up the Dviná.

Sir Hugh Willoughby, essaying to voyage to Cathay by the North-East Passage (navigated successfully in our times by Baron Nordenskiöld), had to turn homewards in September (1553) owing to the severe cold, and, entering the Vársina River near Holy Cape, he and his crew were immediately frozen up and seventy souls perished. These were the first Englishmen who came hither.

The black and rocky edge of the island of Nokúev, which protects the bay, rises to a height of 400 feet, and stretches out into the Arctic Sea, being one of the most lofty and conspicuous objects on this part of the Murman coast. The bay contains also the mouth of the Drozdóvka, and another small river at its southernmost point, and in several places there are but six

oms' depth of water, in which he anchored. On the islands is the fishing-station of Vostóchnaya.

Dr. Hamel suggested that a monument should here be erected on the black cliffs of Nokúev Óstrov to the memory of the gallant sailors whose death gave life to the Anglo-Russian traffic, commenced in 1553. He thinks that the two Governments should jointly undertake to raise a monument of Russian and English granite, and that the descendants of Sir Hugh Willoughby should be permitted to join in erecting such a memorial.

It was a sad ending to the voyage so bravely begun. The three ships had sailed down the Thames with colours flying, and poor King Edward (VI.) hoped to wave adieu from his palace window at Greenwich. Sir Sebastian Cabot was too old to go himself, but he was determined that new lands should be discovered for the country of his adoption, and thought that a way to China by the north-east would open up new trade and lead to glorious discoveries. So the three good vessels crept up the Norwegian coast ; but the crews of two never saw their country again, and to Richard Chancellor was given the honour of commencing a trade with Muscovy by the White Sea. From time to time we will follow his career in our journey on his track.¹

We drift away south-eastwards, and soon are opposite Svyatói Nos, or Holy Cape. Clambering up the slippery shrouds, and gazing from the upper

¹ A full account of the expedition is found in Appendix A.

topsail yard, I could see nothing but ice in every direction.

Cape Svyatói Nos was called by early voyagers Wattar Näs, or Wassernase (Waternose), on account of a whirlpool which, when the ice does not cover it, foams at a short distance from the shore.

Antony von Poschuson, writing a book on the Murman coast early in the century, and dedicating his work to the Emperor Alexander, quotes from observations made by Lieutenant Kordyukóv in 1800. He describes fully this whirlpool, saying that it was most dangerous to fishing-vessels, especially in foggy weather.

On Tradescant's return from the Dviná in 1618, his vessel was in danger here. "Off Cape Gallant (Svyatói Nos), we wear afayed of being brought upon a rock" (probably Kámen' Noronúsha), "but thanks be to God it proved better."

Until very lately a superstition prevailed among the seamen on the coast that there were worms at Svyatói Nos which perforated their vessels, but were drawn away by a spell.

We drift on and come up to some other vessels, all companions in distress, off this same mysterious Holy Cape, the scene of so many disasters. There were as many as five steamers, among them the Russian mail, plying between Archangel and Vadsö along this Murmanian coast, now on its first spring journey.

We are now ice-locked, sometimes tightly held between huge slabs, at other times floating in a great


ice-girt lake, opening out to a breadth of several miles, with ice-islands scattered on its surface.

Life soon becomes monotonous on the ice, and I wanted a change, however mild and unexciting, so I set off on a private exploring expedition amongst the ice-floes around. Captain Holman granted me a boat, with a trusty Scandinavian as crew, and we sculled away from the ship in and out amongst the floating bergs. At last, after getting a mile or so from the ship, I saw a baby floeberg on to which I thought I could climb, and taking my Mackintosh cape with me, I spread it out and sat down on the rock-like mass of glittering ice. Then taking out some paper and writing on my pocket-book, I commenced a letter home:—

“ON A FLOEBERG OFF CAPE SVYATÓI NOS,
“May 28.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,—I wish to send you a few lines from the Arctic Ocean. All round on the quiet sea float thousands of blocks of ice, some melting a little in the midday sun, some fresh and covered with snow. Strange bubbling noises come up from the blow-holes, and the great block I am reclining on rocks uneasily owing to my presence. There are some thirty fathoms of cold water beneath. My friend Christian Christiansen is in the boat, holding on to the ice-block with the boat-hook; and a mile or so away lies the good ship *Highlands*, and in other directions the other vessels, a Russian and two Englishmen. The Lapland coast is some ten miles off—cold, desolate, and snow-

covered. The sky is deeply clouded, and flights of birds skim the water now and then. Nothing is to be heard save the occasional crunching of ice, and the whistling of air, and the rubbing of the boat against the

I must now conclude my only letter dated from

 oeberg in the Arctic.—Your affectionate son,

“ALEXANDER A. BODDY.”

Getting into the boat again, we sculled in and out amongst these ice-islands, the sea being studded with blocks, some small, some large. We took a run at the small lumps of ice, and ran them down as they passed crashing and growling under the boat, but I stood at the bows with the boat-hook and pushed off from the larger blocks, sending the boat forward at the same time. The weird shapes assumed by the ice succeeded one another with kaleidoscopic rapidity; now it took the form of an arch, now of a tunnel, now of a grotesque crag with projecting arms. On one block of ice I picked up two small shells, brought possibly by sea-birds. As we pulled across the still water to our ship, a large seal came up waist-high out of the water and watched us for a while, and then dived.

“Scull very gently, Chris, and then we shall get close to him.”

As I lay on the bows, while Chris propelled very quietly, a flock of seagulls came over us, and two magpie-looking birds with two long feathers stretching out of their fan-shaped tails. They settled on the water some distance away, and on their suddenly

flying off we saw a black spot appearing on the calm surface.

"There's his nose ; send her on very gently, Chris."

We crept on, and got nearer and nearer, expecting every moment to hear a splash as the ship's back and hind fins emerged. I vainly hoped to harpoon him with the boat-hook, my only weapon.

It was getting exciting when Chris said, "I'm afraid it's a bit of wood, sir," but worked along towards it. The strange refraction of this icy region had made it seem very close, and till we approached it looked quite black, just like a seal's nose. "I believe it is a box which had matches in," and as we floated up it really turned out to be an empty match-box, with the well-known picture of a little baby paddling in its bath.

One afternoon Captain Holman and I went off in the gig to talk over the situation, &c., with the other ice-bound captains. First we pulled to the *Pickwick*, of Shields, Captain Rhodes. Here we found a little maiden running about the deck, his young daughter, also the captain's wife, Mrs. Rhodes. This was the vessel we overhauled yesterday. I left some literature to relieve the tediousness of the enforced delay.

On board the *Highlands*, we started her engines and steamed a couple of miles across a patch of open water to two other vessels, a Russian steamer and an English steamer lashed together. The English steamer was the *Sunlight*, of West Hartlepool; she had passed us in the Tromsö Sound, having

discharged her cargo at Bodö, and had navigated the fiords all the way up the Norwegian coast to the Fugló passage. Captain Grantham was very hearty, and we had a long chat. Here I left about ten back numbers of our cheery paper, the *Church Evangelist*.

Captain Maksím Jósifovitch Lóyushkin (pronounced *Lóyooshkin*), of the Russian mail-steamer *Tchésov*, like ourselves was waiting for the ice to give way. He showed us over his little steamer with much pride. We were interested in the small steam launch which conveys the letters ashore at Kem' and other places where his steamer, drawing ten feet, cannot come to land. The cargo was chiefly cotton from Central Asia for Archangel *via* Peterbúrg. Maksím was taking back his mail-steamer to the White Sea for the summer, she having been laid up, together with another steamer belonging to the same company, at Cronshtádt during the winter months.

Maksím set off in the middle of April with his crew from his Archangel home, and travelled over land, through the forests and over the lakes, some 750 miles to Peterbúrg.

On the present occasion he was on his way back to the White Sea with his véssel, and seemed to think the detention might be very considerable. Maksím had a Central Asia erection on his head, I think, of Astrachan wool, tied with red ribbon behind, a black kidskin coat on his back, with the hair inside, and strange wooden-soled boots on his feet, which clattered

on deck. In the state cabin were, of course, the *svyatye obráz* (holy images or pictures). One was almost identical with an icon I bought among the Kozáks of the Don. It represented our Lord giving His blessing, and before it the ever-burning lamp.

The captain's wife's sister and a German-speaking lady were sitting in the cabin, and remained as we chatted. Maksím's conversation turned chiefly on his experiences in England, for Maksím Jósifovitch had been up the "London river," and had learnt how to ask for a "glass of arf and arf, marm." He brought *vódka*, lit. "little water," and Russian *pivo* (beer) for the seafarers, and made some lemonade for me.

Another Russian mail-boat was lying alongside in the ice. Among the passengers were the new Swedish vice-consul for Archangel and his family, who had come on board at Vardö, and also the Red Cross doctor for the White Sea coast. A poor fisherman was also on board. He had been suffering dreadfully from the scurvy, which attacks these unfortunate people, confined as they are through the winter to one kind of food, and disliking to wash themselves often in consequence of the severity of their climate. The doctor had thought to take him to the hospital at Archangel, but while we were lying in the ice the Angel of Death claimed him; and we looked with sad eyes at that steamer among the ice bearing the body of the poor Lapland fisherman who will not return to the Murmánski coast, for he is on the Other Shore now.

The passengers on board the Russian mail were in somewhat of a plight. Having come on board hurriedly, they had only discovered when well under way that they were expected to bring their own provisions. The consequence was that they brought scarcely anything, and were now ice-bound. As a last resource they came over to the *Sunlight* on a cruise for food; fortunately some could be spared by Captain Grantham.

These people reported that they had a very odd captain, whom they never saw, as he kept out of their way altogether. Captain Lóyushkin waxed eloquent on this subject, and in clipped and broken English regaled us with an account of his own life and that of the other captain.

Lóyushkin was an inhabitant of Kóla, which, in his young days, had been bombarded by the English (1854). He went to sea, and afterwards was employed in a subordinate capacity in the same company which he now serves as captain. The other captain was in a similar position. The latter was a farmer's son, and very stupid; and Lóyushkin had often to growl at him, and he used often to be very sulky in return.

Finally they used to complain of one another to their superior. The other man would say, "Why shall Lóyushkin make me ashamed before the passengers by growling at me?" Lóyushkin would say, "Why does he not be less boorish to me, and work better? When the superintendent" (the "superintending," he called him), "on the quay he jump about and work like ten, and he will

stand and talk with his hat in his hand, but he does not the same at other time." Then he could not get through his nautical examinations, but became captain by favour. Such was Skipper Maksím's talk.

Two steamers run all the summer along the shores of the White Sea. One leaves Archangel, and arrives next day at Solovétsk ; then, crossing to Kem', calls the same day at Soróka and Súma ; and two days later leaves Onéga and journeys back to the same ports, ending with Archangel.

The *Tchésov* runs in connection, and, starting from Kem', calls the next day at Káret and Kórda, and up the gulf to Kandalaks, calling the same day at Umba, and waiting one day at Kúsomen before returning along the same route. Another steamer of the same "Murmán Company" (the mail-boat lying near us in the ice) runs from Archangel along this Polar coast as far as Vardö, and thus a connection can be made with the fiord steamers of Norway down to Bergen, and so to the Tyne and Hull.

CHAPTER III.

RAMMING THE FLOES IN THE ARCTIC SEA.

Bricks and mortar and the Polar Circle—Crushing through the ice—An Arctic midnight—My dwelling-place—Improving the charts—Appropriate names—Palæocrystic floebergs—Into the White Sea—Sweetnose, Candynose, and Blue Nose—The pilot—Up the Dviná—The Novo-Dvínskii Channel.

OUR sojourn in the vicinity of Cape Svyatói Nos was growing tiresome in its icy monotony, and our minds were rapidly becoming exhausted in efforts to invent new methods of utilising the time.

"I tell ye, sir, that I was the first engineer that ever went into them Arctic seas, for they put engines into a whaling ship, and then they sent bricklayers down into the bows and built her up solid with bricks and mortar—as true as I am alive. I sailed with her out of Hull."

So said old Mr. Kemp, a worthy old parishioner of mine, who now has made his last voyage. He loved in his old age to talk of those days, and to hear of Captain Wiggins' journey round to the Yenisei, and Nordenskiöld's doubling the North Cape of Asia. All engineers in those days, he said, were called "Stephenson," and he was always known by that name, though

it was not his own. Because he had been to sea he was also called *Captain* Stephenson by his neighbours. But to return to the Murmánskoe Sea.

At last came a movement in the ice, and then in the ice-bound fleet. We saw the little Russian mail-boat attempting to push through the floe, and that she was followed by an English steamer, and so we ran in too.

I stood on the bows, and watched with intense interest our steady approach to the first great field of solid ice. It was a mass of hundreds of tons, a plateau of ice some hundred yards round. We struck it in the middle of its side: it shivered, cracks flew across its snowy surface; the cracks widened; it split across, and went off in gigantic pieces on either side of the bows, scraping and grinding the vessel's sides as she passed through. Then smaller pieces, some as large as a cottage, some like a cottage garden; some we went over, some we went through, and occasionally our way was almost stopped, as an accumulation surged before our bows and one great piece leapt upon another.

Mile after mile, for scores of miles, the same process was repeated. We could see a canal of blue water made by the Russian mail, and then we fought through a crunching, grinding mass of ice as the canal closed behind us. Down in the forehold the noise was like thunder. Our holds were empty, and seeing a great piece of ice-field ahead, I quickly slipped down the iron ladder, and going near the bows, awaited the result. The engine bell rang "Stop her." The propeller, which had been going at

"slow," ceased to revolve for fear of striking hard ice and breaking itself. I was below the level of the sea, and through the plates could hear the gentle ripple of the waves lapping against the iron sides of the *Highlands* as she slowly passed through them. Then BOOM! Crunch!! Crash!!! The vessel shook and heaved, hesitated, then crushed onwards amid a roaring and grinding and smiting of the plates around as if a thunderstorm was trying to drown the deafening noise of a shipbuilding yard. As soon as the propeller was clear the order was again given, "Slow ahead." Twice I went up the mast to look beyond the great plain of floating ice, and the second time had to report that there was no more open water beyond the pack-ice we were approaching. Nothing but miles and miles of ice-fields stretching far and wide.

Let me write of one brilliant midnight scene in the Arctic Sea. The sun was painting the wide-stretching ice-fields a lovely amber and pink, contrasting with the delicate bluish white of those parts of the ice which were hidden from the sun's almost horizontal rays. Slabs of white marble were piled around, and tons and tons of delicate confectionery, with crystal sugar and brides cake covering, against which the clear green waves lapped ceaselessly. Here and there a sheet of ice smooth as a mirror and green as emerald, but generally all sprinkled with frozen fairy sparkling snow, on which strange footprints were seen, where huge reindeer, elk, wolf, or Arctic fox, and sometimes the shape of a Lapp's mocassin, left their imprint behind

them. Then on the blue water or drifting upon the ice lay around us the five steamers, powerless to move forward on their journey.

These ships in the ice, standing in relief against the pure snow in the slanting midnight sunshine, seem like a great Polar Expedition nearing its goal. Through the frosty air comes the sound of ships' bells over the ice, as eight bells (midnight) is struck in the bright sunshine.

We can see the distant snow-covered cliffs of the Têrskii or Terian coast, but we are now separated from them by many miles of pack-ice, almost impossible to traverse, and only then with great danger. From time to time we hear a report as of artillery. It is the breaking of some solid ice-floe. Here the ice is from six to eight feet thick.

The sun is close to the horizon, but it remains above, and soon begins to rise instead of setting, and the cold freezing morning air blows sharply from the east on us, and every drop of moisture on the ship's deck is congealed into ice. The ship is left to the care of the starboard watch, and we turn in.

A strong east wind is blowing to-day, and the ships are gradually driven off in different directions among the broken ice. Just now we are imbedded in the middle of a great plain of ice—blocks in wild confusion pushing one against another. The sky is heavily clouded, and snow and hail cover the decks, and the rigging is sheathed in ice; the bridge is slippery, the weather cloths stiff, and the freezing blast goes through

every living creature. The other ships are many miles away, separated from us by ice-floes and lanes of water.

My oilskins were useful to-day, and with sea-boots and sou'-wester they made me impervious to this trying weather, as I stood with the captain and officers on the bridge while our good ship drove into the ice-floes.

It was blowing very stiffly from the east, and as I walked the bridge in the biting, freezing blast, my thoughts went to the watch-house of the Sunderland Volunteer Life Brigade at the north side, in winter time, and how the waves would be leaping over the pier at high tide if this wind was blowing there. We should find no S.V.L.B. on the Lapland shore if the ice or wind should drive us on the rocks.

As we are lying to so long in the ice, I may describe my little cabin here, whose port-hole looks out on to the white rugged fields of frozen sea.

It is about three yards square, and six feet six inches high. My bunk is at the farther end of the cabin, against the vessel's side, and on the bed lie two rugs which have been up and down the world not a little. Three sea-chests contain a large number of my many effects, and on a chest of drawers are twenty-two books, the heavy part of my luggage and almost the most useful now, and from various hooks hang Laplanders' knives and other curiosities. And last, but not least, there is a seaman's bag full of polar skins.

In my little room, by day or through the bright night, I pass my time reading or writing, and when to

sleep inclined, I have to screw up the iron covering to the porthole and exclude daylight.

In the larger cabin (which also serves as our Church) we take our meals, and the captain, the mate, and myself aid digestion by uproarious laughter now and again when ridiculous incidents occur or irresistible yarns are spun. A good coal fire in an open grate is one of our best friends, and the cook with his hot meals is another.

We think it well to commemorate our sojourn in this neighbourhood by improving the nomenclature of the coast line as we drift along it.

First, we decide that henceforth the district between the Holy Cape and Cape Orlov shall be called Holman's Land; and secondly, that the nameless island in Lumbovski Bay shall be known as Alexander Ostrov, and the bay to the west of Cape Orlov shall be called Wait-a-while Bay.

Russian time, 11.55 A.M., Sunday, May 30, new style.
English time, 9.55 P.M., May 18, old style.

We make another move at an early hour this morning, and escape for a time into opening water past Trióstrov and the mouth of the Pondí Reká. But again we see our friends on the *Sunlight* slackening speed, for we are approaching another great ice-field.

The sun is shining brightly, but it is icily cold; going forward, I lean over the bows once more to watch our progress through the floe. The ice is more discoloured here; it has drifted out from the rivers entering the

White Sea. It lies in great patches, with small channels here and there.

We are just off Danflov Island with its lighthouse-shaped beacon, farther north than Sosnóvets. Sometimes we pick our way through channels of water, then a huge slab blocks our way. Looking down over the bows, we intently watch for the first contact. Forcing our way very slowly through the water, our engines are stopped; the *Highlands* approaches nearer and nearer, and then in a moment she is irresistibly crunching and crashing through a slab six feet thick and fifty yards in circumference.

The tremendous weight of the vessel causes long cracks to shoot across the face of the sheet, and instantly they widen until it falls away in great sections on either bow. On again as if nothing had been done, knocking smaller pieces out of the way without troubling to notice them, and running at larger pieces again.

Here is a large piece with many reindeer footprints upon it, which has probably come down the Ponói river. Next we struggle with a piece of perfect purity, the unstained whiteness of which leads us to suppose it is sea ice. After a long time we are free again for a short season, but have much ice before us.

Polar ice is rarely more than six feet thick even at the beginning of May, when it is at its thickest. The thicker ice is caused by two huge fields of ice slowly moving towards one another, when one is pushed up on to the other. When two floes meet they pile up their edges some twenty or thirty feet even. This mass partially

melts and the sharp points are rounded off, and it becomes a "floeberg." These floebergs grow bigger each year. Some "palæocrystic" floebergs are enormous, and their surface is like a rolling country. True icebergs are always from glaciers. Those I have so often seen off the coast of Newfoundland (on one occasion in hundreds) are created up the fiords of Greenland and then float southwards, borne by the Arctic current until they are dangerous obstacles in the path of our Atlantic greyhounds.

1 P.M. Again we are confronted with an immense floe of solid ice, through which we have to hammer our way. Behind us, as the propeller churns and labours, we leave a broad blue canal winding through the white ice-fields. The screw often chops through solid blocks which are forced against it. Stripes of paint are seen on many a piece as we force our way along. In the cabin everything is jerked about as we strike the edge of stray masses, the bow sometimes sliding up on to the ice. At last we are stuck fast, and have to back off and go on again full speed. So we labour on and wearily struggle till we come to open water again.

2.30 P.M. Full speed for some time. Then our propeller stopped again, and we rammed away at another great field. As we passed through it a seal was nipped and wounded; however, looking very miserable, it managed to struggle away over the ice with its fins, into the sea, and left the ice stained with its blood.

Soon after this we passed fir-covered Sosnóvets, called by the early navigators "Cross Island" (because

of a great wooden cross erected there), concerning which Tradescant writes: "11 July we had a small boat of that country of the Cross Iland that brought his bote laden withe salmon 3 dayes salted. My Lord bought for 4 shillings our money 4 very great ones. Now after wee were so far as Crose Iland the snowe began to abate and the natur of the coaste to change from russet to greener coller, the iland being full of shruby trees, and further of we mought perseve great woods, but all this way no kind of grayne. Now to speak of the boate and the men. On of them was a man aboute 50 yeares withe one eye, hard favord, the yonger man was about 25 years, well favord and well limbed, and both clad in lether, withe the skins of sheepe with the fur side inwarde, bothe having crusifixes about the necks, very artificyally made. Ther boat was small, very neatly mad, lik to the manner of Holland's scuts." Here we leave the last of the ice behind us, having had it with us for ninety miles.

Sweetnose and Candynose are the two capes which guard the mouth of the Béloe Móre or White Sea. These names are early English sailors' corruptions of Svyatói Nos (Holy Cape), and Kánin Nos.

We have passed now from the mouth into the throat, and here, in accordance with the sailing directions, we cross over to the east shore, called the Winter Coast. At 8.30 in the evening we pass the fir-covered cliffs of Cape Karétskii (or Blue Nose) with its lighthouse, which need not be lit up at this season of continuous sunshine. At this point we re-cross the Polar Circle, and

ere long are in the bight known in early days as the Bay of Saint Nicholas.

At midnight we enter one of the channels of the Dviná river, and come up to the lighthouse of the Nóvyi Channel. There are six channels at present leading to Archangel: Berézov, Novo-Dvínskii, Murmánskii, Pogányi, Pondoyóna or Pudóshem, and Nikól'skii or Karélian. Sweet bells strike four from the lighthouse, and a large boat, manned by a crowd of men, puts a hairy pilot on board the *Highlands*. Our arrival creates excitement, for we are the first visitors from the outside world this year.

Inquisitive Russian Pilot: "Have you been in Russia before?" Discreet Stranger: "Yes." I.R.P. (in a big mouthful): "How many times? Why have you come? What are you going to do?" D.S.: "I am going to have my breakfast." (Disappears below.)

It is early morning on the Dviná river, and we find it very hard to realise that twelve hours ago we were fast bound in Arctic ice, now that we are swiftly steaming for thirty miles through pine woods and park-like stretches of green sward. The birds are singing merrily. A pack of laughing Karelian boys are fishing, and salute us with "Drasti" (really Zdrávst-vuite). And on this winding river we often are so close in shore that the swell from the steamer washes up the bank as we glide swiftly along among the trees.

The sun went to bed for a very short time last night again, after shining, or trying to shine on us, for a fortnight. And in this respect it fared better than the

captain and I, for with writing on my part, and looking out on his, we did not turn in at all. But very soon the sun is gilding everything again; the air is balmy, and laden with the scent from the fresh woods; the water is amber, and reflects the sky, a flaming flamingo colour. We drive in and out of strange dividing channels, and every turn of the river brings us some new scene. A quaint little Russian steamer called the *Fram* puffs busily past; the early sun gilds her stern, and an uncouth-looking but polite Russian on the bridge doffs his hairy cap to us. This is between two and three in the morning.

Once more up the ratlines to the upper topmast yard for a panoramic view over the Russia of this neighbourhood. A band of fir-trees grows along the water's edge, and beyond that the flat land appears to be partially cultivated.

The Novo-Dvinskii Channel we are steaming up is only one of the six dividing branches of the Dviná in the delta. The navigable channel has been changed by deposit, and vessels can now come up this Novo-Dvinskii Channel. It winds onwards, and in the distance I can see from the yardarm Rusánov's sawmills, and farther off still the white buildings and green domes of Solombóla and Archangel. Our voyage to the Béloe Móre is ended.

It was by the route we had now travelled that the first merchants arrived in Russia three centuries ago, when there was no other Russian sea-coast than that of the White Sea.

Richard Chancellor, the first discoverer of this method of reaching Moscow in 1553, left London on the 11th May, and arrived at the mouth of Dviná 24th August in the *Bona Venture*. He waited at Vardo one week; so that it took him three months, as compared with our fourteen days—which, by the bye, included a sojourn in the ice-fields of Lapland.

“ At times a solitary gull was seen,
Its light wings scarcely moving, soft and slow,
To poise itself in heaven's blue vault serene,
Sighting some fish, which glittered far below.
On the broad river ships rode, motionless,
At anchor, waiting for the favouring breeze.”
—*A. Micháilov, in Wilson's "Russian Lyrics."*

CHAPTER IV.

SOLOMBÓLA AND ARCHANGEL.

The s.s. *Highlands* at Rusánov's—M. Gélierman, a very hospitable Russian—A town on English soil—Nóvyé Cholmogóry—Prince Golítsin—Open prescription—The Politsméister—A fire alarm—Despatch of post—An angel's day—Skins and sacred pictures—An ambassador's departure.

OUR good ship came alongside the wooden quay at Rusánov's sawmills, and seemed but little the worse for her struggles in the Arctic. The inevitable droshki was at hand, but a private one, whose kúcher had orders to drive me to the house of a worthy Russian gentleman of German descent—known to his servants as Andréi Andréitch, and to the mercantile world as Gospodin Gélierman. He was then the acting consul for Great Britain. They were daily expecting the arrival of the regular consul, Mr. Bartlett Cobb, B.A. Under Mr. Gélierman's most hospitable roof I sojourned: he would, he said, have been hurt if I had not done so.

The town of Solombóla is built on English soil. For nearly three centuries our vessels have cast out their ballast here on the banks of the Dviná river, until

there has grown up a small section of Great Britain under the sway of the Tsar. Solombóla is to Archangel what Monkwearmouth is to Sunderland, or Gateshead to Newcastle—an important section, yet quite a distinct and separate town rather than a suburb.

I arrived in the Archangel Government about the same time as the murderous Muscovite mosquitoes. I shall have other opportunities of referring in detail to these bloodthirsty agitators.

The full designation originally of Archangel was "The Fortress-Town of St. Michael the Archangel," and to the present day the fort exists with the cathedral church of St. Michael within its earthworks. The town was called New Holmogory (Нóвые Cholmogóry) by Ivan the Terrible. It is some thirty-six miles from the White Sea, and lies near the junction of most of the delta arms of the mighty river Dviná (navigable for 1128 versts farther by flat-bottomed river steamers). With the exception of the churches and public buildings, it is built entirely of wood, and contains some 80,000 inhabitants, if you include Solombóla. In appearance Archangel resembles other Russian towns, being sprinkled with white churches and great cupolas, for one Russian provincial town is very much like another from the Black Sea to the White, so that Taganróg on the Sea of Azóv seems very little different to Archangel on the great northern Dviná.

Putting on my dress suit and cylinder hat, I drove with a Russian major to call on Prince Golítsin, the governor of the huge Government of Archangel—as

large as England and France together. Our izvósshik pulled up at a white plaster-covered brick government building, built in the Petersburg style, and we solemnly passed between the soldiers on guard with glittering bayonets, and in at the great door. Footmen took our wraps and passed us on to the Secretary's sanctum, and after my card had been sent in, we were ushered into the Prince's private room. Three svyatýe obrazá (sacred pictures) one above the other, hung in the corner, with a hanging ruby glass lamp before and festoons of drapery around. A business-like nest of drawers and desk were covered with the Prince's writing materials, and on the carpet lay an enormous Polar bear's skin with fierce head and snarling jaws and teeth, ready to bite my boots.

Knyaz' Nikolái Dimítrievitch Golítsin came in and shook hands affably. He seems to mix with all the people in the town, and not to stand on his dignity to any great extent. He had been in England, and could speak English fairly well. I explained to him that I was travelling for the sake of gaining general information and health, and should be greatly obliged for any assistance that he could give me. He promised very courteously to write me a letter addressed to all his officials, to request them to render me all assistance whilst in his Government. The *podorójnaya* is no longer given in Russia as formerly, and the Prince instead substituted a less formal letter.

We chatted for some time, the Prince very kindly taking a deep interest in my travels, past and future.

Subsequently there was handed to me the following formidable document:—

*Ministry of Internal Affairs.
Archangel Government Office,
Archángelsk.*

Open Prescription.

HERREWITH it is prescribed to the Police District and Village Authorities of the Government of Archangel, to show all possible assistance to the English pastor, Alexandr Alfrédovitch Boddy, travelling through the Archangel Government on scientific subjects, by providing him legal means to arrive at the subjects required, and also to show assistance for the receipt without hindrance for M. Boddy on the Post District and Private Stations of Horses, and where it shall be needed, also Boats for legal rates.

(Signed) GOVERNOR PRINCE GOLITSIN.



As we left the audience-chamber, the head of the police department, M. Yúrii Nicoláevitch Achvérdov, was awaiting us. A pleasant, fiercely-mustachioed and

whiskered little man, tremendous in his uniform and power. He bowed pleasantly, and said that he had received orders to place himself at my disposal, and he would like to know what he might do for me. I said I should like to see the prisons, and also the system for the prevention and extinction of fire in so large a wooden town.

"The prisons you shall see any time, and an unexpected fire-alarm shall be given now."

We jumped into a droshki, and went at a break-neck speed towards the nearest fire-tower. There are four fire-stations, including one at Solombóla for the shipping.

"Flag, flag!" he cried, and waved his arm to the fireman in charge at the summit of the high fire-tower, who had noticed the galloping horses of the droshki. Instantly a great red flag ran up the mast, and the man pulled some levers communicating with the fire-station below.

"Let us stand in the centre of the square, and then will you be so good as to note the time with your watch? In three minutes the entire set of horses, carriages, and firemen will come out from yonder door, and in ten minutes will arrive from stations two versts away two other complete equipments signalled for by the fire-flag."

It began to get exciting. We could hear the shouting of men and neighing of horses, and then the great doors were flung open, and out galloped firemen in helmets on little Russian horses, and in waggon with ladders,

great barrels, and hand engines, evidently meaning business. They came on at full gallop, wheeled round the square, and then stood in line, the horses trembling and the men all excited. Raising right hands to their shápkas, they all saluted, "Good day, your Honour." They were "on time."

"Now look down that long wide street, and tell me what you can see."

"I can see a cloud of dust and people running excitedly, and now I see something bright—it must be the sun shining on the helmets."

On came this cavalcade, and at every house the windows were peopled, and the cry was, "Where is the fire?" The mayor and corporation of Archangel came hurriedly out of their offices to assure themselves of the safety of the town.

The cavalcade, a counterpart of the first, dashed into the square with all its vehicles and horsemen, and pulled up in splendid order alongside the other.

At the very moment the second company was turning the corner, then from the other direction came brigade number three, equally excited, and soon all the men and horses were massed in the square saluting the Police Master. All were "on time." Then they brought out a steam fire-engine (we have not such a thing in our town of 150,000 inhabitants, viz., Sunderland), and threw water on the Town Hall.

Lastly, the firemen were sent up the fire-tower, and they threw down one end of a very lengthy sack some sixty feet long, and making it fast at the top, com-

menced to slide down inside it, one after another ; and they were pulled out at the bottom by their long boots, as the men held the lower end outwards to ease their descent. Hot and breathless, and with hair unkempt, these obedient Russian firemen went on until I asked in pity for them to be stopped.

All Archangel was roused by this time, and I became a very important person for a few moments ; for had I not given the city a shock, a fire alarm ?

“Who is he ?” they asked one another.

“Ah ! he is the new consul-general for Great Britain,” they replied.

“Ah ! what an honour do we pay to the queen of that country !”

Archangel has been burnt down twice or thrice.

Whilst at Archangel I received a postcard from England the day *before* it was posted. “May 20th” was stamped on it in England, and it arrived in Archangel May 19th, and bore that date also stamped upon it. The explanation of course is that the Russians keep the old style, twelve days behind the rest of Europe and the world, and often write the date thus : $\frac{\text{May } 19}{\text{May } 31}$.

The making up of the mails in the post-office is a tremendous business. They have all to be packed in enormously strong huge leathern pouches and sealed, and then they are dragged in waggons (telegas) for hundreds of miles through the fir-forests at full gallop—horses being changed from time to time. They take a week to reach St. Petersburg when the roads are fair.

I dined on His Imperial Majesty's vessel the

Polar Star one-day by the courtesy of the officers. Doffing my cap to the imperial ensign, I saluted the sentry, and was welcomed by a polite lieutenant, who took us round the ship, and then into the mess-room.

Great jokes went on all dinner-time. It was one officer's "Angel's-day," and he had a special birthday-cake, as we should call it. Every Russian is christened by the name of some patron saint, and the day on which that saint is commemorated, and not his birthday, is his angel's-day or name's-day; the same name at the same time becomes the name of the Guardian Angel whom he believes to be assigned to him at baptism.

We were a merry party that day on the *Polyárnaya Zvezda*, though they were distressed when I would not join them at champagne. They scarcely understood what is meant by a teetotaler. "Ah, one of the Molokány, perhaps."

I invested in some skins whilst at Archangel, and the bill may be of interest. (A rouble is about 2s.)

THE FUR-DEALER'S BILL.

	Roubles.	Kopecks.
1 White bear's skin . . .	50	...
2 Covers made of bearskin . .	65	...
1 Cover made of a wolfskin . .	20	...
1 Musk-rat's tail	30
		<hr/>
The sum . . .	135	30

The amount received with thankfulness,

T. R. LANDSMANN.

ARCHANGELSK, 20/5.

In the Gostínnyi Dvor (the market) I purchased some Sviatýe Obrazá (holy pictures or icons), such as the poor people have in their log-houses. They can be obtained on wood or on paper. One favourite subject is the copy of the Kazan icon of the Mother and Child. Tiny angels are holding a crown upon the Virgin's head; the Divine Child is in the act of blessing, with right hand upraised, and around both their heads is a very material and substantial representation of rays of glory. There were also expensive massive icons with protecting covers (*riky*) of metal, just leaving exposed the face and hands of the figure. St. Nicholas is a favourite saint—the patron of sailors and children (Santa Claus) and Russians generally. A Russian usually prays before his icon; and it must not be in modern style, but strictly Slavonic, quaint, and conventional. Here and there in the streets, or at the entrance to some public building, is a great icon with the sacred red lamp burning in front, and some devout krestyánin abstractedly praying before it with cap doffed and fingers making oftentimes the “sign of man’s redemption” on his breast.

There was much ado in early days when our ambassadors arrived or departed from Nóvyé Cholmogóry, as this town was first called by Ivan Vassilievitch (John the Terrible) when built as a more convenient place for the customs than Cholmogóry higher up the Dviná. Horsey the ambassador writes: “The Duke mett me at the castell gate” (Archangel fortress) “with three hundred gonners shott of their calivers and all the ordinance he had in the castell for honor of my

waelcom, all the Dutch and French ships" (even in 1587 several had followed Sauvage, the first Frenchman who, the year before, had arrived at the Dviná) "in that roade shott of also their ordinance by the Duk's apointment before I came. He feasted me, the next daie brought me to my barge, had apointed fifty men to rowe and hundred gonners in small boats to garde me to Rose Iland, did me all the honnor he could in his golden coate, told me he was commanded by the King's letter so to doe, toke leave and preied me to signifie his service to Boris Fedorovitsch. Came within four hours to Rose Iland, being but thirty miells, wher all the English masters, agent, and merchants mett me. The gonners landed before me, stode in rancke, and shott of all their calivers, which the ships heeringe shott of also some of their ordinance. The gonners and bargmen made drinccke at the seller dore, and despatched that night back again to the castell. The next day friers of St. Nicholas brought me a present, fraesh salmons, rye loaves, cupps and painted plaeters. The third daye after my arivall" (on Rose Island) "ther was sent a gentlemann, Sabloch Savera, a captain, from the Duke; delivered me a copy of his comission of the Emperor's and Boris Fedorovitsch, their grace and goodness towards me, presented for my provicion 70 ewe shepe, 20 (16) live oxen and bullocks, 600 henns, 40 (25) flaesches of bakon, 2 milch keyne, 2 goats, 10 fresh sallmons, 10 geese, 2 swans, 2 cranes, 3 young beares, a wild boare, 40 gallons of aquavita, 100 (65) gallons of mead, 200 (60) gallons of beer,

1,000 (600) loaves of white bread, 60 (80) bushells of meall, and 2,000 eggs, garlick and onyons store. There was four great lighters and many watermen, etc., there, that came with this provicion, which wear all orderly dismist. I took some time to make merrie with the master and merchants, havinge some pastymes that followed me, plaiers, danzinge bares and pieps, and dromes and trompetts, feasted them, and divided my provicion in liberal proportion."

Horsey embarked with his companions at Rose Island on the 26th of August, and on the 30th of September landed at Tynemouth, whence he travelled post by the York road to London, reaching it in four days.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE ARCHANGEL PRISONS.

A benevolent Prison Governor—Classes of prisoners—The passportless—The politicals—A scene—M. Góel—A merry baker—Experience of solitary confinement—The convict prison—Occupation of prisoners—Caught napping—Spies—Freedom of opinion.

"BUR-R-R-R!" ejaculated our *izvósshik*, and the droshki pulled up with a jerk at the prison gates. A high whitewashed wall enclosed an open space within which were the prison buildings. A great doorway faced us as we jumped out. The sentry with glittering bayonet barred our entrance, but eventually allowed us to pass into the quadrangle, and, accompanied by a military turnkey, we were marched to the main building, which rose gloomily above us; and from some of the barred windows despairing faces, pressed between the grating, looked out eagerly. In the quadrangle were one or two black and white diagonal-striped sentry-boxes, placed in commanding positions. Soldiers in fur cap and dark uniform strode with measured pace backwards and forwards, carrying loaded rifle and fixed bayonet. No mercy for any wretch who should make a rush for the gate or break through the iron

bars. Within and around the main-door leading from the yard into the prison was gathered a group of soldiers, and on the right as we enter is the guard-room, where the arms are piled and the long-booted soldiers amuse themselves until their turn comes to go on guard. We chat with them, examining their arms, &c., until the chief turnkey brings the governor of the prison, and then all arose and received him with deference.

To our surprise, he proved to be a tall, benevolent, gentlemanly officer, who mildly looked out from behind a pair of spectacles, and seemed much more at home a few evenings later, at a charity bazaar, than among dungeons and turnkeys.

We strode along the passages with the chief warder with his great bunch of keys. All the fearful stories come up again, as with my Russian friend I passed through doors which were unlocked and locked again behind us. "Leave hope behind" might be inscribed here as well as on the *Ponte del Sospiri*. A prison-like smell hung about—such a smell as assails your senses in some of the cells below our English police courts. We ascend some stone stairs, and pass from the staircase into a long corridor; on either side are doors with names in Russian above, describing the particular class of criminals they were intended for—the passportless, the thief, the Jew criminal, the condemned who await transport to *Sibir*.

The keys rattled in a lock, and the door of a large cell was thrown open, and the turnkeys entered with

us, and the governor with his sword followed. A group of pale men rose from a long, wooden, counter-like erection—a high divan on which they slept. They were all in a long dressing-gown of grey cloth, and had white trousers of a material like that fabric known as mole-skin, a rough woollen shirt, socks, and leather slippers. In the corner was the holy picture, even in the prison.

"What is the fault of these?" I asked the governor.

"Oh, they have had no passports, and could not account for themselves."

"Siberia?"

"Da-da. You see, they must be very bad, and have committed some grievous crime, or they would not be among the passportless. Probably they have really escaped from Sibir' or from prison."

Door after door is opened, and the same scene re-enacted, the same unmoved, expressionless faces, the same wearied look, the life of utter inaction so depressing.

"Now, we are going to see the better class prisoners, some politicals amongst them."

About a dozen were gathered in one large cell, all attired as the others; but at a glance we could see the difference, and they did not jump to their feet instantly, nor stand at attention. I felt ashamed to be there, to have these men made a spectacle for the moment, as I stood with the governor, the turnkey of the department, and a soldier or two.

A cry, a scream, and my Russian friend was clasping a prisoner in his arms.

"My friend! Góel, are you here—good heavens."

"You undertook not to speak to my prisoners, and I must request you to withdraw at once."

What a look on that man's face as the door was closed and locked, and the interview abruptly terminated!

M. Góel a year or two before had held an important government post in Archangel, and one day had been surprised by a sudden demand for his books and an account of the public moneys passing through his hands. He could not at the moment produce the whole amount which should have been in his possession, and was promptly driven off to prison, *en route* for Siberia.

My friend thought he was in the far-off regions of the Yeniséi, but he had, it seemed, petitioned the Tsar', and a year had passed by while he was waiting for an answer. "I would give a thousand roubles not to have come into this prison with you. I can never forget the misery of my friend Góel; he thought we had come with a reprieve."

Thence we proceeded downstairs to the bakery, where some prisoners were baking bread for the prison, and here my friend saw a jovial face beaming at him where a lusty roguish character was kneading dough. "Why, Iván Iványtch, what are you doing in here?" said my Russian friend, who recognised his cook in the last campaign in which he had been engaged.

"Just been helping myself a little, Bárin," was the reply, with a twinkle in the man's eye.

"Will you show me the worst dungeons?" I now asked, and the benevolent governor told the chief turn-key to lead the way thither. We tramped down steps, and along dark passages, till at last they opened one of the numerous doors, and showed me a cupboard-like apartment where there was not room to lie down, only a seat fixed into the wall, and a *parashka* to obviate even a momentary absence from the cell of the prisoner.

"I should be much obliged if you would lock me up for a little while, that I may understand what the sensation is," I said.

The governor smilingly acquiesced. I was locked in alone in the dark, noisome cell, and with echoing footsteps the soldiers marched away, locking door after door till all was silent, and I was left alone with the rats and the smells. "Supposing they leave me here for half a day!" I thought to myself, "or even half an hour, I shall be heartily sick of a Russian prison." All was dark and clammy, and I felt dejected.

Then I remembered a fellow-townsmen who went to Cronshtadt for a holiday, but did not get a passport.

"What are you by profession?" growled the inspector of the police.

"A student," replied my friend.

"And no passport?"

"No; I did not know it was necessary."

"Soldiers, convey this student to the boat; we must have him before the head of police!"

A week he spent in a Russian prison, and was at last

marched between soldiers down to the river, and placed on the steamer sailing for England, with a caution never to return to Russia. He does not want to do so.

Soon, however, my thoughts were abruptly ended; the tramp and clang of the returning soldiers—the unlocking of doors—the glint of light from the lanterns down the dark passage, and very soon I was released from my imprisonment, and qualified to compete with M. Stepanyák and Mr. Kennan in writing, say, “Five Minutes in a Russian Dungeon.”

We crossed over to a separate building, where the female prisoners were confined, and were surprised at the liberty that they seemed to enjoy; ~~they were en-~~gaged in washing, and children were playing around. There was not the hang-dog sly look that I have seen in the women's department in English prisons.

The governor of the prison is a pleasant man—I should say amiable and kind-hearted. “Well, if I had any other post to go to at the same salary, I think I should be ready to leave the guarding of prisoners without any sorrow.” This was his answer to my question, when I asked him how he could bear the life.

We drove to the convict prison, a large establishment for long-term prisoners. We had some difficulty in obtaining an entrance. It is not in Archangel proper, but in Solombóla. Prince Golitsin's messenger had not yet arrived, and at first we were refused any admittance, but at last the commandant, a business-like officer, permitted us to enter, and took us round.

The large square was full of convicts all at liberty—talking and walking, or sitting on the ground. Numbers of men were coming in from working on the roads, and each man held his arms high up and was searched by a soldier as he passed in, to see if he had any fire-arms or forbidden articles with him.

It was about five o'clock in the evening, and the men were summoned in to tea in batches. The different sects sat at different tables—the Orthodox (Pravoslávnye) at one—Roman Catholics at another—Protestants, &c., at another. They all were ready for their rough but wholesome food.

We passed through the different workrooms where the men carried on their various trades. In one room they make baskets and brushes, and here a pair of *sapogi* boots were observed protruding from under a pile of brushwood. A wily prisoner was getting a good nap instead of working, and had hidden himself, as he thought, perfectly, under the great pile of leaves and branches laid on the floor. Whack! whack! came down a huge stick on the boots and legs, and with alacrity the owner wriggled out, and scrambling on to his feet, stood at "attention."

My general impression is that these men are happier and less criminal-looking than men in our prisons at home. When they are sick they are taken to the ordinary hospital at Solómbóla and placed in a room with soldiers on guard at the door with their guns and bayonets set. Going through the hospital, I wandered into this room, but was warned that these were dangerous and violent

prisoners who might be shamming sickness, and were capable of springing out of bed upon an unwary visitor.

There is another unfortunate class at Archangel; I mean banished "politicals," often *Polydki* (Poles) sometimes suspected Nihilists. The White-Sea is a long cry from Warsaw or Petersburg, and yet these unfortunates are from time to time sent to the Far North. They are not allowed to practise many professions or trades, and they receive a pittance from government upon which to live. The regular inhabitants are often sorry for them, but scarcely dare speak what they think for fear of the displeasure of those who open and shut the awful prison doors. Wherever you go there is this constant dread. Your droshki driver may be a spy, or your servant, so there is safety in silence. "You must not take too much notice of other people's sufferings—perhaps they deserve it all."

At Yarosláv a prison carriage was put on to our train and filled up with strange beings—men and women—shouting good-byes to friends who came to see them for the last time. They were bound to Moscow *en route* to Siberia, and whenever we stopped one was drawn by a sort of fascination to this travelling prison with barred windows, at which hairy faces appeared, and from which lamenting cries issued.

Although Stepnyák's "Underground Russia," &c., may be somewhat overdrawn, yet there is no doubt that injustice will often go unrectified and unpunished in Russia so long as freedom of expression of opinion

is denied and secret action permitted on the part of the police. Europe and America will sympathise with any honest effort Russia makes to improve the administration of justice. I thank God for the freedom of my country, even though liberty is at times taken advantage of unduly.

CHAPTER VI.

MONGOLS ON THE WHITE SEA COAST.

The great Mongol family—Samoédskie Tchums at the Maimax—Decimation by drink—Reindeers for hire—Heathens now nominal Christians—Birch-bark dwellings—Dogs and urchins—Awful degradation—A gory feast—Samovár and Tcháinik—Tradescant's description.

OVER the lonesome tundra of the Kanin Peninsula, and in the desolate regions around the Petchóra Reká, dwell the Samoédy, as strange a race as may be found in Europe. Of similar habits to the Lapps, yet quite distinct from them.

Looking into the faces of the Chinook Indians on the coast of British Columbia, I have seen the same features as we see in the Samoédy (*lit.* "self-eaters"), both alike belonging to the mighty, ever-spreading Mongol family, though separated by the whole of Asia's wide continent.* I have before me a Siwash Indian's mask, which I obtained on the North Pacific coast, carved to represent in strong relief the peculiarities of his race. It is wonderfully like the average Samoéd.

In the winter time some thirty or forty families, each in their own tchum (wigwam, or tepee), settle on

Maimax Island, in the delta of the Dviná, near Archangel. Each tchum requires at least 150 reindeer to support a family. The richer Samoédy own from 300 to 400. They make some money in winter by driving the Archangel folk in their sleighs with four female reindeer abreast (or three males). They have a "stand" in the town, just like the dróshki drivers or our own cabmen have, where a row of reindeer sleighs wait to be hired out.

Like other savages in places where there is no restriction, they are ruining themselves with strong drink. A Russian friend of mine was out sleighing, when he came across a Samoéd, well known among the Russians by the name of Andréi Ardév. It was a terribly cold evening, twenty-five degrees of frost. The reindeer harness was entangled, and Andréi, hopelessly prostrated by vódka, was lying there in the keen frost, with head bare and his clothes half torn off. He rolled him into his sledge and tied him there, and drove the reindeer before him to his own tchum, which he reached just alive.

Reindeer are harnessed all abreast, yet one of the number is leader; he has a rope to his forehead, which rope is jerked in the direction required.

Though the main body of the "self-eaters" had departed to the north to escape the mosquitoes, which are so destructive to their reindeer, yet a few families had remained. Not very satisfactory specimens, yet we could see their habitations, and study their Mongol faces and uncouth manners. So, before I had been

long in the White Sea neighbourhood, I set off to see these heathen Samoédy, some of whom are nominally Christians; but the Orthodox Church does not seem as yet a strong missionary power in the way of educating its converts from heathenism, though a priest is sent to minister to them from time to time.¹

Large sheets of birch-bark, carefully taken off the tree, are flattened out and laid upon the framework of the conical tent called the tchum. Like great scales these birch-bark plates overlapped one another, and were strongly sewn down. At the doorway were three young dogs with their fairly sedate mother—a true Samoéd dog; her ears were peaked, and her eyes brilliant and intelligent. She set up a hideous, prolonged, warning howl at the approach of strangers.

"*Nechoroshó; Tchort (The Black One)*," growled a voice in broken Russian from within, and the mother cowered down, but the little puppies came bounding over the heather half afraid, half impudent, but screaming in a horrid fright as we attempted to lay annexing hands upon them. This brought a bleary-eyed object to the door of the tent, huddled up in ancient reindeer skins. It was a little Samoéd girl, who was soon followed by another pile of skins containing a little brother, and a tangled head of hair came after them with a Chinese face underneath, and a rough voice growling out choice phrases in Russian-Samoéd.

"How much (*shól'ko*) will you sell your dogs (*sobáki*) for?" we asked. "Dva rublí," the pater-

¹ See, however, as to school for Samoédy, p. 168.

familias curtly replied, and withdrew his hairy mop inside. The reindeer-skin covered urchins held up the puppies in their hands, and cried, "Da-da-da, Samoédskiya-sobáki, bárin."

There was a strange object crouching on the grass behind us, and when we turned round, down went its head bump-bump against the ground, and murmurs of "kopéiki" and "vódka" issued from obsequious, cringing lips. It was an old Samoéd, decrepit and dirty beyond description, in soiled skin garments, wearing, where he was not bald, unkempt grey locks. He was begging something to purchase strong drink with, "little water" the Russians call it. Whichever way we went, we found him on his knees, absolutely worshipping us, in order to persuade us, if possible, to reduce him to a lower state than he was in. Meanwhile I kept my eye on the puppies, and on two of them specially.

Another day we made a second journey to the Samoéd encampment. Out rushed all the dogs, but only children seemed this time to be in charge. We understood that the older untamed savages were enjoying a banquet of bleeding flesh and freshly-drawn blood not far away.

We found them around a recently-killed beast, cutting off horrid tit-bits, and with demon-like blood-smeared faces taking draughts out of a wooden bucket of blood scarcely cold. It was almost hard to believe such creatures had souls, they looked so unhuman, as they laughingly approached us, chewing offal and

wiping their knives on their reindeer-skin clothes. Down below, our friends the puppies eagerly joined in the gory feast, and really the dogs looked more human than their Samoéd masters.

It was evening time, a calm northern evening, and all nature looked pure and lovely, and in the distance from a church tower rang out the vesper-bell calling to prayer. It was from the *kolokólnya* of the Tróitskii Sobór in Archangel.

The money was paid; the dogs were seized, amidst yells of grief from the Samoéd children, and howls from their mother. Andréi Andréitch the younger, and Pilát Ivánovitch had haggled and bargained, and once already we had driven away in our droshki at full gallop. The wily Samoéd saw that I wanted the dogs, saw also that I had brought collars for them, and that a hamper was strapped behind the carriage for them, and his price rose accordingly; but when we galloped away he cried that we might have them at any price.

Into Archangel and over its ill-paved streets, across the long plank-bridge to Solombóla and out beyond, a few versts into the country, and at last we saw the funnel of the *Highlands* as she lay alongside the bank of the Novo-Dvinskii Channel. Tinker, the ship's dog, was most indignant at this Samoéd invasion of English territory; and Samovár (Tea-urn) and Tcháinik (Tea-pot)—as we dubbed our new friends, on board a vessel for the first time in their lives—looked dazed and cowed, and allowed themselves to be driven like sheep by Tinker. Getting nettled at last, Tcháinik

turned suddenly on Tinker, and with open mouth, gleaming teeth, and backdrawn lip, chased his new foe, backed up by Samovár, who watched the fun, wagging his tail and looking up for approval.

The Russian mujiks crowded round, and the omnipresent Russian soldier in the long grey overcoat laughed at the idea of an Englishman taking Samoéd dogs home.

The last glimpse of Samovár and Tcháinik that I had before I left for my travels in the interior was a sight of four paws turned upwards, as Samovár lay on his back on the deck of the steamer, with Tcháinik's chin resting on his breast, and sleeping with one eye half open.

The *Highlands* arrived in London a fortnight later, and Mr. Moore, the first officer, kindly despatched Samovár and Tcháinik by train from King's Cross to my home. My poor Samoéd pets, however, rebelled against the English climate, and one after the other departed this life, leaving me disconsolate.

The Samoéds are inferior, as far as I can ascertain, to the Sarcees, Siwashes, Crees, Ojibbaways, and other aborigines of more western climes among whom I have stayed. These strange wanderers over the frozen tundras, the marshy expanses of Arctic Russia, are dying out from disease and drink as they come in contact with semi-civilisation. Why not make the sale of alcohol to those Arctic aboriginal races *penal*, as we have done in the case of our tribes in the North-West Territories?

A great amount of solid information about the

MONGOLS ON THE WHITE SEA COAST. 63

Samoéd race will be found in Seebohm's books and Rae's "Land of the North Wind and White Sea Peninsula." "That night," writes Tradescant in 1618 (16 July) "came aboard of our ship a boat of Sammoyets, a miserable people, of small growth.

"In my judgment is that people whom the fixtion is fayned of that should have no heads, for they have short necks, and commonly wear ther clothes over head and shoulders.

"They use bowes and arrowes, the men and women be hardlie known on from the other, because the all wear clothes like mene, and be all clad in skins of beasts packed very curouslie together, stockings and all. They kill moste of the Loth deer that the brought. They be extreme beggers, not to be denied."

CHAPTER VII.

THE ARCHIMANDRÍT MELÉTII.

The four holy Monasteries—A special prerogative—Bishop Lightfoot's letter—The Archimandrite's rooms—A talk with Manufl—Names of the monks' garments—Father Melétii's history—A keepsake—A false rumour of his death—A letter from Father Varlaám.

THE Solovétskii monastýr' has an agency at Archangel, close to the Gostínnyi Dvor. There must needs be much business transacted in connection with such a huge establishment as Solovétsk. Stores must constantly be forwarded by the monk-manned steamers to the monastery, the surplus productions of its industrious Ínoki (monks) must be disposed of, while the large estates of the monastery on the mainland need supervision.

The archimandrite of the Solovétskii monastýr' is a man of considerable position in holy Russia, being the head of one of the four largest monasteries of the first class, the other three being the *Alexandro-Nvsky* at Petersburg, the *Petchérskaya Lávra* at Kieff, and the *Tróitskaya Lávra* on the line from Moscow to Yamaláy.

The archimandrite of the Solovétskii monastery is not a bishop, of course, but by special decree he is

permitted to use the "signing candles" in solemn benediction. A bishop in blessing the people holds in his right hand a small candlestick bearing three candles (the trikl'rii), emblematic of the Trinity, and in his left hand another with two candles (the dikl'rii), signifying the divine and human nature of our Lord.

I was the bearer of two letters. One from Father Eugene Smirnoff, the arch priest of the Russian Embassy in London, and the second from Bishop Lightfoot, who, as the Russian reader will perceive, wrote a very kind letter of introduction which we present in its Russian form :—

"OKLAND KASTEL' (OKLANDSKAYA ARCHIEPISKÓPIYA).

"Evó, VYSOKO-PREPODÓBIYN, Archimandrítu Solovétskomu Milosérdie i mir v Ítisúse Christé.

"Predyavítel sevó Evó Prepodóbie A. A. Boddy potchtennyi svyasshénnik v moéi Eparchü v Dúrhame k kotóromu ya pitáyu bol'shóe uvajénie. On jeláet posetít' Vash znamenít'yi Monastýr' i ya búdu Vam osóbenno obyázan za vsyákoe vnimánie kotóroe Váshe Vysokoprepodóbie blagovolíte okazát' emú. — Vam sovershénnno prédannyi brat vo Christé.

"J. B. DUNELM."

This letter ensured us a warm welcome at the monastery.

We were received in an upper chamber, whose double windows looked out over a busy river scene. The broad Dviná, like an inland sea, has its chief port here, and floating quays are surrounded with all

kinds of vessels—barges, praams, and steamers, while little puffing launches flit backwards and forwards, now past Moses Isle to Solombóla, now towards Cholmogóry up the river. Down below us in the street the rough country carts and the rattling dróshki were jerked over the infamous cobblestones, and odoriferous bogomóltzy (God-worshippers, pilgrims), in archaic attire, male and female, sauntered about or sat on their bundles; others were engaged in prayer in the little monastery chapel underneath the archimandrite's rooms always filled with incense and adoring worshippers.

Before we saw the archimandrite we had a long talk with Manuśl, a black-cassocked young monk with long wavy hair. We asked him for the ecclesiastical names for the different parts of his attire. The cassock is called podryásnik; long wide-sleeved cloak, ryása; brimless hat, kamilávka; veiled ditto, klóbuk; prayer cloak, mán-tiya. The officers of the monastery are: the archimandrite (chief of the fold); the naméstnik, deputy-archimandrite or prior; the kaznatchéi, bursar; the blagotchínnyi, overseer, visitor = archdeacon, rural dean; the ríznitchii, sacristan, or keeper of vestments. Then come the monks (monáchi) and the novices (póslushniki). There are about 300 monks in the monastery, but hundreds and hundreds of pilgrims are coming and going all the summer, perhaps as many as 30,000 through the season.

I went up to look at one photograph on the wall. It was the face of the late Tsar' Alexándr Nicólaevitch after his murder, when he was lying in-state.

Close by were large pictures of the present Tsar' and that of the Tsaritsa Dagmar, so like her sister, our future queen. Oil paintings of various archimandrites hung around, and pictures of bishops holding their parasol-like tau-headed croziers, and of course some sviatýe obrazá in the corner.

The venerable white-bearded Archimandrit Melétii, in his black cassock, at last entered the room with a kindly greeting, and waved us to chairs as he sat on the sofa. I had presented my letters, and now told him of my wishes. The first point was, when should I be able to get to the Solovétsk Islands? The archimandrite said that the monastery steamer *Solovétsk* would sail in two days, but he was grieved to say business would still detain him at Archangel, and he could not accompany me. "I will, however, write to my naméstnik, by name, Father Varlaám, and you shall be received with all kindness and honour by our reverend brethren at the Solovétskaya Obitel'."

Father Melétii is a bright-eyed old monk, with white beard and intelligent face. He was dressed in long loose ryása, and on his head the tall klóbuk (*kamilávka*, with flowing veil). He had several jewelled crosses hanging at his breast, one being that worn by all the Solovétskie archimandrites in succession; several orders and decorations also, among them being the order of the Red Cross, another of the Slavonic Benevolent Society.

Melétii was very ready to give information, and to talk over important questions as to the Eastern and Western Churches. As we sat there Melétii told us of his own

life; how he had been fifty years a monk, thirty-three being spent in the celebrated Tróitskaya Lavra. First he passed through the novitiate; then, being vested with the "angelic habit," became monk; then was ordained deacon, and subsequently priest. He was sent to a smaller monastery near Moscow as Igúmen, and finally transferred to Solovétskii as Archimandrite. He succeeded Feofán, who followed Alexándr, the Archimandrite at the time of the bombardment. He was much interested in Africa and the Arabs.

"It is strange that you should come to the White Sea; it is so different to the Sahara desert, in which you last travelled, though our hermits have lived in both." When, acceding to his request, I chanted to him the tones of the Adzán, he professed to be much pleased, and said (this is a great compliment in Russia), "Your voice is the voice of a deacon" (*e.g.*, deep bass). "Stay," he said, when we moved. He went into an inner chamber to find one of his photographs, on which he wrote in Russian—

"In memory of Solovétsk, from the Archimandrite Melétii to the Sviasshénník (priest) Alexándr."

Also he brought out a Solovétsk-made óbráz, a sacred Byzantine picture of our Lord, and giving it to me with his blessing, said, "May our Lord Jesus Christ be with you in your coming in and going out from this time forth and for evermore. Amen."

Having received from him the trine kiss—on either shoulder and on the forehead—I took my leave.

I was shocked subsequently to have shown to me

in the Petersburg *Nóvoe Vrémya* of June 10, 1891, the following paragraph:—

“By intelligence received from Archangel we are apprised of the recent death of Melétius, the superior of Solovétskii, who for many years laboured for the welfare of the Obitel'. The Solovétskii monastery owes much to the late archimandrite for its present flourishing condition. From the same source we learn that the election of a successor to Father Melétius is left by the Holy Synod to the brotherhood, which has among its members many Ínoks of superior culture, who have studied in the higher civil as well as ecclesiastical educational establishments.”

This was followed, on July 6, by a second paragraph:—

“A short time ago we informed our readers of the decease of the Archimandrite Melétius. Recently, we hear, the monks have elected and the Holy Synod confirmed, as Superior of the Convent, the Ínok Varlaám.”

My faith in the accuracy of some Russian papers received a shock when, writing by a Russian friend's pen, I received the following letter in reply from Father Varlaám:—

“IVÁN YÁKOVLEVITSH,—

“DEAR SIR,—Your respected letter of the 10th past August, addressed to Solovétskii monastery to my name, I had the honour to receive in the monastery of the Holy Cross this 1st of September, and consider it my duty to inform you that at the present time I am

in the Holy Cross monastery, of which I am the superior, in the rank of igúmen.

"It is true that in the month of April there was an ukáz of the Holy Synod by which the council of the monks of Solovétsk was empowered to elect from among the brotherhood a successor to relieve of his functions the F. Archimandrite Melétii. Their choice fell upon me, but the confirmation of the Holy Synod has not yet followed.

"As to what regards the reported death of Father Archimandrite Melétii, I can only attribute it to mistake, error, false report of the gazet [newspapers]. He is still living, but very weak; walks with difficulty, and is at present staying at the Solovétskii monastery waiting the decision of the superior authority appointing him, another monastery for retirement [in Russian, repose].

"I beg of you to have the goodness to transmit to the deeply esteemed and Reverend Alexand. A. Boddy, together with my most humble respects, my deep gratitude for his kind remembrance of me, at the same time craving pardon for not being able to comply with his wish to have my photograph, by reason of not having any [never having had my portrait taken].

"The greeting to F. Vissarión I shall transmit at the first opportunity. He is still in the office of superintendent of the monastery of Solovétsk.

"I remain, with sincere respect and good wishes,
your humble servant, the superior of the Holy Cross
monastery, IGUMEN VARLAAM.

"5th September, O.S., 1891."

CHAPTER VIII.

TO SOLOVÉTSK THE HOLY.

Suggested route *via* Finland—Letter from Uleåborg—The Pilgrims waiting for the steamer—We leave Archangel in the monk's steamer—Voyage in the *Solovétsk* manned by monks—Incidents of the voyage—A little steward-monk—Arrival at the monastery—Anastasíya Nicoláevna Sorbinkina—Father Vissaríon—The empty prisons.

BEFORE leaving England a plan of reaching Solovétsk through Finland had been carefully considered. On consulting Peterman's large scale map there seemed to be a possible route through that land of lakes to the White Sea, and through an untravellered district.

If I pushed up the Baltic by the coasting steamers to Uleåborg on the far north, why should I not make a chain of the innumerable lakes, and by boat and raft, with short portages, at last reach the rushing Kem' River, and float down its waters to the White Sea?

I found, however, that it was not only a question of finance, but that there are no dealings between the Lutheran Finn and the Russian. Without an interpreter one would travel very slowly, and if I took one from Uleåborg what should be done with my Finnish perevódtchik when I arrived in Russian territory? The

receipt of the following letter decided me in favour of the better-known North Cape route :—

“From—

“*Otto Ravander, Tjär-och Travaruexport, Kommissions & Befraktningsaffär, Ångbatsagentur, Uleåborg. Telegrafadress: Ravander, Uleåborg.*

“DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter, in which you ask me about the road from Uleåborg to Kem, and now beg to answer you the same.

“This answer comes, however, later than you should have wished to get it, but as I myself do not know the route, and therefore have been unable to give you the information, I have been ~~asking~~ for such, and have now learnt as follows :—

“From Uleåborg one must travel by cart to the church of Kupsamo, about 260 versts. Thence, partly by water, partly by foot, to the village of Miinua, about 80 versts. (This latter part of the way takes some three days.) From Miinua to lake Piismajärri, 29 versts by horseback; from Piismajärri to Luojärri in boat, about 20 versts; from Luojärri to Nokens, also in boat, 20 versts; from Nokens to Jyyskjärri about 50 versts, partly in boat and partly on foot; from Jyyskjärri to the Russian Paanajärri to the town of Kem, about 120 versts in boat. This last part, with the current, about one day.

“As to the chance of getting any companion for the journey, there is very little possibility in that way, as no pilgrims go thus; nor have we, the inhabitants of

Finland, any connection with Kem; therefore it must be very good luck if you could find any traveller going your way when you will be ready to start for Uleåborg.

"Concerning an interpreter, you would easily find here some one who knows English; but I suppose nobody would go with you for less than five marks a day and free passage to Kem and back.

"You will be welcome to Uleåborg, and I shall do what I can for procuring the good information for the journey, which I hope will not be quite without interest.

—Yours very faithfully, OTTO RAVANDER."

Doubtless, if I could have recorded a journey over this unbeaten track, it would have been more to interest the reader, but the route I leave for a future traveller to describe.

We are now in touch with Russian pilgrims, for Archangel for some days has been full of them, waiting, like myself, for the departure of the *Solovétsk*.

At last comes the day of sailing.

Three droshki and a teléga with little wiry horses were seen tearing along Solombóla, and this strange sight excited the populace. The monastery steamer was ready to "cast off." The officials were getting impatient, for one o'clock was the hour of sailing, and we were late. At five minutes past they caught sight of the train of droshki, with passengers and passengers' friends and relations, coming at full gallop down the monastery road to the monastery quay.

There is a great hostelry here for the pilgrims—as

they arrive from all quarters—to live in until the monk steamer comes to take them to Solovétsk. Walking through the rooms the previous night, I had seen them all lying on the wooden shelves for their accommodation. They all wore their ordinary clothes as they lay on the wooden counters, among them Russian mujiks, with long boots, sheepskin coats; old women, with heads wrapped up, and legs and feet bandaged in felt, all surrounded by a distinctly Russian smell.

The steamer whistles, the gangway is withdrawn, the four hundred pilgrims cross themselves, and many go down on the deck on their knees. The friends on shore wave handkerchiefs and call "Do svidániya" (*au revoir*). The mother of Andréitch (my young Russian companion) was on the point of breaking down. The captain of the *Highlands* and I exchanged farewells, and the party hurry off in the droshki. The *Solovétsk* begins to move out into the swift wide stream of the Dviná, now hurrying in its spring plenitude to the sea.

Away from the town now, but before we pass from Solombóla, we are opposite the house of Andréi Andréitch, where a large array of female relatives are gathered on the balcony, and a fluttering of white handkerchiefs is seen.

We sound our whistle as we approach the *Highlands* down at Rusánov's, and officers and crew turn out to shout good-bye. For twenty-six miles now we run with the brown earthy Dviná current through the plantations of green fir-trees.

On board we thread our way in and out among the pilgrims, who, being third-class passengers, are packed away in the holds and in the cabins (for third-class passengers) and up on the deck. I mix quietly among the Russian peasants from all parts, south and east, north and west. Now and then a hymn comes up from the strong bass voices of some of the men, some singing the air and others the harmonies in sweet cadences.

Here you will see a man reading aloud from a little prayer-book. Here a mother and young child journeying to fulfil a vow upon its recovering from sickness. Here a patriarchal old man taking a grandson to serve for a time at the great monastery. Here a rough-looking man is reading a book to those round him an account of the monastery, to which they listen with rapt attention. Crowds of pilgrims are packed everywhere on deck and every part of the vessel save in the saloon, which had only three occupants. The three were Andréi Andréitch, myself, and a middle-aged servant, Anastásiya Nicoláevna Sorbínkina, who had come to wait upon Andréi Andréitch. Now and again one of the crew would come in. Of course they were all monks, as were some of the engineers and firemen. We talked with them, and found much to interest us in their lives.

As I write at the cabin table a monkish boy of fifteen leans over and wonders at the strange English letters, so different to his familiar Russian or the ecclesiastical Slavonic. He wears the monastic garb—round high

cap like a Parsee's, a cassock reaching below the knees, broad leather belt, and long sea-boots. Over his cassock as it grows colder he wears a grey rough long coat with broad leather belt. His hair is very long, and his face merry and round, and sometimes dirty. His name is Níkifor Sergéevitch Níkonoff. He comes all the way from Kargopol, and is now fifteen years of age. Once he was lost in the neighbouring forest (about eight versts from his home) and was not found for nine days, having lived on berries during this time. His mother vowed that if Níkifor was restored to her she would vow him for a year at Solovétsk, so he became steward on the *Solovétsk*; but tells me he does not like the sea, because he is soon sick, and when his year is over he will return home and become a krestyánin (peasant). He says his prayers when not too lazy. He seems very ignorant. His prayer is: "Jesus Christ deliver us from all evil."

At the masthead of the *Solovétsk* is a gilded Russian cross. As night came on the sea got up, and the poor pilgrims crowded on the deck were not happy. I turned out at midnight. We were off the mainland (the Sumer coast, near a lighthouse at Cape Orlóvskii Návolok), Solovétsk now lying in the far distance. All the way the deck was covered with an intricate mosaic of the Orthodox, chiefly old women and middle-aged men. On the bridge was the captain, a monk, in monkish dress, Andréi by name.

The steamer *Solovétsk* had been built in Sweden. Their first steamer, the *Véra*, had been built at Solovétsk.

almost entirely by the monks and volunteer workers, but it is slow, and we were thankful to be on the *Solovétsk*, a more trusty vessel for White Sea weather.

About eighteen hours' steaming from Archangel brought us round the southern point of the islands and opposite the monastery into Solovétsk Roads. Slowly now we pick our way along the channel into the monastery inlet. We pass Péshii Island, and, warily swinging this way and that, at last are safely in the wonderful land-locked harbour of Solovétsk. As we glide up the wharf a crowd of eager pilgrims and monks on shore keep pace, running along with cries of interest, and all the Orthodox on deck drink in with reverent loving eyes the welcome scene.

We made fast within a few feet of some of the monastery buildings, and were astonished at the massy walls of the Solovétskii Kreml', rising from the strand, and enclosing three cathedrals with their green cupolas with gold crosses and pendent chains, and many other buildings. Seagulls flew around and perched in the rigging, and the morning air, fresh and crisp, was filled with the cries of hundreds of sea-mews sailing in the bright sunshine.

The voyage was now over, and the long journey from distant England ended, and I was actually at my goal, the home of Zosíma and Savvátii—Solovétsk the holy.

A good monk, Vissaríon by name, comes down from the monastery in his black habit and flowing klóbuk. He is one of the superior monks of his monastery,

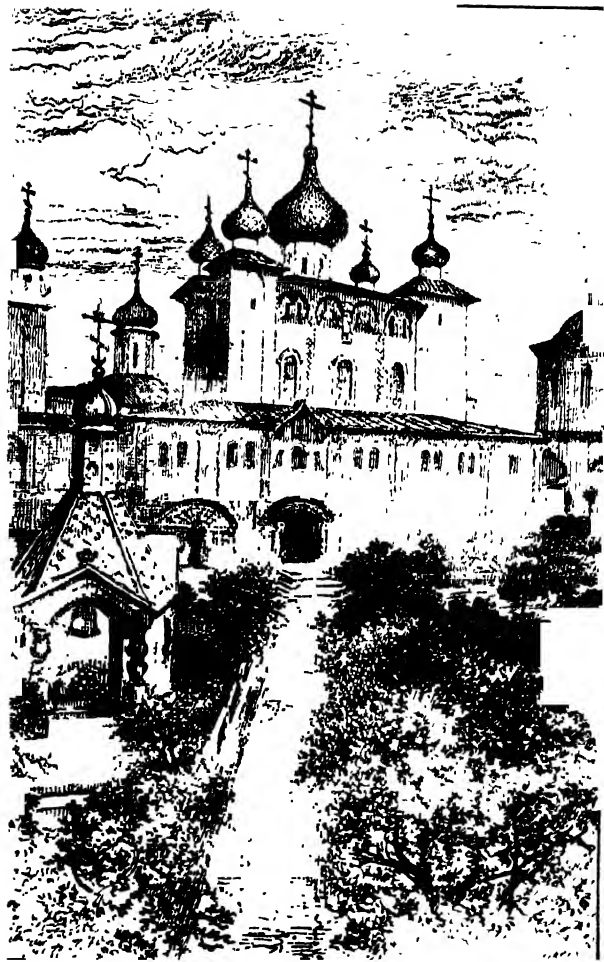
and, bidding us welcome, leads us into the hostelry. Here a suite of beautiful rooms are placed at my disposal during our sojourn in the Holy Isles, and a young monk is appointed to wait upon us. Our rooms are lofty and cheerful, our windows look over the harbour and towards the monastery walls, or out to Pés'hii Island. Very soon we are summoned into the presence of the sub-archimandrite, Father Varlaám. Following the lead of Father Vissarión, we pass out of the hostelry. Anastasiya Nicoláevna Sorbínkina faithfully attends us everywhere, carrying our wraps or books, extremely proud of her position.

"That," said she to an inquirer, pointing to Andréi Andréitch, "is the consul of all England, and the other [A. A. B.] is the archimandrite of Sunderland, a village in the same country."

Father Vissarión had been appointed to be our conductor and protector during our stay, for a letter from the archimandrite had come by the same steamer, in which he had given all instructions to the sub-archimandrite for our welcome and entertainment.

Father Varlaám received us very courteously in the beautiful state apartments, in which the chief features that struck us were the parquetry floor, the double windows, the pots of tropical plants, and the walls hung with royal portraits or rows of likenesses of archimandrites. Three Tsars, Peter the Great, Alexander I., and Alexander II., have visited Solovéták, and these were the apartments used by them.

The Naméstnik (Father Varlaám) is a dark-haired,



THE COURTYARD AT SOLOVETSK - Page 80.

refined man, not much over thirty, I should fancy, quite young compared with most of the monks beneath him. Calm and dignified he was in his bearing, and every movement and gesture were full of natural grace. "You shall have boats and horses and tróikas as you require, and Father Vissarión will give all his time to you, that you may see everything that is in our Holy Isles."

We were fortunate in having Father Vissarión as our guide, for he was so willing to supply all information, and was evidently a general favourite. He came and had his meals in the guest-house with us, or we went to his cosy warm cell and drank tchái (tea) out of his own tcháinik (teapot). We walked and drove together, and his signature in my birthday book reminds me of his true friendship.

Wherever we went, the young monks and boys of the monastery came running to him, and, kneeling or bending, asked his blessing and kissed his hands. Throughout the dark winter he teaches the boys, being aided by two deacons. He has, he told me, about 150 scholars, some even twenty years of age, who have to learn to read and write. Besides reading and writing, he teaches them arithmetic and Slavonic and Russian grammar (ecclesiastical and civil). They are also taught the catechism of that good Metropolitan of Moscow, Bishop Philarét. It commences—

Q. Do you believe in God; and what is God?

A. I believe in God. God is a Spirit, who is omniscient and omnipresent.

One day I said to him, "Father Vissarión, I have read a good deal about the dungeons of Solovétsk; will you take me to see the prisoners?"

"There are no more prisoners, Alexándr Alfrédovitch; but I will take you through the cells."

We went through them cell after cell, not very horrible dungeons, and I learned that Solovétsk was no longer an abiding-place for unwilling visitors, political or ecclesiastical.

Nikoláy Il'in is dead, and Adrián Púshkin died in Archangel. The prisoners of the time when the writer of "Free Russia" came here are no more. Nor are there now any soldiers; in fact, I saw not one in any uniform save that of the "Religious" during my stay.

CHAPTER IX.

ROUND ABOUT THE MONASTERY.

An early awakening—Worshipping with the Pilgrims—The Liturgy of the Golden-Mouthed—The *Hóspodi pomilui*—The Holy Mysteries—The daily routine of services—Russian bells—The Museum—Our cannon balls—The great dinner of Monks and Pilgrims—The industrious Inoks—A Russian bath.

"JINGLE-jangle, jingle-jangle, jingle-jangle," came the sound of a handbell along the corridors of the guest-house soon after two in the morning. It was the monk sent to summon us all to the early liturgy. We sprang out of bed: it was brilliantly light; our eyes ached with the perpetual daylight. As we looked out through the double windows into the frosty air we saw crowds of pilgrims hurrying to church already.

Our rooms were well warmed, and through the night a strange rattling in the walls was made by another monk, who kept charging with fuel the stoves, whose flues passed round every room.

We were soon out in the keen air, where the gulls were wheeling and crying, and we passed through a tunnel-like gateway into the monastery enclosure, and up the steps beneath the sacred icon of the Mother and her Divine Child.

Horrid pictures of the infernal regions, with the torments of the damned, frescoed with a free and realistic hand, attracted the shuddering attention of many a simple krestyánin, who crossed himself as he gazed fearfully.

Hard by monks were selling "holy loaves," and though we bought some, we did not make the same use of them that these pilgrims did. From each loaf is taken a tiny triangular piece, which is placed on the paten at the time of oblation. On the base of the loaf is written the intention of the buyer, nearly always a devout prayer for some absent friend or relative; thus, "For Ivan Feódorovitch, the servant of God, that he may recover his health;" or, in the case of a departed relative, "For Andréi Nicoláevitch, the sleeping servant of God, that he may rest in peace."

In the Cathedral of the Transfiguration the service was just commencing as we entered, solid crowds of men standing or kneeling at the right hand facing the holy screen, and hundreds of fervent women, with bright handkerchiefs on their heads, on the left. For their accommodation no seats, nothing but the marble floors, and for two hours there the people stood or knelt patiently. Now and again some one would sink suddenly on his knees and press his forehead on the marble floor; often all the bogomóltsy in the cathedral crossed themselves as the choir of men and boys sang out the solemn parts of the service.

I had been to a great number of services in Russia, and am fairly familiar with the Slavonic use of the

liturgy of St. John the golden-mouthed, but never was more impressed than at Solovétsk. There was such earnestness and simple devoutness in these pilgrim faces. They had come across the Ural from Siberia, from the steppes of the Cossacks of the Don, from the forests of Northern Russia, had travelled for weeks and weeks, and at last here they were in the Holy Place itself, and almost overwhelmed with devout emotion.

They had purchased tapers to burn before the pictures, and there were little stands in which to place them when lit. When unable to pass through the crowd they touched the person in front, and handed him the taper; he passed it on to the next, and so on until it could be lighted by those who were near the screen, and placed in the socket with a score of others, which shed their yellow light on the picture above. This is their outward expression of the desire to honour God or God's servant.

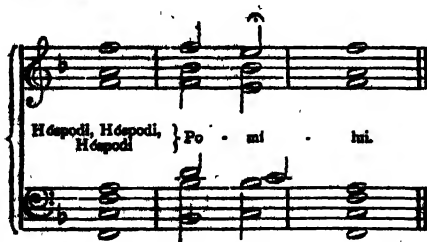
The bema or altar is shut off from the church by the sacred screen, called, from the numerous icons, the iconostás. The two side doors are known as the "Angels' Gates" or "Deacons' Doors," the centre are the Royal Gates.

Father Orést, with his rich deep voice, is the officiating deacon this morning; he is most seen and heard, but Father Varlaám is the "sviasshénnik," or priest.

As I follow the service in my office-book, I soon find myself using a prayer rightly called in our own prayer-book "*a* prayer of St. Chrysostom" (not *the* prayer), only one of many: "O Thou who hast granted us at

this time and with one voice to pray, and hast promised to two or three calling together in Thy name to grant their requests, do Thou even now fulfil to their advantage the requests of Thy servants, granting us in the present life the knowledge of Thy truth, and in the future bestowing life everlasting."

In a voice that comes *de profundis*, Father Orést the deacon uttered the prayers of the litany outside the iconostás. "Again we pray for Alexándr Alexándrovitch our Emperor, that it may please Thee to grant him strength, victory, a long and peaceful reign, health and salvation, and to beat down all enemies and rebels under his feet." The choir in long drawn out notes chanted in reply the Hóspodi Pomílui ("Lord have mercy upon us")—



I was honoured by being taken within the holy screen at the time of the Consecration. The great cathedral bells rang out the *Dostóino*, and as the boom vibrated tremulously through the air all the great congregation crossed themselves.

The pilgrims came up to the centre of the iconostás, and, standing at the royal gates, whither the elements

were borne, they each received in a spoon from the priest a morsel of sacred bread and wine out of the chalice. The service lasted for two hours. As those who know the liturgy of St. Chrysostom will remember, it consists of two great divisions : 1st. The preparation (*a*) of the officiating clergy, (*b*) of the holy loaf and wine ; and 2nd. (*a*) the oblation, (*b*) the consecration, (*c*) the prayer of intercession, (*d*) the reception of the elements.

The singing was inferior to that of churches in more southern Russia, but still was impressive, unaccompanied, and in prolonged harmonies. The language of the Church is of course old Slavonic. It is as compared with modern Russian what Chaucerian English is as compared with the Queen's English of the nineteenth century.¹ This old dialect appeals through the ears to the devotional feelings of the Russian, with its deep, rolling, church-like sound, just as the pictures do to the eye and the incense to yet another sense.

The order of services, &c., each day at Solovétsk is : 3 A.M., Matins in the Tróitzkii Sobór ; 5.30, Matins in Cathedral of the Annunciation ; 6, Liturgy in St. Philip's Cathedral ; 7, Liturgy in Cathedral of Transfiguration ; 9, Liturgy in the Tróitzkii Sobór ; 11, Trapeza (dinner) in the Assumption Church ; 3 P.M., Commemoration of the departed in Cemetery Church ; 6 P.M., Vespers in the Tróitzkii Sobór ; 8 P.M., Trapeza (supper).

Hard by the cathedral is the most holy spot of all in these holy isles of the White Sea. It is the shrine

¹ A Russian said to me, " If your Bible had been translated a century earlier, the effect would be exactly the same."

where lie buried Zosíma and Savvátii, the simple-minded, pious old monks who in the thirteenth century came here to be away from the world. They came for solitude, and now scores of thousands of pilgrims visit their resting-places every summer.

Countless offerings of candles were blazing around the tombs of the saints of Solovétsk, and the floor of the chapel, with its black and white pavements, was covered with a dense mass of kneeling humanity all worshipping toward the rich shrines glittering with gold—a contrast to the two simple old men who lie there, we are told, “incorruptible” because of their pure lives. If the body of a very holy man whom the Church is thinking of canonising is, when exhumed, found to be in a state of preservation, then that is taken as a final proof of his sanctity. So was it with the *prepodóbnye* of Solovétsk.

After service we went up among the great bells of the Cathedral of the Transfiguration. In the *Kolokólnya* were hung every kind of *kólokol* (bell): giant bell and baby bell—bells whose sonorous boom and roar rushed over forest and lake in tremulous wave, and hastened far out to mariners on the desolate White Sea, and smaller bells and still more small, whose high-pitched, shrill notes piped out in tinkling contrast.

The ringing of bells in Russia is utterly unlike the peal of bells or the chimes of England. There is a special kind of barbaric music for each different occasion; and for the liturgy before the service there was first an agitation of higher-pitched bells, then

some middle-voiced bells chimed in, and then came the deep measured basso of the heaviest bell of all.

"Tinkle-tinkle-tinkle-tinkle ;
Tonkle-tonkle-tonkle-tonkle ;
BONG ! BONG ! BONG ! BONG !"

The bells are not swung ; the clappers are agitated by ropes, or the bells smitten with wooden mallets. They are hung in open belfrys, and, looking up when the bells are ringing, you will often see the bell-ringer holding ropes extending to the clappers of different bells, and dancing on different pedals or levers connected with the hammers or clappers of the greatest bells.

Up in the belfry I found four little chapels, one at each quarter of the sphere, north, south, east, and west ; in each of these the liturgy could be said on special occasions.

When the bishop of the diocese goes to any of his parochial churches a strange peal is rung called a "Trezvón," when all the bells seem to go mad together and the jingle and clatter are barbarically impressive (the ringing of a single bell is called zvon).

There is a museum at the monastery, consisting in a large long hall, with glass cases full of vestments round the sides and other cases in the centre. There are ancient charters from the city of Nóvgorod, the original psalter of Zosíma, quaintly illustrated histories, heavy chains used in old days in the dungeons, many things beautiful and wonderful ; but the most interesting are

three cannon-balls in the centre, accompanied by the following inscriptions :—

1. "This bomb of ninety-six pounds weight came flying into the Cemetery Church, 7th July 1854."
2. "This grenade of twenty-six pounds weight was found behind the picture of the heavenly Virgin in the Church of the Transfiguration a year after the bombardment."
3. "This grenade of ninety-six pounds was found like No. 2."

As we wended our way to the library, led by Father Vissarión with Father Orést, a number of pilgrims and monks accompanied us, and obtained from Andréi Andréitch and Anastasiya Nicoláievna Sorbínkina all possible information as to their visitors from England.

"Look there," said Father Orést, and I saw on the staircase wall, painted in relief on a light ground, a small cannon-ball, and below a shelf with the ball in *propria persona* upon it, and the inscription, "English bullet, which came flying through this wall on Wednesday, July 7, 1854." I had seen similar marks on the Sea of Azóv, in the distant south of Russia. Walking in Taganróg you often see on the older houses a black painted circle the size of a cannon-ball, with the simple superscription "1854" thereon, and the pravoslávnyi reproachfully points to the great dome of the Taganrógskii Sobór, and there, high up, are the black round marks where the cannon-balls of the English struck

the house of God in those troublous times still unforgotten.

The library is not the best part of the monastery, and contains no valuable MSS., and not one single book in Greek, all being in Slavonic or modern languages. I had the privilege of giving the first English book to the collection.

Now for dinner, called in monastic language "trá-peza." We descend to the Winter Church of the Assumption, many churches in Northern Russia being built in two stories, the upper one called the summer church, the lower the winter. At the end is the chapel or chantry, dedicated to the decollation of St. John the Baptist. Long tables are filled with black-vestured, bearded monks, and others with pilgrims, the latter overflowing into other rooms, and the women dining separately. Below a huge central pillar, which held up the roof, is the "strangers' table," where any one may sit and eat, and thither we went. But when the Naméstnik entered, and all arose, he beckoned me to sit beside him at the high table. Our bill of fare may interest the reader; it consisted of—

1. Black bread and kvass.
2. Raw herring, with vinegar and onion.
3. Codfish boiled.
4. Soup of great flatfish.
5. Cooked perch and flatfish.
6. Barley boiled with linseed oil.

The monks and visitors never have meat; only in the

case of the volunteer labourers, who remain all the year, is an exception made.

Before and after dinner grace was read by a youth and a hymn sung by the choir. During the meal no one speaks, and a monk mounts a pulpit and reads the life of some saint. On that day it was the record of Bishop Leóntii of Rostóv.

The sub-archimandrite rings a loud bell, which sets all the machinery going. The first bell is grace; the second brings a rush of monk-boys, with long hair, carrying in the dishes. They always bow as they pass the high table, and when their heads go down their long hair falls over their faces in dangerous proximity to the soup or fish they are carrying. Another ring, and all the boy waiters in long boots charge towards the kitchen with the empty dishes and return with full. Clean plates for the different courses are deemed worldly, and a sign of unregenerate fastidiousness.

A large proportion of the monks (monáchi) are artificers, labourers, or fishermen, and only a smaller section are ordained to the priesthood and to the diaconate, and become Ieromonáchi or Ierodiákony respectively. As we walk round the monastery walls we see in turn the workshops and the dormitories and the cells of the monks. Here, as elsewhere, we are shown the marks of the English shells, and the older monks point out through the loopholes the exact position of the *Miranda* and the *Brisé* on that sorrowful 11th of July (old style) in the year 1854, as they

lay off Peshii Island or drew nigher to the monastery walls.

We looked out, as we came round to the far side, on the Holy Lake, a fine sheet of fresh water connected with other lakes on the island, and well stocked with fish. Many pilgrims plunge into its sacred waters as soon as possible after their arrival on the island. The position of this lake, which lies considerably above the White Sea level, is utilised to form the only dry dock in the north of Russia; and small wooden vessels are here repaired, and formerly the monks here built their passenger ships to carry the pilgrims from Archangel. A sawmill is also turned by the water running from the lake down to the sea, and great trees soon are reduced to planks. This and many similar works commemorate the sojourn at Solovétsk of Philip the Saintly, afterwards metropolitan at Moscow.¹

At one corner we find an armoury in an old tower on the wall, furnished with an assortment of ancient pikes and spears and very dangerous guns and muskets. These were the arms sent for the use of the garrison in the English bombardments.

In front of the churches stands a curious monument, a huge bell suspended in a chapel-like structure, with numerous inscriptions and designs in bas-relief. This bell was given by the late Tsar' (Alexander II.), in memory of the wondrous deliverance of the monastery in answer to the prayers of the insulted Virgin, when the wicked English sent the shot and shell into the

¹ See Appendix B.

sacred churches where saintly Zosíma and Savvátii lie buried. Under the bell and around the monument are piled up the shot and shell gathered in various places round the monastery.

"May I carry part of one of our cannon-balls back to the land it came from?" I asked.

The kind-hearted monks acquiesced most politely, so while I correct my proofs in my northern home my eyes rest on a heavy section of a great shell which has returned to its native shores. Among the bushes in the enclosure in front of the cathedrals are numberless nests of sea-gulls, whose constant cries re-echo through the air as we walk in and out amongst them. They build here to be safe from the foxes. Within this enclosure is also pointed out the grave of Avraám Pálitsin, whose name is venerated in Russian history.

Next we enter a dark chamber where the kvas is being brewed, and the monks describe the process. It is a non-intoxicating drink, refreshing and acid, about the colour of ale. There is no kvas in Russia like that of Solovétsk, neither is there any tchérnýi chleb (black bread) like that of the monks' bakery. We examined the bakehouse, where also the holy loaves for the sacrament were being made, with the mystic letters stamped on the top, "Jesus Christ the Conqueror."

Into the skin-clothes department we now make our way. The pilgrims are buying from a most business-like monk new and second-hand shúbas (skin-coats), which smell very strongly. In the tannery one monk

and six lay brothers dress the skins of seals, walruses, deer, cow, and sea-calf. The great long Russian sapogi (boots) are here made roughly but well, and every youth, man, and woman wears these long Wellington boots up to the knees.

One trade, more refined and artistic, brings in a considerable revenue, viz., the making of sacred pictures (*svyatýe obrazá*) or icons. We watched them at work at these conventional representations of saints, &c., with their brilliant colouring and liberal supply of gilt. It was here that the picture was made which Father Melétii gave to me with his blessing, the Icon of the Christ with the Slavonic inscription, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden."

Next we pass out through the great gateway on to the quay, and across a creek is the bath-house, where every pilgrim goes through the thorough cleansing which the awful steaming and rubbing of a Russian bath ensures. I have only had one Russian bath, and I may relate my experiences.

It was in a southern town among the Cossacks of the Don. The neighbourhood seemed decidedly to require bathing accommodation. A *máltchik* showed us the way, but the first bath we came to was too public—too Russian—for a door was opened in a wooden building, the "*bánya*" (bath), and we were invited to step in. Within, however, it looked like a glimpse of the Tartarean regions; amid clouds of steam and an overpowering aroma of condensed Russ we perceived, as our eyes grew accustomed to the dim

light, the graceful forms of Russia unadorned, and were informed that we also could be steamed and attenuated for twenty-five kopecks. We modestly retired and went elsewhere, where there was less publicity, and, going over to the opposition, were provided with a suite of apartments for one rouble.

Three rooms there were: number one, a dressing room; number two, warm; number three, like an oven. To the farthest room we soon found our way, and, reclining on the wooden beds over the furnace, were silently attenuated until flesh and blood no more could bear. At last there entered a fiercely silent Russ in primitive costume, who seemed determined to avenge his nation upon my devoted person. It is needless to say more than that the implement of torture was a mass of cocoa-nut fibre of the most wiry and villainous description, with which he ground me down to simple emaciation.

Now that it is really over, I can look back upon it with coolness and contemplate it without a shudder; yet even for the sake of having a real Russian bath I would not again put myself in the power of the cocoa-nut fibre man. On Saturday all Russia is clean; the Orthodox all attend the *bánya*.

Beyond the bathing-house we find the "*Gostínnitsa Archángel'sk*"—the Archangel Hotel, as it is called by the pilgrims—the guest-house for the common visitors to Solovétsk. The building received a considerable number of cannon-balls in the bombardment; possibly our officers thought they were barracks. The holes

are carefully preserved, being boarded up inside. The place, whenever I visited it, was crammed with pilgrims reclining on the sloping counters which did duty as beds. It was somewhat like the steerage on our great Atlantic steamers, where all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children come together.

Everywhere in the monastery are these simple Russian pilgrims reminded of the attack by English gunboats in 1854, and they buy the rough coloured pictures of the *Miranda* and the *Brisk*, represented in an impossible position in a bay where there is not nearly enough water to float them, belching forth flame, smoke, and shot at "the monastery which endureth for ever."

Admiral Ommaney's account of his bombarding Solovétsk for five hours, in answer to shots fired first by the gunners at the monastery, reads very differently from the detailed history of the "miracle of 1854" handed down by the monks.

Father Melétii has penned a minute history, taken down from eye-witnesses still living, and this also I am able to give in English. Each version then in turn.

CHAPTER X.

THE MONASTERY IN THE CRIMEAN WAR.

The two expeditions of 1554 and 1854—English monuments proposed and erected—Our men-of-war approach the White Sea—At the mouth of the Dviná—Across to Solovétsk—Round the Islands—First view of the monastery by Admiral Ommaney—Anchorage in Monastery Bay—Shot first fired by monastery guns—A demand for surrender—The five hours' bombardment—Subsequent events.

JUST three centuries previously, the first three English vessels (the *Bona Confidentia*, the *Bona Esperansa*, and the *Bona Edward Venture*) had sailed to the White Sea to knit together nations by the bonds of commerce.

It had been proposed by Dr. Hamlin a few months before the Crimean War to celebrate the tri-centenary by erecting a monument on Nokúevskii Óstrov to the memory of the crews of the frozen vessels. Another monument on Solovétskii Óstrov commemorates, however, a different expedition. It is the pile of shot and shell picked up when the vessels had retired.

In the early part of the present year I wrote to the Admiralty and obtained permission to print Captain (now Admiral) Ommaney's account of his evolutions in the White Sea, which I now give.

" *White Sea, 19th June.*—We approached the White Sea with a west wind. The surface of the sea was perfectly smooth, as in a calm, but a fresh breeze aloft. The weather was hazy. The temperature of the sea surface came down to $36\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ and 38° ; the water was discoloured and covered with the trunks of pine-trees, some of large dimensions, that had been washed off from the banks of the rivers when swollen by the melting of the ice. From the quantity we sailed through at this season I infer that this timber contributes to the supply of driftwood found on the shores of Spitzbergen. At 1.30 P.M. we made the coast near the Lambuskoi Islands, which by the aid of our excellent charts were easily recognised; they are lower than any part of the mainland.

" We entered the White Sea rapidly with a leading wind. At 3 P.M. we rounded Gorodetski Point, and were abreast of Orloffka at 6 P.M. Between these points the coast is steep and bold, and you may run close along the land with confidence, which it is desirable to do in order to avoid the Orloffka shoals. There were no remarkable features in the coast, which is of a uniform height, from 200 to 300 feet, intersected by deep ravines, which were still full of snow. In Gogolina Bay, westward of Orloffka Point, a glacier appeared to protrude itself into the sea. Orloffka Point is a bold promontory. The lighthouse is erected on the summit, the tower apparently 130 feet high. There are some large buildings near it for the lighthouse keepers. We ran close along the coast near the Trek

Islands, which are very small, and afford no shelter for an anchorage. Here we fell in with vessels, one a Russian schooner, of which we made a prize.

"A fresh gale having set in from the northward, we continued cruising between Cross Island and Orloffka, waiting for the *Brisk*, which ship we had parted with off Vardohuus. Several neutral vessels were passing on to Arkhangel for cargoes.

"*Dwina, 26th June.*—The squadron carried a leading wind to the bar of the Dwina. The coast presents the same verdant aspect, and becomes very low as you approach the delta of the Dwina; it is quite clean all along. The coast and the soundings are regular, by which you may know your position anywhere in Arkhangel Bay. Mudiuga lighthouse is visible six leagues off, and comes into sight long before you can see the land, which is extremely low. All the islands forming the delta of the Dwina being only a few feet above the sea, the pine-trees are the first objects seen above the horizon.

"The N.W. gale brought up no less than 400 neutral vessels for Arkhangel; all rushed into the market to ship their cargoes before a declaration of the blockade. The majority were under the Dutch flag; being of light draft, most of them ran over the bar to the first anchorage off the south extreme of Mudiuga. One brig and some small vessels struck and became wrecks; some native coasting vessels which we seized before the gale filled at their anchors and broke adrift; a good many of the large vessels kept an offing, dodging under storm

sails, which is a very judicious plan, as the outset from the Dwina keeps one to windward.

"*Solovetskoi*, 17th July.—I proceeded on a cruise to examine the bay of Onega, with the *Brisk* and *Miranda* screw steamers. We had a fair run across the White Sea, and sighted the tower on Jiginak the following morning, and then made for the north side of Anzersk. This island has a considerable elevation, thickly covered with wood, which had a most verdant aspect. A large white monastery stands on the highest part of the land, and another in the N.W. corner of the island in a low cove; a reef of rocks on which the sea breaks lies about three miles north of the N.W. extreme.

"We rounded the north extreme of the island of Solovetskoi, and proceeded at slow speed along the west coast, which at this part is low. We had ten to eight fathoms of water. Running two and three miles off, Mount Sukerna (Striking Hill) is a very remarkable object, here rising up in shape of a pyramid; on the summit a large wooden cross is erected. When Tolstoi Point bore E. by S. the celebrated monastery of Solovetskoi came in view, which presented an imposing and beautiful appearance, its numerous domes and minarets glittering in the sun. A very massive wall surrounds the pile of buildings, which gives it the character of a fortification.

"Off Tolstoi Point we shoaled to seven fathoms water, muddy bottom, and anchored to look about, and to decide by which passage we should effect our approach

into Solovetskoi Bay. We had no pilot, but by the aid of the excellent charts supplied we took the vessels close into the bay under the monastery. From Tolskoi Point we steered for two small rocks called Topa, just above water, S.W. of Tolskoi five miles. Hauling close round these, steered for the extreme of Zaitski. Nearing this island the water deepens, when you may haul up for Solovetskoi Bay, keeping close to the small group of islands to the southward of the bay. When passed Sennie we hauled into the anchorage, the monastery bearing N.E. We anchored in ten fathoms. Solovetskoi Bay is an excellent and well-sheltered anchorage, with firm holding ground of stiff clay, where a ship may lie in perfect safety; and there is no difficulty in sailing ships getting into it with no other guide than the plan and chart supplied to us. It is the only place of security that I had visited since entering the White Sea; there is room for a large amount of shipping with good anchorage in every part of it.

"Solovetskoi Island is reserved to the exclusive use of the monastery, which is regarded as one of great sanctity in Russia; many pilgrims resort here annually from all parts of the empire. Its wealth is very considerable; treasure to the amount of £200,000 had been removed to St. Petersburg early in the spring to secure it from capture, and a garrison had been sent here with a battery of guns to defend the place; on good authority we learnt that it is used as a place of banishment for political offenders.

"The island was thickly covered with trees; the

monastery, as seen from the bay, was very picturesque. The style of architecture had an Oriental character: the domes of the churches were covered with bright green tiles, likewise the belfry and minarets, which are surmounted with green crosses; the exteriors of the churches were ornamented with paintings. The whole establishment covers a large space of ground, and looks like a fortified town. There are extensive buildings for the monks, who, it is said, number 500, and buildings for the pilgrims; the whole is surrounded by a massive wall, flanked at intervals by circular towers.

"On anchoring, some field artillery guns with a body of troops emerged from the wood lying between the monastery and the beach, and exchanged shots with the *Miranda*, upon which I sent to demand the surrender of all military stores. This was met with a refusal: in consequence the place was bombarded for five hours, but at a long range, it being impossible to approach within 1000 yards, as it is built some distance from the beach.

"The site chosen for the monastery was probably selected, in a military point of view, for protection against assault; on the one side it is surrounded by water. The wall of defence is constructed with solid masonry, and flanked with circular towers at the angles, in which some pieces of ordnance were mounted, the height of which was apparently fifty feet; the curtains were all loopholed, with a covered way for the protection of the defenders. Altogether it is a work of

great strength, and could not be assaulted without breaching the walls, which I was not in the position to undertake.

"We endeavoured to advance the *Miranda* into the creek that leads up to the monastery, but found it too intricate for a ship of her dimensions, and only succeeded in getting her abreast of Peci or Rock Island, in effecting which she grounded twice; from this position some shells were thrown into the fort at a range of 1200 yards. Finding that my time and resources were inadequate for the reduction of the place, I proceeded for Onega.

"From Pushlakta we steamed across to Anzersk. At starting we kept near the land, to avoid a dangerous shoal with two fathoms on it. Nearing the extreme cape, steered direct for the monastery on Anzersk; anchored under the island near a projecting point with the church bearing north, in fourteen fathoms stiff clay and shells. The coast is bold, no bottom with hand lead until you are half a mile from the shore; this is a good anchorage for a ship to seek shelter from northerly winds; this island is high and covered with trees, and is devoted to the seclusion of the monastery.

"Leaving the anchor, we passed to the northward through the passage between Anzersk and Solovetskoi: on the west side of this channel are some rocks and shoals, which were visible; keeping near Anzersk, there is no danger. While at anchor I sent some officers on shore to walk to the monastery, but finding no road

they returned, as the wood was impenetrable; in the meantime some shots were fired on the boat that was waiting. It would appear that*the Solovetskoï group of islands are exclusively appropriated to the monastic establishment."

CHAPTER XI.

FATHER MELETII'S STORY OF THE BOMBARDMENT.

The alarms of war—Alexánder the archimandrite—Treasure despatched to Archangel—The pilgrims depart—Prayer and fasting enjoined—Religious volunteers—Inventory of arms—The engineer Bugáevskii—The artilleryman Drushévskii—The archimandrite on the look-out—The enemy in sight—The prayers of the monks—The ships anchor near the monastery—They depart for a season.

Audi alteram partem. We now turn to the account written from the monastery point of view. Very much more detailed and full of almost pathetic incident. Father Melétii had it from those who were present at the time. Some were living when I was at the monastery, and they delighted to go over those eventful days again for my benefit. This is Father Melétii's story:—

"In 1854, at the very outbreak of the Oriental war, the Government expecting attacks on the northern part of the sea coast, in February of that year declared the Archangel Government in a state of siege, and then commenced hastily to arm in order to meet the enemy when the ice gave way.

"A year prior to the hostile invasion there was appointed as superior of Solovétsk the Archimandrite Alexánder, out of the number of the first priests of the

Archangel military cathedral, after many years' widowhood and many various family sorrows. But at the time of taking the vows of a monk, could he ever have dreamt that he was to be called to defend the inheritance of holy Zosíma and Savvátii from enemies of a different creed; and so by the inscrutable decrees of Heaven he became the defender of the community entrusted to his care.

"By the 20th March the Novo-Dvínskaya (New Dviná) fortress was already prepared to meet the enemy, and around Archangel everything was on a war footing.

"The Solovétsk brethren, surrounded by the ice, carried on a calm monastic life, and knew nothing of what was going on around their monastery, and what danger threatened it. On the 16th April at last, with great trouble an express from Archangel managed to get through to the Solovétskii Island, and delivered to the brotherhood information on war affairs. Then only the monastery perceived its dangerous position. Together with this information, there was received the ukáz of the most Holy Synod ordering them to despatch immediately to Archangel all the portable valuables of the monastery; all the monks and the inhabitants of the monastery to remain in the monastery, not leaving, but calling for help on the Almighty and on the 'loved of God' (as were called Savvátii and Zosíma, saints of Solovétsk); to take, with the support of those appointed as chiefs, all possible means to defend the monastery. Of course nobody knew that the enemy was certainly bent upon approaching the

walls of Solovétsk, but the information received nevertheless had been such as to sadden the hearts of the Solovétsk brotherhood.

"Several of the pilgrims hastened to leave for their homes, and with the brothers gradually the despondency changed into a feeling of devotion to God's will, becoming determined not to leave the monastery whatever the danger might be. The Archimandrite Alexánder, a man of great experience, wisdom, and energy, at the first intelligence of the danger determined to take all possible means for protecting the monastery. The remembrance of a long time spent with military people increased his courage. At this trying time not leaving his duties as administrator of the monastery, religiously encouraging his subordinates, he became, as it were, a commandant of a Solovétsk fortress. All arrangements of the Government on military affairs were transmitted through him. All, from the chief of the Solovétsk soldiers down to the lowest servitor in the monastery, were waiting for his orders, and were bound to obey them without a word.

"On the 25th of April the valuables of the monastery, packed into forty-two cases and four casks, were despatched to Archangel in vessels. The archimandrite on that day went into the church of the saints, persuaded the brethren not to be discouraged, and suggested that they should fast in all strictness on five days in each of the following weeks. 'I know well,' said he to those despatched with the property, 'that wherever you may be when those days come when

all we in the monastery pray and fast, so too you will do the same, and God will be merciful to you and protect the property of the saints.'

"Besides the prescribed daily services and akafists, he directed that there should be performed on Sundays, after the 'night-long service,' akafists to the sweetest Jesus, and on Saturday at the morning service akafists to the Virgin. In addition to the Ekteniýa there were added humble prayers according to the rites of the Church during the approach of enemies. The administrator tried to encourage everybody by his word, and gave addresses full of a lively trust in the help of God. All this acted beneficially upon the inhabitants of the monastery. Old and young left the church encouraged and inspirited; many wished immediately to post themselves in the lines of the defence.

"An aged monk of sixty years, a retired soldier, Pétr Sokolów, offered his services in placing the monastery fortifications in a state of defence, as to which he handed to the administrator his suggestions full of patriotic feeling. A retired under-officer, Nikolái Krylów, immediately presented a petition to be admitted for second service in the Solovétsk battery. A retired grenadier, taking off his habit and putting on a sailor's jacket, asked to be allowed to act; and other inhabitants of the monastery expressed their readiness to protect it. Such patriotic efforts on their part were very much to the purpose, as the Solovétsk battery consisted only of fifty old pensioners. Thus from the brethren, subordinates, labourers, and pilgrims, there

was provided no small division of volunteers. Those leading a monastic life, on the contrary, had as their duty to pray to God continually.

"Several of the volunteers did not know how to handle the arms, and were obliged to learn the military method. The chief of the monastery hastened to find arms for them. On inspection of the cannons and small arms remaining from past times, it was found that there were two cast-iron guns: 3-pounders two, iron 5-pounders two, cast-iron 18-pounders one, 12-pounders one, 6-pounders eleven, 5-pounders one, two very small ones—in all, twenty guns. Hand arms four, mortars two, small arms 645, crossbows twenty, pistols twelve, sabres forty, carbines one, pikes 381, battle-axes 648. Sheets of rust covered the arms, and the inscriptions on several guns bore date 1554, 1550, 1702, which certified their great antiquity.

"To all appearances the monastery had no lack of the means of defence, but in reality it was not so. The old guns either burst on trial or cracked when the rust was removed. Of the more useful there were only two cast-iron guns, and of powder only 57 pounds (9 English = 10 Russ), and the other necessities for firearms did not exist.

"In aid of these there arrived on May 4th from Archangel eight guns with appurtenances, including sixty cartridges, &c., for every gun. With them arrived the engineer Bugáevskii, for the erection and mounting of batteries, and the artilleryman Drushévskii, to instruct the volunteers in artillery affairs.

"With the arrival of this additional force in the monas-

tery they commenced to occupy themselves with more energy in preparations to meet the enemy. The guns brought were distributed on the western side of the fortress wall in towers and embrasures. Two cast-iron 5-pounders, all ready long ago, were posted near the holy gate, and could be moved as necessary. In the smithy they sharpened and cleaned the ancient arms from their old rust. On the fortress wall to all the embrasures they brought masses of stones. In the stable saddled horses were in readiness for the light artillery and the riders.

"The engineer, Lieutenant Bugáevskii, hastily reviewed the locality along the shores, and drew plans for batteries. A young ensign, Nikonovitch, the chief of the Solovétsk soldiers, and the artilleryman, Drushévkii, by way of military training drilled the subordinates from 6 to 9 A.M., and the other volunteers from 5 to 7 P.M.

"At the end of June the monastery was put on a war footing, all brethren in the most excited state, and then involuntarily arose the thought, What will be the end of all this? The archimandrite, inspiriting the brethren with words of trust in faith, said: 'What are you grieving about, brethren, as if we are forgotten? This is God's disposition upon us: if we drive back the enemies with military force, the military will have the glory; but where is our faith, and where is our trust in God? But if we drive back the enemies by our prayers and faith, then God will help us; and thanks be to our God and everlasting fame to our monastery, that it drove back the enemy without military power.'

" His words came true. On the 5th of July the military administrator went twenty versts to the Sosnóvskii fishing-place, with the object of watching for the enemies' vessels passing, as reported, on the way to Archangel. Notwithstanding his using all endeavours, he could not see anything on the open sea, and quietly stationed himself in a fisherman's hut for the night. The next morning at six they suddenly informed him that some steamers were in sight in the direct course for Solovétsk. It was not difficult to see that they belonged to the enemy, as one would not expect to see at that time other vessels in the White Sea. In five minutes the archimandrite in full career rode back to the monastery.

" The morning of the 6th July promised a very pleasant day. Not the least wind ruffled the sea. In the monastery as usual everything was quiet and calm; the monks, finishing the morning service, either rested or were at the early liturgy. The labourers were every one of them at their work, and the soldiers kept their watch about the tower. On the towers and bell-towers everywhere were posted the monastery guard; on the north-west tower, watching for the appearance of the enemy, was an ancient of sixty years. To his eyesight suddenly there appeared the black smoke spreading through the sky, and soon after from the northern side, from behind the island, appeared two black points. 'Oh, that is the enemy's force,' exclaimed the old man, and ran to inform the archimandrite.

" The sound of the bells then called to the late liturgy,

and the monks soon assembled in the church of the saints Zosíma and Savvátii, where they commenced a molében near the graves of the Solovétsk saints. At the end of the molében the Archimandrite Alexándr galloped to the monastery, uncovered and habited in a travelling dress; he bent his knees, and lifting his hands to the image of the Virgin, cried with a trembling voice, 'Heavenly Queen, protect our monastery and save us. Our sins have brought upon us severe trials, but do thou, gracious one, liberate us, and persuade thy Son our God to make us free from danger.' Addressing himself then to the Solovétsk saints, he prayed, 'Saints, we pray to you. Do not allow your property to be destroyed by the enemy, and save your brethren in great danger.'

"After the molében all went with the cross procession to the fortress wall. At this time, from the wall through the embrasures, those that wished could see the enemy's ships approaching nearer and nearer to the monastery.

"The cross procession returned to the church of the saints, and the chief appealed to those standing round with a short but prayerful speech, suggesting that they should keep a three day's fast, and, putting all trust in God, bravely stand for the holy monastery. Inspired by the hearty speech, the monks went forth from the church peacefully. The soldiers and volunteers were long ago at their posts at the guns of the fortress and on the beach.

"The refurbished ancient arms were hastily distributed among the monastery people who were watching

the enemy, and then the archimandrite, with the Ensign Níkonovitch and a small division of soldiers, marched to the sea-shore with two 3-pounders that had stood up to this moment near the bell-tower of the Tsar inside the monastery.

"At about ten o'clock the enemy's steamers, under the English flag, dropped anchor within ten versts ($1\frac{1}{2}$ versts = 1 mile) from the shore; for half a day they did not move from their anchorage. The monks went to their cells; the chief, having posted two guns on the sea point protected by a natural strong hill, also returned to the monastery.

"In the afternoon the enemy left their anchorage and steered westerly to the Kem' shores, and very soon were lost sight of. In the monastery all were glad except the archimandrite. 'Do not believe it, brethren. The enemy only feigns retreat in order to surprise us. They will return; we must be on the look-out.' An hour did not elapse before the steamers were again seen, and returned to the monastery within gunshot.

"According to the report of Sokolov, who was sent for transmission of the monastery despatch nearly alongside the steamer, it is evident that they were armed as follows: the one frigate had twenty-eight guns, of which fourteen threw 2-pound balls and $1\frac{1}{2}$ -pound bombs; fourteen threw 30-pound balls and 20-pound bombs; and the other steamer under the deck had thirty-two guns, and on the deck two 2-pound mortars and one 3-pound gun—altogether thirty-five arms."

CHAPTER XII.

ENGLISH MEN-OF-WAR ATTACK US.

The Monks are ignorant of the flag code—They answer blank cartridge with ball—A cannonade provoked—Damage to roofs and buildings—No lives lost—A monastery gunner claims that he has disabled the *Miranda*—The Monks receive the last Sacrament—An ultimatum from Admiral Ommaney—An evasive reply—The great bombardment—The seagulls unharmed—The battery extinguished—Deeds of valour.

VERY soon the enemy commenced to hoist flags on the mast, one after the other, for signalling. He tried to induce the monastery to commence intercourse, but he did not receive any replies. This was incomprehensible to the monks; and, moreover, there were no flags on their fortress with the exception of the national standard.

Tired of the useless hoisting of flags, the enemy at last acquainted them of his presence by firing two blank shots. Our shore artillery replied with a 3-pound ball.

This misunderstanding led the commander of the English squadron to open the bombardment, and send down upon the first 15-pound shell on to the defenses of the peaceful monastery. Rolling about, it lay quiet

without doing any damage. Not a minute elapsed when within the hospital building dropped another ball without bursting. Immediately after another ball flew against the sacred gate without touching the arch and several monks there standing. These latter escaped into the monastery in a fright, shutting the gate after them; but the archimandrite ordered them to open it again.

"The time has not come yet," said he, "for us to shut ourselves up; the enemy is not yet near, and behind the monastery there are plenty of people."

The enemy that day fired only from one frigate, at first from the guns on the right, and afterwards from the left. Although shots were fired from the monastery walls, they did not reach the enemy. The battery on shore fired eight shots, and one of them was so fortunate as to damage the English frigate, which, after half-an-hour's firing, steamed beyond the Burial Point for repairs. It was said that the English wounded some people. In the monastery, however, there was not one wounded or killed. Not one of the gulls even was touched which usually in masses fill the monastery yard. But the church roofs and monastery buildings, and especially the so-called Archángel'skaya Gostínnitsa, which stood in the line of fire of the enemy's shots, suffered considerably.

After the cessation of the firing, as the battery still remained in expectation of an attack on the next day, the arms were removed to the end of the point to a convenient place formed by nature. To this place

came hurriedly the archimandrite, and bursting into tears embraced the artilleryman Drushévsky for his fortunate shot, and congratulated all others that were under arms on their success, and encouraged them with the hope of reward from the Tsar.

Thus ended the dreadful day of fire. Night came on, a July night, bright and warm. The enemy's frigates remained at anchor without moving. Within the monastery, however, and around it preparations were made for the next day.

On the spot where the guns were posted they were building a real battery. The monks and volunteers cleaned their guns and sharpened their bayonets, but nobody dared to sleep. Some stood on the watch near the monastery gates, and others picked up the balls which had been thrown by the enemy or carried stones to the wall. The greater part of the *Ínoks* (Monks) were sending up prayers in their cells, preparing for a reception of the holy sacrament in the morning, possibly for the last time.

Two o'clock struck from the tower. The watchman passed through the monastery with a bell as usual an hour before divine service (*matins* at three) in order that the *Ínoks* might get ready for prayers. At three o'clock, after the bell had rung for service, the inmates of the monastery assembled in the Cathedral of the Transfiguration. At the same time some movements were observed on board the enemy's frigates. From one frigate they lowered down the sloop, which, landing at the shore, delivered a despatch addressed to

our battery: "On Her Britannic Majesty's Service. To his honour the chief officer of war affairs at Solovétsk."

This was at five o'clock, and by this time the sun had risen high and was promising a fine summer day. The letter was brought to the church where service was being held that morning. The archimandrite opened the envelope, and read that it was part of the squadron of Her Britannic Majesty's empire that was anchoring ^{18th July}_{6th July} 1854. It appeared to the admiral that Solovétsk had assumed the character of a walled fortress capable of fighting, having soldiers of the great Russian empire which have been firing at the English flag.

The commander of the squadron offered the following conditions:—

1. The monastery must deliver up at once the soldiers on the Solovétsk Islands, together with all the guns, flags, and all arms and provisions for time of war.

2. In case of the flag of truce which protected the letter being insulted, bombardment will at once follow.

3. If the commander of the Russian army will not give up the sword personally on board of H.B.M. ship the *Brist* within three hours from receipt of that letter, then it will be understood that the monastery refuses to fulfil these conditions, and then the bombardment will commence forthwith.

4. The whole army to be surrendered as prisoners

on the island of Peci in the bay of Solovétsk, not later than within six hours from receipt of that letter.

Given before the Solovétsk monastery on the morning of this 6th July 1854, war screw-steamer *Brisk*, of H B M. empire.

ERASMUS OMMANEY,

*Captain of the frigate "Eurydice" and Chief in Command
of the squadron in the White Sea.*

Having read such a fierce message, and having stayed until the service was finished, Archimandrite Alexándr called to him the commander of the Solovétsk detachment, and also the chief clergy of the cathedral, to take counsel together, in which it was decided to send to the enemy notice that they refused to enter into any communication. It was said in the reply that Solovétsk monastery only opened fire when the English men-of-war had been already bombarding. Arms, flags, and other things which are of use for war the monastery did not possess, and consequently had nothing to give. There was not, nor had there ever been a military commander in the monastery.

The reply was sent in one of the monastery boats by a monk called Sokolov, and half-way was taken from him by an English officer. After it was sent off the monks immediately began the liturgy, which was finishing when Sokolov arrived back at 7.45 A.M. Thereupon the people left the Church of the Transfiguration, where they had been praying, and went to Zosima and Savvátii to sing when to the "Lovers of God."

Then opened a great fire; clouds of mist were raised on the surface of the smooth water. The noise made by the firing of the guns was heard booming over the water to the farthest banks, and echoed through the Solovétsk forests. Upon the ancient buildings like rain came flying a lot of red-hot cannon balls, and in the cemetery church a ball broke right through the roof. The wooden hostelry was perfectly riddled with cannon-balls and red-hot shot. In the walls of the monastery, at the centre of the bay, and in the Holy Lake fountains of water rose to a great height from exploding bombs.

All that time, at the grave of Zosíma and Savvátii, the service was going on, and the archimandrite was reading the Akáfist before the image of the Most Holy Mother of God. All at once a bomb broke through the wall of the Transfiguration Church, likewise burst with a tremendous crack and crash, and set on fire the ikonostás. Pieces of the bomb flew against the ceiling, and at that instant the entrance of the cathedral and of the church were full of smoke, and such a fearful concussion was caused that all the windows were smashed and all the doors opened of themselves, and a number of people tumbled on the floor.

"Stand still, stand still; do not be afraid; only pray to God," said the archimandrite, with tears in his eyes.

The people, who were utterly frightened, became brave, and extinguished the flame and began to pray again. Seven pilgrims, three of whom were women,

had been left behind in the church saying their prayers when a bomb burst through the roof of the cathedral and fell with a crash. The worshippers tumbled on their knees, and the side door which leads to the shrines of Zosíma and Savvátii flew open. The people saw that they were in fear, and the archimandrite ordered them to be picked up and placed with the other pilgrims.

When the service ended the clergy went in procession to the wall of the monastery amid the ringing of the bells, the roar of cannons, the crash of bombs bursting in the air, on the ground, and in the water, the screech of the innumerable seagulls. The singing of the monks mingled with this and caused a fearful sensation. The air was so thick with smoke that they could only see a short distance. On the south-east part of the wall the procession stood in prayer beneath the picture of the Holy Mother. The spot where they stood was just opposite the ships of the enemy. One can think that through the loopholes the enemy from the ships could have seen with a glass the crowd of people moving.

The prayer was just finishing and the procession was going forward, when there was heard a tremendous crash, and just above the heads of the passers-by the roof in several places was broken by the shots from the frigates. Cannon-balls of two pounds weight broke through the roof in the very spot where a minute before the clergy stood. The whole crowd were deafened and dazed by the noise, so that the last ones creeping with

horror stood still frightened, and those going in front did not wish to go farther. "Go on, go on," cried the archimandrite, and the procession went on as before in good order. By the mercy of God no one was either hurt or killed.

A cloud of bombs and grenades went past the walls and tumbled into the yard of the monastery. But the walls, made of timber, were riddled, and were full of the smoke of the exploded bombs. Above the grinding mill rose up a thick smoke, which was caused by a burst shell, but no conflagration happened. The procession went round the wall of the monastery and came to the Holy Gate, where they had to go across the open space in order to reach the Sobór. Before them lay a great danger.

The Ieromonáchi ran to the church with the pictures in their hands, but the archimandrite and his followers remained under the roof of the Annunciation and the rooms of the archimandrite waiting for a respite. He used that pause in order to hand the holy image of the Blessed Virgin Mary to monk Gennádii to bring to the Ropery in order to bless the soldiers who have been answering with their cannons. He did not care for the danger. Gennádii executed that order with the greatest readiness.

The seagulls still flew about unharmed: "Behold the fowls of the air, not one of them falleth to the ground; are not ye better than they?" (Matt. vi. 6). Then the gunners came to the archimandrite for men to carry a box of cartridges from the Winter Church. They

went by the path on which the bombs frequently fell, but not one hit them. They carried it out, and were going the same way, but Alexandr told them to go by the south side, to keep the powder from the red-hot balls. Then Gennádii returned, and the archimandrite, taking the cross, ordered the procession to go on. Now the balls began to fly high above their heads and went into the holy lake behind, so that no one was killed.

When they returned to the graves of the saints the monks began the service again, not wishing to interrupt their prayers before the danger was over, or hoping that they might die during prayer. The cannon-balls hitting the walls smashed all the windows, and those who prayed tumbled down. The archimandrite remained in the church singing hymns to God and to the Blessed Virgin, St. Nicholas, St. Philip, Zosima and Savvati. Then came the Holy Communion; all are communicated because of the nearness of death. A monk Savvati (the builder of the great church), having prayed very thoughtfully, said, "It cannot be that God has not heard our prayers (seeing that we prayed with tears in our eyes), and should not send mercy upon us."

The arms of this monastery were not at all great compared with the enemy. Of the eight guns which were in the monastery two were standing in the south-east and two in the north-east bastions, and four in different parts of the east wall. Of artillery-men there were plenty. The commander of artillery was Nikonovitch, and the firer Drushévskii.

Outside the monastery there was erected a battery, where stood 3-pounders. The officers in command here were Nikoláev and Ponomarév, but the under-officer, Krylów, had been picking out the best sharpshooters and went amongst the bushes, and on different places on the banks there were many sharpshooters. A crowd of people with old arms were under the command of bursar-monk Markián; these were ready in the event of a landing at the monastery, with old pikes, axes, and other arms. A sufficient number of people to the fire-extinguishing apparatus there were set. The whole defence of the monastery was thus conducted with great zeal, and every minute priest-monk Matféi and priest-monk Nikólai reported to the chief the state of affairs.

The enemy, directing the shots into the battery, was now gradually silencing it; death stared our heroes in the face. They hardly had time to fall to the ground when the fire was seen from the enemy's shots. They were covered with earth, sand, and small stones thrown up from the impact of the balls dropping into the battery. Recovering, they crept to their guns, loaded, and, watching for their moment, fired. Their weak blows were immediately answered by thunders striking the earth.

Under-officer Ponomarév inspirited all. Twice his cap was carried away, but in no way did his courage fail. Soldiers Timoféi Antónov and Teréntii Rogójin have shown special courage. Retired-officer Krylów, not only in deeds, but in merry Russian words, prevented his comrades from giving way to their thoughts.

Active help was rendered by that first-rate sharp-shooter the Norwegian Gavder, lately converted to the Orthodox faith.

About noon one of the frigates came over along the channel leading to the monastery, behind the island of Peci, and commenced sending shots into the battery from behind as well as from the side. There was no shelter for the defenders, and it being impossible to hold out, the under-officers Ponomarév, Nikoláev, and M. Sokolów determined to take the guns off the battery and return to the monastery. Two men of the sharpshooters, in spite of the constant fire, very soon and safely galloped on their horses with the small arms to the walls of the monastery. There was nothing left for the others but to save themselves by flight; but they were afraid to return by the same route, because death threatened them from the cross-fire of the frigates. There was a chance to return by a less dangerous route, but unfortunately this was crossed by an arm of the sea about 100 fathoms broad. Nothing was left but to remain on the battery.

However, their companion, the brave peasant Trofimov, soon perceived on the opposite shore of this arm a small canoe. Throwing himself into the water he swam over, got the canoe, and landed all his companions safely. This concluded the feat of the shore battery, but the sharpshooters spread along the shore stood firmly until the end of the cannonade, notwithstanding that chain-shot was sent to them from the enemy.

Of course they knew that the shots of the guns could do hardly any damage to the enemy, but they did not leave off firing, hoping thereby to draw off the enemy's attention from the monastery. From the beginning the shots fired from the fortress wall were not frequent, and, although these were double charges, the balls fell far short of the enemy. Moreover, there must be taken into consideration the great deficiency of shot and powder, which did not permit it to be spent uselessly.

When one of the frigates came round the island of Peci she got nearer to the monastery, and took up her position opposite the southern and western towers. Then the fire from these towers grew more frequent, and the balls often fell against the side of the enemy's frigate, preventing their continued approach to the monastery; but it is true that the enemy's blows were now much more severely felt, being near to the monastery walls and buildings.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MEN-OF-WAR VANQUISHED BY THE MEN OF PEACE.

The final shot—It strikes the Virgin's picture—An urgent message sent to Archangel—Departure of the war vessels—Rejoicing among the besieged—Pyramids of cannon balls—A Russian's criticism—Incidents of the siege—Yashnykóv the brave—A deaf monk—What is that knocking—Subsequent movements of the English—The archimandrite before the Emperor—The inscription beneath the Virgin's picture.

ACCORDING to the reports of eye-witnesses, the enemy tried to direct their heaviest blows against the arms stretching out from the embrasures of the towers, but failed; and the bombs striking against the stones of walls mostly fell on the ground, or ricochetting, sunk in the water of the bay.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, when the cannonade, having continued for nine hours, commenced to slacken, a 96-pound ball whistled in the direction of the Cathedral of the Transfiguration. Flying through the sacred picture of the Holy Mother (drawn in the days of St. Philip) over the western entrance of the cathedral, and tearing off part of the iron roof, it fell with a crash on the ground. This was the enemy's last blow, the traces of which remain until now on the

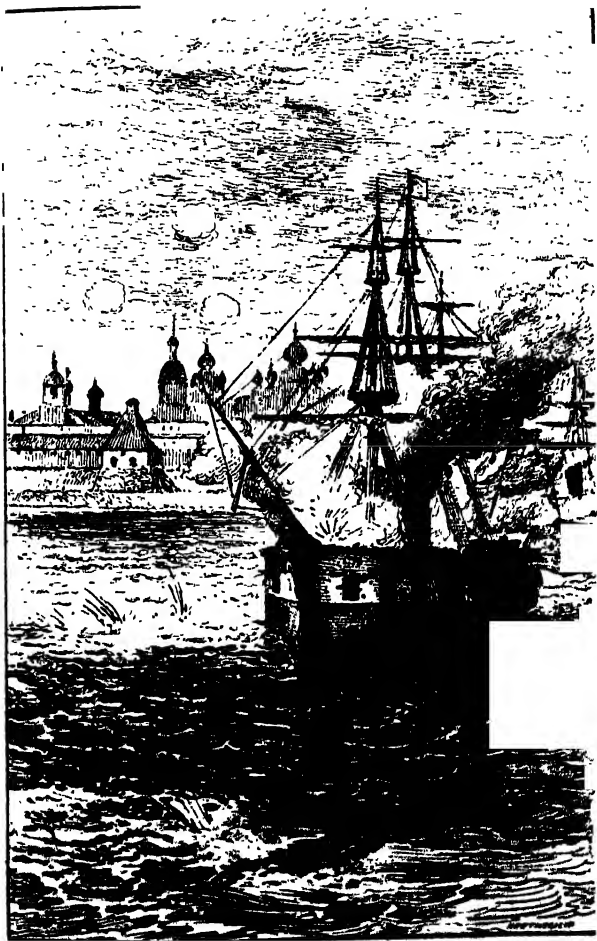
picture as a remembrance to the generations yet to come and the children yet unborn. A year after this damage to the holy picture there was found another 36-pound shell unburst.

About six o'clock the enemy's frigate ceased firing and dropped anchor. In the monastery, not knowing the further intentions of the enemy, they set to work to devise the means for protection, and they discovered a deficiency of powder. In consequence of this, a boat was sent from the opposite end of the island to Archangel with a messenger and letter to the military governor. The archimandrite wrote to the governor as follows:—

"Yesterday, 6th July, there arrived at the Solovétsk Island two English men-of-war steamers and dropped anchor at the distance of a gunshot. In the afternoon from one of them commenced bombardment with 2-pound and 1-pound balls and guns.

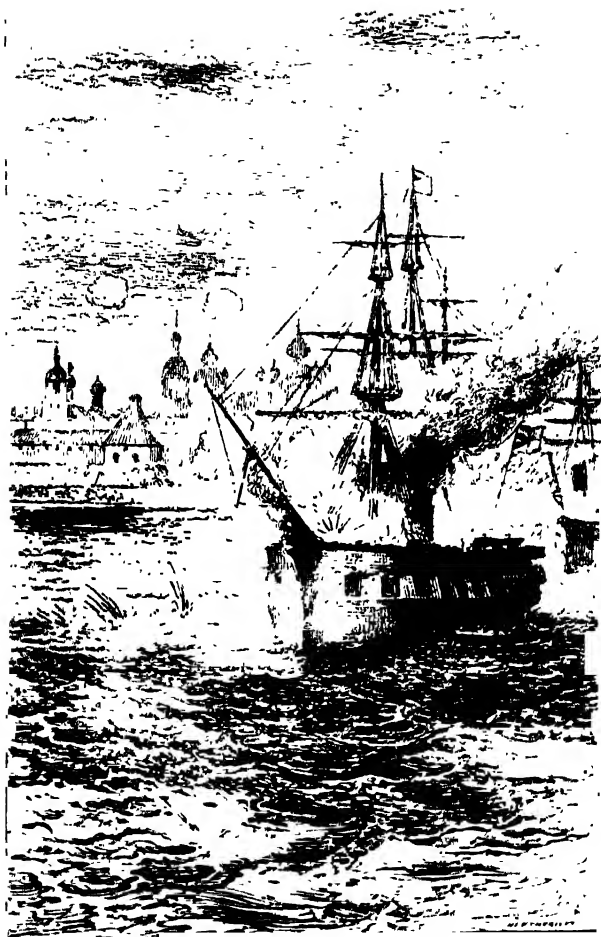
"To-day the cannonade continued nine hours, but without success for the enemy. Besides the damages done to the stone and wooden buildings of the monastery, nothing serious was done by the enemy. Particulars of this unusual occurrence shall be transmitted in due course.

"It is not unknown to your excellency that the whole garrison consists of forty-eight men, subordinates of the Solovétsk monastery, an invalid corps, in whose hands the greater part of the guns have proved worthless; one artilleryman, and eight guns sent from Archangel, with a small quantity of shot, of which only a little remains. Therefore I am under the necessity



THE BRITISH BOMBARDMENT. — Page 128.

(From a Picture supplied by the Monks themselves, and referred to on page 97).



THE BRITISH BOMBARDMENT. — Page 123.

(From a Picture supplied by the Monks themselves, and referred to on page 97)

of informing your excellency of this fact, and humbly request you not to leave the monastery in this helpless state, but to give all possible help by sending in the quickest time possible an addition of a military corps with good guns and with the necessary amount of war materials; and more particularly there is need of about twenty poods of powder."

The dreadful day in the meantime approached its end; the smoke of the shots gradually disappeared, and the sun was already approaching the west. During this time of quiet the ringing of the bells was heard, calling the monks to the "all-night service" on account of the approaching festival of the holy picture of the Kazán' Virgin. Earnest prayers were sent up unto the Lord our God; how much to the purpose was then proved by the Kathism, that is to say, the Litany to the Holy Virgin, composed, as is well known, in Constantinople in that dreadful year when the Scythians approached the great metropolis during the absence of troops and of the emperor. It reminded the Solovétskínoks that they, like the ancient Greeks, needed the help and protection of the Holy Virgin.

The nightlong devotion finished after midnight. Nobody slept after during this ever-memorable night. All expected the next day a new attack and even death, preparing for such dreadful occurrence by prayers, fasts, and tears. At three o'clock in the morning in all the churches the divine liturgy was celebrated, and after liturgy all assembled at the tombs of the saints for *móleben*.

Again there commenced a cross procession round the wall. Through the embrasures the movements of the enemy were to be seen. The frigates had got up steam. New fears were awakened of a cannonade, but the enemy weighed anchor and immediately began to steam away. Coming near the Zâetskii Island, on which there was a wooden church dedicated to St. Andrew (the first called), built by that great apostle, the enemy stopped, fired two or three shots, and not getting a reply, landed. The English cutting the door, entered the church, smashed an alms-box, scattered all the copper money on the floor, opened the royal gates, uncovered the altar, and took with them the bells, 14 pounds each, and several other things. Two old men dwelling in that church, hidden in a cave in a rock, watched the enemy.

As soon as the enemy disappeared out of sight the gladdened ñnoks performed a molében in the midst of the monastery gate near the holy picture of the Virgin, which received two damages from the enemy. With what feelings of thankfulness and even profound gladness did they now pray to the Lord? The saving of the monastery was indeed a miracle.

The enemy, it seems, tried all means, exhausted all their ingenuity to gain the intended object of destroying the monastery; but all in vain. Pyramids¹ of huge

¹ From a Russian correspondent I hear of a well-known writer, a fellow countryman of his, who has written "Solovki," a Russian book of 264 pages (small 8vo). This suggestive sentence occurs at the end of chap. xxv. "In the courtyard of the monastery there stands a

bombs, balls, and splinters lie near the monastery gates; and there are plenty of holes, splits, and spots on the churches, buildings, and fortress wall. All this is *dumb*, but eloquently communicates as to the futile attempt of the enemy, and of the miraculous preservation of the monastery.

Several remarkable circumstances relating to the dreadful time of the bombardment still cling to the memory of the inhabitants of Solovétsk.

During molében near the shrine of the saints there came running from the battery a soldier, Nikolái Yashnykóv, with his face covered with sand and mud, and said to the chief, "Let us have on our battery a holy picture and a cross." "Do not go," said the archimandrite; "I have sent orders to take the men off the battery. Danger threatens, and I am afraid for you." But Yashnykóv said, "I am a soldier under military punishment; I wish to die or gain promotion." Then the archimandrite, handing him a holy picture, blessed him and said, "I will not forget."

The degraded soldier fully kept his word, and the archimandrite turned the particular attention of the authorities to this brave man, who had so completely done his duty.

One monk carried the balls from the monastery to the battery. On returning, a 96-pound shell fell near pyramid of cannon balls fired by the English ships during the siege.¹² It is said that many cannon balls bear marks, not English. I believe the report has no foundation. *Though the monks do exaggerate their exploits during the so-called siege of the monastery, nevertheless the bombardment remains unquestionably an important historical event.*

him; the old man moved it with a stick, took, and carried it. "Why do you carry so little?" inquired a witness with surprise. "There is no more. Enough for me," replied the old man coolly. He was going from the holy gate to the hospital, along the monastery yard. They advised him to walk so that the balls should not touch him: "They have their way, I have mine," coolly said the old man.

One monk who was deaf, perceiving that the enemy's balls split the roof, began to pick up these splinters for the stove, when suddenly a bomb fell close to him and took away the sleeve of his *ryása*. The old man quietly looked at his sleeve, and to console himself said, "Never mind; I can repair it." Another one, also deaf, during a strong cannonade from the enemy's steamers fell a-shaking, and asked, "What is that knocking?" When they show him the big ball and explain, "This is knocking; the English are knocking with these." "And I thought," he replied coolly, "our men were trying the guns. Well, if this is the Englishmen, we have our God, the Virgin, and St. Nicholas with the saints; we are not afraid of them."

The baker of the holy bread, with another monk busy preparing the holy bread for the sacrament of the brethren, came past the Church of the Archangel Michael, where balls and bombs were dropping, paying no attention to the firing. Suddenly a ball passed not far from them, striking against the wall of the church under the roof. The old man, looking at this bomb, proceeded along. "I," said the baker,

"was only afraid it should set fire to something—never thought of death; it is unavoidable."

One old man, living in the hospital corridor under the roof of the fortress wall, at that side where the enemy was stationed, lit the lamp of the Heavenly Queen, set two holy pictures in the windows—one of the saints Zosíma and Savvátii, and the other of Saint Tarásii and of the Saint Porfirii Gázskii—praying as he did so, "Saints, save us."

On the 15th July the enemy destroyed Kréstnyi monastery.

In October the archimandrite travelled to Petersburg by order of the Holy Synod, to report in person the needs of the monastery, where he was graciously received, had an audience with the Emperor Nikolái Pávlovitch and the Empress Alexandra Feódorovna and the august personages of the royal family, and reported the military needs of the monastery to the minister.

In 1855 the enemy did not attack the Solovétskii Island. They landed several times on the Zátskii Island; the first time, 16th June, when the English landed and hunted hares and monastery sheep the whole day, and on their way back delivered through the old Mémnon, as a present to the Solovétsk archimandrite, a rifle bullet with a written demand to supply them with several oxen.

June 23.—Two steamers, one English, one French, arrived at this island to receive the archimandrite's answer about the oxen. On receiving, through Mémnon, a negative reply of the archimandrite, the

foreigner expressed a wish to see the archimandrite himself. Archimandrite Alexánder made up his mind to have an interview with the visitors, and on the 24th the interview took place on the shore of the Solovétskii Island; but the delivery of the oxen was again declined.

12th August.—Arriving at the Záetskii Island, the English again invited the archimandrite to give an explanation, but this time he refused to see them.

17th–18th August.—The English, landing from two steamers on the Záetskii Island, held a celebration. The steamers were decorated with flags, and a *fou-de-joie* took place. Before leaving the island, the foreigners took the whole year's supply of bread and wood.

7th–10th September.—The English from one steamer again landed on Záetskii Island, and after three days, leaving the island, returned no more.

Autumn set in; the belligerent powers concluded peace with Russia, and after this quietness and peace returned to the Solovétskii monastery.

On the roofs of the churches and buildings all the breaches made by the cannon-balls are marked by paint; but the most precious token of the favour of God is the hole in the ikóna of the Mother of God above the western gates of the cathedral. It will ever remain unprofaned, and shall witness to posterity that the Lord permitted the fearful attacks on the obitel' in order that the power of the Lord might be manifested in it.

Underneath this icon is the legend—

“Call upon me in the day of trouble.”

The Heavenly Mother defended the Solobétsk Obitel' during a nine-hours' bombardment by the English, and was pleased to receive in the icon a blow from a 96-pound ball; this last shot was fired while ringing for Vespers, July 7th, 1854. Mother of God, vouchsafe victory over his enemies to our Tsar, that we may in his peace live in all piety and purity.

CHAPTER XIV.

THROUGH THE HOLY ISLES.

A troika-trip — The waxworks — Mount Chastisement — The angelic chastisement — Our dinner with the monks — Theodosius and the Ponomár' — The monks' farm — Otéts Prokl — St. George's day — The cattle and their names — St. Philip of Moscow — His life and death.

HAVING heard this sad story, let us journey together through the lovely Solovétsk Islands. Through forests of silver birch, larch, and aspen wind the macadamised monastery roads, well kept as in a park, white and smooth, though only wide enough for one vehicle.

Our troika was something like a four-wheeled Irish car. Three spirited little Russian horses drew us. The middle one, under the "dugá" or yoke, kept up a high-stepping trot, and the two outside horses, in correct fashion, with heads turned outwards, galloped on all the way with a long easy gallop.

So we spun along, past great Slavonic crosses with the sloping foot-rest, reminding us of the eastern tradition of our Lord's deformity.

At last we arrive at the place where the church wax is bleached and worked up until it is fit to be made into the tapers which the pilgrims buy to burn before the

icons. Pure and white, in curls like shavings it lay out in the cold sunlight a-bleaching. 200 pouds are thus used every year—an enormous quantity, nearly 8000 pounds.

On the little hill above rises one of the most enormous of all the crosses which dot this holy land. A sloping rooflet protects it from birds, and the spear and the reed on a very large scale are there, the whole being carved and painted dark red.

Away we go again, driving some ten versts to the "Striking Hill." Up and down goes the road, and the brave little horses, responding to the fondling terms of endearment of the izvósshik and the logic of a well-managed whip, gallop right up the hills where English horses would generally prefer to crawl. Now and then we pass along the edge of fiords which lie sparkling in the sunshine, while the snow, lying in great patches under the fir-trees on the rocks and covering the undergrowth, makes the landscape more brilliant still.

The air, laden with delicious scents, is very keen and bracing. We pass parties of pilgrims, men and women, and recognise fellow-voyagers on the steamer. The men doff their hats, and we notice that the women have doffed their big boots because they were tired and their sapogi are heavy. After ten versts Striking (Sékínaya Gorá) is right above us with the monastery church on its summit. The road goes straight to the foot of the hill, the fir forest forming an avenue, and then it winds and zigzags up and up till at last we are at the summit.

The name "Striking"¹ refers to the story of two angels striking a woman who had ventured to land on the holy island which is dedicated exclusively to men of prayer. She was found on the shore near her boat, and said that two Bright Ones had chastised her and bidden her not to come thither again. Women are only allowed to stay a few days on this island in the summer, and not at all in the winter. It is reported that women from the mainland still give the authorities trouble.

From the summit of the church tower we had a glorious view all over the island—fir forest and lake, and the white road cutting right through all. The lonesome White Sea lay all around, and we could see the archipelago of islands to the west reaching towards Kem. The distant cupolas of Solovétskii great monastery were visible to the south, and here and there a white church with green cupola. From the summit of this church is exhibited a light when the nights are dark enough and the navigation is open. It is visible for twenty-three miles, for it is 410 feet above the sea.

The monk Feodósii entertained us kindly and supplied all our needs. We went into the house and sat in the heated white rooms, where camellias were flourishing and everything was very neat. The hissing samovar was brought in, and Father Vissarión and Andréi Andréitch and I sat down to a simple meal. A Ponomar' (reader), with an intolerably loud voice,

¹ "Castigatory" is suggested by the Russian reviser as being more accurate.

came in and almost made our heads ache by his conversation. He disturbed our quietude by a roaring description of his ailments, and afterwards discoursed upon the ignorance of the Karels who come over here by boat from the desolate mainland. Being accustomed to reindeer only, some of them had never seen a horse or a teléga, and one of them, he said, actually took hold of the wheels to stop the vehicle.

I notice that whenever a miracle occurs the church built to commemorate it is generally built on the nearest eminence, leaving a humble edifice on the spot, erected generally at the time—the more impressive building rising in after years.

Homewards now in our *tróika* the whole length of the island, till we approach the great monastery again in the late evening and alight at the strangers' hostelry. Charming rooms were ours—a suite of three. I had a large bedroom. Andréi Andréitch slept in the adjoining room on the sofa, and the faithful old servant composed herself to sleep on the door-mat leading into the outer room. Over her body only should any one approach sleeping masters. She was Andréi's nurse. He was only about eighteen, and was liable to be affected mentally on exciting occasions, and then Anastasiya Nikoláevna Sorbínkina came soothingly to the rescue. In her time she had nursed him through many trying days.

THE MONASTERY FARM.

"Would your Reverence not like to see our cows on the Farm Island?" I gladly acceded to the invitation,

for I was much interested, especially when I heard of the numerous milk-boys there employed.

There are, it is said, about 200 horses belonging to the monastery at Solovétsk, but I only saw about a dozen. I must add, however, that I forgot to ask for the stables. There are no other living creatures save the seagulls and the doves within miles.

The farm is on another island. It would not be permitted for any females, even cows and hens, or anything suggestive of domestic family life, to tarry on the holy land where the angels smote the Karel woman. The women pilgrims must only stay a day or two. Perhaps a better reason still is that no one may take life on the holy islands where the brotherhood live. The farm is on a separate island, but now almost connected by a causeway, with a bridge in the centre to keep it strictly a separate island. Over this bridge we rumbled in our tróika, and soon found ourselves welcomed at the farm-buildings of Muksál'ma by Otéts Prokl, the head agricultural monk, who has charge of eighteen assistants (milk-boys in monk dress) and about one hundred cows—sixty-three at that time supplying milk.

We had seen clerical sailors and cobblers and tailors; now we had monks who were clerical yokels and carried milk-pails. There was a picture in the church which rose in the midst of the farm-buildings of holy men tending sheep, &c., like David of old and the patriarchs before him.

On St. George's day (April 23rd O.S.) the cattle throughout Holy Russia, as well as at Solovétsk, are

brought out from their byres and stables, and in the open field a solemn blessing is called down upon them with much ceremony by the priests. The cattle are delighted to get out once more, even if the snow is not quite gone. Listen to some of the pet names—for every bull and cow had its name—

Knyaz'	=	Prince.
Tchernogúbka	„	Black-lips.
Sinítsa	„	The Titmouse.
Golubítsa	„	The Dove.
Lástotchka	h „	The Swallow.
Beryóza	„	The Birch-tree.

An escort of smiling cow-boys in cassocks and long boots went with us, and I wrote down phonetically these pet names as we passed along the wooden cow-byres.

THE CHURCH OF ST. PHILIP.

On our way home we drove to the forest home of St. Philip, he who was one of the four pillars of the Holy Russian Orthodox Church.

Philip was really the greatest man, as regards social position, ever in those early days identified with this monastery. He was a rich young boyar, by name (the world) Feódor Stefánovitch Kolytchóv. He was in the court of John the Terrible (Ivan IV.), and travelling hither, became plain monk Philip. At first he cut wood, swept the court, dug in the kitchen garden, and later he retired to this spot among the fir-trees, and lived a holy retired life. When the

Igúmen Alexis died he called his monks and said, "My children, my end is nigh—choose my successor, that I may depart in peace." "Philip, and Philip only," they all at once said.

Philip made many improvements in the isles, draining the bogs and marshes, and completing the monastery buildings. The Tsar John at last heard of his old playfellow as the igúmen of Solovétsk, and out of affection bestowed lands on the obitel'. I saw the charter or deed of gift in the museum. Philip, much against his will, was summoned by the terrible Tsar to become Metropolitan of Moscow. As primate of the Russian Church he withstood the cruelty of Iván, and denounced his 6000 lawless Opríchniki.

When that arch-fiend in human form, Malyúta Skurátov, in 1570 (December 23rd), came into the prison into which the metropolitan had been cast because he boldly rebuked vice, he asked the imprisoned primate to give his blessing to a merciless expedition undertaken to depopulate Tver'. "I can only bless a righteous undertaking," was his only reply. Malyúta strangled him then and there. St. Philip is canonised in Russia, and his name is very sweet on these holy isles, where he spent nearly twenty years.¹

Many pilgrims were passing through the churchyard gate as we approached St. Philip's. We saw them go past the houses inhabited by the monks in charge into the church. In front of the altar was a well, and one of the inoks drew clear cool water and gave to each

¹ His life is to be found in some detail in Appendix B.

pilgrim. On one side was a representation of our Lord, life-size, seated in a chair, with hands and feet pierced and crown of thorns pressing on His forehead. The pilgrims stooped down lovingly and kissed the hem of His garment.

Anastasíya Nikoláevna Sorbínkina, who was with us here, wept tears of deep emotion as she knelt on the stone floor and reverently took the hem of His garment and pressed it to her lips. It was a wonderful object lesson to her. She was in Galilee in thought, among the disciples of old, when "one touched Him." It was a life-size image, and contrary to the rules and canons of the Eastern Church, which only allows pictures. It was intended to represent the vision which Philip had when kneeling in the forest on this very spot. The Lord had said, "This have I done for thee; what hast thou done for Me?"

CHAPTER XV.

ANZÉRSK AND GOLGOTHA.

Our Yamsshik and his persuasions—Sailing across the straits—
Two pilgrim brothers—The Anzérskii skit—Foul language
—Eleazár and Níkon—The crucified life—The Hill of
Golgófa—How to cook well—The monks' burying-place—
Musings in the cemetery—Parting with friends—Good-bye
to Solovétsk the Holy.

FEÓDOR FEÓDORYTCH, our yamsshik, was at the
hostelry door in good time next morning, with three
tough little monastery horses in his tríika. He called
them in White Sea vernacular—

1. Událka.
2. Pleshívka.
3. Rúsaya Osnástka.

We had sixteen versts to cover as we journeyed from
the northern end of the island to Rebalda on the east
side, the place of embarkation for the ferry to Anná-
The horses answered readily to the cry of our
sshik, Feódor (Theodore), who shouted terms of
dearment and abuse—the latter tempered by the
presence of his schoolmaster, the good monk Vissarion.
Feodor shouted "Poshól!" (move), and then they
bolted with a jerk, and looking round with half an eye

to see if any of the passengers had fallen overboard, he whipped up, and we simply flew; and the good monk's cassock flapped in the wind and his klóbuk was in danger of being lost. Trees and shrubs flew past, dirt, sticks, and stones flew up and descended in a shower upon the passengers—Andréi, myself, Anastasíya Nikoláevna Sorbínkina, and Father Vissarión.

We hold on like grim death, as with tearing heels, warm flanks, and streaming tails our horses fly along the monastery road through the endless fir-forests, past the many crosses.

An hour and a half brings us to Liberdá or Rebaldá, the landing-place, where is a cluster of houses and a little church. Here live six monks, who manage the ferry over the straits to Anzérskii Island. We get into a sailing-boat with two masts and two fore-and-aft sails. Konstantín the monk takes the helm, and we are soon out on the salt water. We see down the straits out into the open sea. The White Sea is a blue sea to-day, under the lovely sky and brilliant sun, and yet it is very cold, and my ulster with the hood up is acceptable as I sit watching the changing views and making a few notes.

It's the monk, whom we had seen on the steamer, with us. He had been sent away from the monastery in disgrace by the archimandrite, "because I was drunk," he bluntly said, and evidently thought it was too bad. He appealed to the Holy Synod at Moscow, who have given him permission for a conditional return.

Our two-masted boat is called here a "karbáz." She

spins along, dashing the waves aside and occasionally coming down on one with a great smash as the good stiff cold breeze fills the sails.

"Are you not afraid?" said Andréi Andréitch nervously, as the boat heeled a little over to leeward. "I should scarcely be writing up my diary if I thought there was need for fear, Andréi," I replied.

Anzérskii Island is about half the size of the Solovétskii Óstrov. The straits are about four versts across at this the narrowest point. Ships occasionally pass through, but there is a dangerous rock at the north entrance. A strong current of from two to seven knots sets to the south each flood tide, and the opposite in as great force when it is ebbing. The straits are deep—nearly twenty-five fathoms.

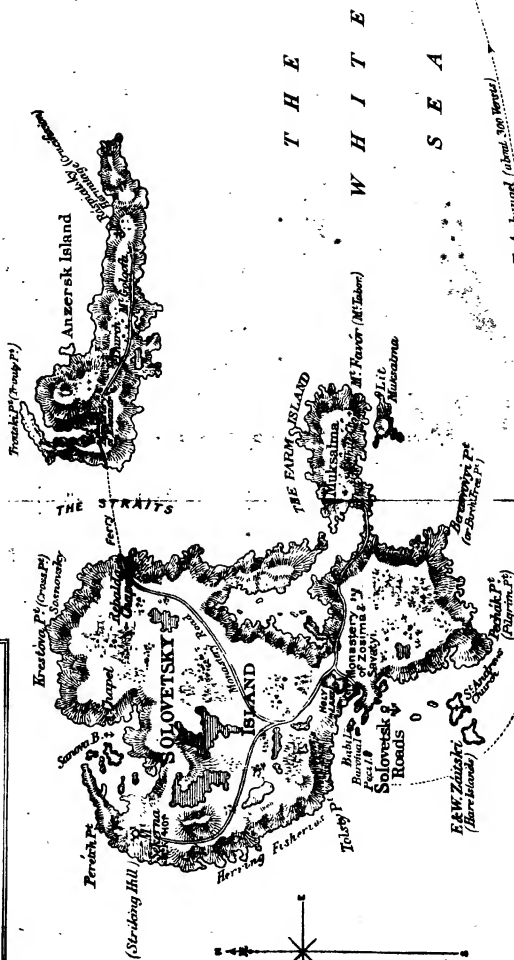
In our boat are some pilgrims. I talk with two men, Alexándr Leóntiev, aged twenty-seven, and Vassián Iványtch Nabókoff, aged thirty. They had travelled some 1500 versts. Setting off from the neighbourhood of Vólogda, about seventy bogomóltsy walked together sixty-three versts westwards, and then after various adventures they get on a boat, and for one rouble each journey down the lakes and rivers to Onega, and thence by steamer to Solovétsk, paying one rouble and twenty kopecks for a return ticket. They had made, like many of the pilgrims, the journey to the Tróitskaya Lávra, near Moscow, and to the shrines of Holy Kíeff.

Many attach great virtue to pilgrimages, and some even place themselves under a vow to spend their lives in journeying from one to the other of the holy

THE ISLES OF THE WHITE SEA MONASTERY.

Scale of 0 1 2 3 4 5 Miles

These islands are encircled in ice throughout the winter and there is no communication with the mainland for some months.



places of Holy Russia, and then on to Mount Athos, and finally to Holy Jerusalem itself. There are always more Russian pilgrims at Jerusalem than representatives of any other nationality: and in connection with this fact it may be mentioned that there is a regular line of Russian steamers down the Syrian coast from the Black Sea, which carries the pilgrims at a very low rate.

Now we are across. There is, of course, a little chapel, where the pilgrims run on landing and kiss the holy pictures in gratitude for a safe voyage. Now we climb up a bleak hillside and come to a moor at the summit with a tarn—a blue lake swarming with wild fowl, which swim in its clear waters or fly over the snow still lying near. After the climb we turn and look down on the straits and White Sea, and can even see across to the other island and the monastery houses, where our *troika* remains until our return.

A great Russian cross, with the usual plank roof, the reed, and sponge, and soldier's spear, and Adam's skull carved at the foot, marks the top of the hill. Bees go humming by through the woods of silver birch, and birds sing sweetly. Hawks with tremulous wing hover overhead, and seagulls, with white pinions and harsh cry, sweep by.

We have to walk a mile or so to Anzérskiĭ monastery, where we shall get another vehicle for Golgófa. The party stretches out, and I linger behind to be alone with my thoughts. The two pilgrims *Alexánder* and *Vassian* hurry on, and are now far away. Then Father

Vissarión follows with steady pace, with his tall kamilávka and his long black cassock covered with black ryása or cloak, and he talks with Andréi Andréitch. Anastásiya is walking with Il'a the monk, who, in grey overgown and soft round felt hat, is talking excitedly. Last of all, in a long dark-grey ulster and broad and soft clerical hat, follows their visitor from England to the Isles of the White Sea, pencil and note-book always employed.

Anzérskii monastery soon comes in sight, while far far beyond is the hill called in Russian "Golgófa," to which we hope to drive if there are horses at Anzérsk. We descend to the Anzérskii skit (small monastery), where dwell twelve monks from Solovétsk. Some forty seagulls have their nests each year in the courtyard at Anzérsk. Andréi Andréitch brought me one of the eggs—puce-coloured, with dark brown spots—three inches and a half long and two and a half across. The mother-bird resented this interference, and so did the father. The female seagull used all kinds of very bad language, opening her mouth very wide and spreading her wings.

"Andréi," I said, "isn't it mean of you to take one of the eggs from that poor, defenceless bird?"

"No, not at all," was the prompt reply; "for it is very defenceful: it is not at all defenceless." The egg, however, was replaced.

Anzérskii monastery was founded by good Eleazar the monk, who used to live and pray here in a very humble hermitage and chapel. Since it has been

incorporated with Solovétsk it has grown considerably. One of the most celebrated characters connected with it was Níkon the monk, afterwards Patriarch of Moscow, who, while head of the Russian Church, revised the prayer-books, and cut out all the more modern interpolations, going back to the early Greek service-books. The people did not like the change, and they revolted. There are now thousands of these Old Believers (*starovértsty*) all over Russia. The *raskól* (schism) is the outcome of that reformation of Níkon's. At Kem', on the mainland opposite Solovétsk, there are large numbers called here *Pomórtsty* (those who live near the sea-shore).

On the River Petchóra, and notably at Ust Zylma, the Old Believers are very numerous. The monks of Solovétsk for ten years resisted the authorities who bade them use the revised books (see Appendix B). We went into Eleazár's church, and found it perfectly circular, with a semicircular iconostá, cutting off about one-fifth of the church. This picture screen was quite modern, having been erected by Alexándr the *Ieromonách* (priest-monk) in 1884, and was the most handsome I saw on the isles. Over the royal gates in Sčlavonic were the words, "This is the gate of heaven."

Antónii the monk gave us tea while the horses were being put to. We sat in a stove-heated, neat, white room, with rose plants in the window of double glass, and a loud-ticking clock.

By the door was a picture of the monk's life which

would have been still more in place at the Golgotha monastery. The monk's life should be a crucified life, therefore in this old picture the monk is represented as actually nailed to a cross, as was his Lord. His hands are pierced, but yet one of them holds the Chalice. His lips have a padlock, which passes through both and holds them tightly. There are some tormentors with sharp weapons below; we see their names, such as "original sin" and "the lust of the flesh." The devil is pulling at the monk to get him to go down with him, but God above is commending him, and he only looks to Him. A very striking allegory indeed, an ideal we hope is really aimed at.

Now we are ready to depart. White posts, ten feet high, with broad stripes of black at the top, on which are painted the number of versts, show the road when there is heavy snow. One of our wheels sticks hopelessly, and refuses to go round one inch: but, fortunately, a teléga passes us on its way back from Golgotha with pilgrims, and we make the driver turn round and drive back with us.

The Hill of Golgófa is somewhat like the Striking Hill—the same white road and the same forests of birch and fir—the same white buildings crowning the height, with domes and crosses of green and gold. Why is it called Golgotha? This is the story:—

A monk, who had lived as priest confessor to the royal family at St. Petersburg, came to these northern parts for solitude and retirement. His name was Iov and his monk name John; afterwards he was called

Jesus (this mode of appellation suggests no profanity to the monk's mind). His life was one of self-denial and renunciation, and one day he had a heavenly vision, in which the Mother of the Lord came to him and said, "Thou art a true follower of my Son, and worthy of His name. As thou hast here crucified thyself with thy affections and lusts these many years, let this place be called Golgotha."

Jesus the ieromonách lies in his tomb at the entrance to the church, over which lies his recumbent effigy, his head, resting on a pillow, with mild face and folded hands. Out on the water of the White Sea in the dark the Karel fishermen fancy they hear his voice: "Come, children, and pray beside the sleeping Inok."

One hundred and seventy years ago some sick people were healed here, but they have not sufficient faith and goodness in these latter days of degeneracy, and cures are few. The monks never eat flesh, only milk and bread, whilst fish is an occasional luxury.

We were hospitably treated by Ieromonách Evgénii and his brethren. "How is it that you cook so well?" I asked the brother who prepared us a meal.

"We always pray to God when we cook, and it cannot but be good."

We enjoyed the simple monkish fare after our journey through the cold forests and over the islands. We had raw salted herring floating in vinegar, with pepper and black bread; then raw pieces of salted salmon, and then good thick perch soup, washed down with monastery kvas. We were

waited on only by the kind fathers, who between times sat and chatted innocently.

"Will you not abide at our monastery, and return no more to the land of the English; there are many who would be glad at Solovétsk."

"But," said I, with a smile, "I can neither make boots, nor brew kvas, nor paint the beautiful icons."

"Ah!" replied Eugene, "we would place you in the office to write the letters and send orders to distant lands."

"Then I should order coals from the coal-mine under my parish at Monkwearmouth."

"Ah! We had a ship here once from there, the *Andalusia*, and the Englishmen pleased our boys; they gave them presents. What is a coal-mine? Does the coal lie on the ground, or do you dig for it?"

"Our coal-mine is more than one verst straight down—a deep hole and many passages." And so we went on.

From the belfry we saw Solovétskii Island eleven versts away, and Anzérskii Isle immediately below us, and a fresh-water lake, while underneath, far below, was a wooden building, and outside it our horses in the *tróika* were patiently waiting for us.

So again through forest, strait, and forest till the long journey was over, and we were sitting peacefully in our own rooms at Solovétsk, looking out over the calm waters of the harbour.

I strolled alone through the *kládbisshe*—the cemetery where lie sleeping past generations of the Solovétsk

monks. There was Feofán's grave, the archimandrite who entertained the accomplished author of "Free Russia;" there rested Michaíl, Ilaríón, Alexándr, who directed the resistance to the English in 1854, and Father John the skipper, familiar to us from reading that delightful book. To the Church of St. Onuphrius in the midst are these simple old men brought one by one, and over each one the sweet sounds rise from the choir, "Lord, keep our brother in Thy everlasting remembrance."

At home now in England my thoughts go back in dream-time to that quiet graveyard in distant Solovétsk. I seem to see some open graves beneath aspen leaves, and I hear the choir chanting as they come with their burden. I look eagerly in my dream, and try to read the carving on the crosses they are erecting there. Do I see "Vissarión," or "Orést," or "Melétii," or "Evgénii," or "Antónii," or "Il'a," or "Tarasii"?

We sometimes think that we are more enlightened than these simple children of the North, and that we have a deeper knowledge of the truth, but the God who searcheth all hearts knoweth best, and some of the last, to our astonishment, will be first on the great day.

The parting from these dear brothers was quite touching. Vissarión bowed down, and in Eastern fashion even kissed my feet. I had presented to him a Bible with parallel columns of old Slavonian and modern Russian. I marked my favourite texts, and inscribed some words of true regard. They were translated to him, and he kissed my feet and embraced me.

Our servitor, a kindly young monk, was overwhelmed by a small gift, and brought me a quaint stone from the shore with seaweed growing on it. My fragment of the cannon-ball or shell was packed up, and I bought a triptych of carved wood—Mary and the beloved disciple on the outer panels, and the centre one devoted to Zosíma and Savvátii guarding the monastery cathedrals. Above them is represented in carving the celebrated picture of the Kazan Mother which received the last two shots on the day of miracles. Also a locket in enamelled work containing pictures of Zosíma and Savvátii in brilliant colours. These we bought at the store erected at the monastery gate in the great walls of huge boulder-like stones.

We passed away at last from the bright courtyard, looked longingly at the brilliant frescoes high up on the cathedral, bade the seagulls sitting on their nests good-bye, and soon were outside the kremlin (*kremlévskaya*) wall. Pausing at the gateway, we look up reverently at the gigantic Christ-face painted above the gateway, with its great deep eyes. Pilgrims look up too, and cross themselves and kiss the pavement as they hurry to the steamer.

On board Father Varlaám blesses us all in a solemn service, and kisses me with the trine kiss ere he passes down the gangway. Soon we move out slowly, as the pilgrims devoutly bow and cross. The domes grow smaller, the seagulls cease to follow; we are soon far away on the desolate White Sea, with Sumner Coast on our starboard quarter, and Solovétsk the Holy Isle a dream of the past.

CHAPTER XVI.

LAST DAYS BY THE WHITE SEA.

Russian tea—Conversation with M. Shárvín—Armies—Crosses—My kind host—Dinner—Bath—Visit to Anastasya's home—The winter at Archangel—A society evening—Charity bazaar—Story-telling—The origin of the Secretary—The officer's hen—Seeing off the Consul—At the Dvinsk bar—The Nicholas monastery—W. J. B.—Visit of Bishop Nathaniel—The charter of 1554—The first English trade route.

"STRAWBERRY jam in my cup of tea!" Well, if it was a local custom I felt I must give in, just as among the Arabs I had consumed kouskousou; but I did not find either the tea or the jam any better for the union.

We were seated in the house of a Russian gentleman of refinement, whose business as a timber-merchant compelled him to reside on the delta of the Dvinsk in a neatly built wooden mansion.

"Bávin dóma?" (Is the master at home?) I had interrogated the Russian servant, and she had taken us follow her down the warm passage into the drawing-room. M. Shárvín told us much about the White Sea and the great timber trade from Onéga, the Dvinsk, and Mexico. He had been in England once or twice, and loved Englishmen; and he yet would, I fancy, not be averse to a trial of strength between the countries.

"What is there to prevent our landing an English army near Archangel? the approaches do not seem much protected."

"An army, my dear sir! I didn't know you had an army," was the cruel rejoinder.

Certainly our troops are a handful compared with the hordes of armed men which Russia could marshal any time in warlike array. We changed the subject to that of "Krestý," the old silver crosses hung at baptism round the neck of the pravoslavnye to remain there until death.

These crosses are beautiful in form and design, and their material is silver or gold. For fear they might hurt the tiny infant's breast, they are hung for a while in the *lyul'ka* or suspended cradle where the babe sleeps; but as soon as possible they are worn (always under the clothes). Every orthodox Russian is a cross-bearer. M. Shárvín gave me an old silver krest, in beauty only second to one I once obtained in the Crimean district.

Except to those familiar with the Russian life it is hard to realise how the baptismal cross is prized. Crosses are kept in the family for many generations. Often they are beautifully wrought. Such a cross I hung round my little daughter's neck when I baptized her. In Wilson's "Russian Lyrics" we have a good translation of Nikítin's poem "The Yamshefk," where the orphaned children receive a message from their father, who has died in a distant hospital. The messenger says—

"This Cross must to the child be given,
The Blessed Saviour's holy sign.
With trouble from his neck the father,
And trembling hand, this relic took,
And firm unto my keeping pressing,
With feeble accents thus he spoke :
' Give, O give with this my blessing,
This sacred cross unto my son ;
Tell him to prize his mother dearly,
And all wrong evil ways to shun !'"¹

We drove back to Solombóla, leaving the saw-mills and the huge stacks of timber, and the bare-legged Russian women aiding in loading the great English vessels. There is a smooth plank road most of the way, over which the droshki travels quietly and quickly, and the rhythmic tread of the horse alone is heard.

My host, Andréi Andréitch the elder, and his family dine "quite handsomely," as they would say in Chicago. Yet our well-ordered and ample meals are sometimes disturbed by the sight of an English steamer slowly coming up the broad Dviná. No sooner are they aware of her arrival than all the males—the head of the house, his younger brother, the uncle, and Andréi Andréitch the younger, my friend—rush for the balcony of the wooden house (we are upstairs), and anxiously ply their field-glasses. Down below is the steam launch, and the boy-of-all-work Nicholas is driven by urgent cries from his masters to fly for the engineer and stoker of the launch, for they must board that vessel from England before the opposition

¹ "Russian Lyrics in English Verse," by Rev. C. T. Wilson, M.A., p. 228.

get near its captain. "Nikólka! Nikólka!! Parochód! Parochód!! SEITCHÁS!!!"

I try to remain unmoved (I always endeavour to bear other people's worries heroically), and while all are flying hither and thither I take the opportunity of helping myself to the abandoned delicacies and finish at ease my *obéd* (dinner), for the cold air gives one an appetite, and good food must never be wasted.

By night I am housed in the same dining-room, with the perpetual daylight streaming through the white blinds. It is so late when sleep comes to me on the narrow sofa that Lízka has got into the room and is laying the breakfast before I know what o'clock it is. Then I retire through the door into Andréi Andréitch's (senior) room, where father and son (the son not being very strong) sleep soundly and noisily. My only chance of a matutinal tub is in their presence, and unfortunately they always wake up and take a painful interest in details, and give me bewildering directions and superfluous advice.

I was desirous of calling with Andréi Andréitch, junior, on his old nurse, Anastasiya Nicoláevna Sorbinkina, at her own log-house in Solombóla. She had been quite a feature of our stay at Solovétsk, following us at a respectful distance, never so proud as when carrying my huge copy of King's "Rites and Ceremonies of the Greek Church" behind us, and giving exaggerated versions of our reasons for visiting Solovétsk and our positions in the little world in which we lived.

Through the vile mud and over the broken planks which constitute the side-walks of Solombóla, we arrived at last at the house, one of the hundreds of wooden *isbds* or log-houses of one or two stories in Solombóla, slanted and tilted in all directions. Inside the floor sloped down to one corner like a deck in heavy weather.

Anastasya made us her best courtesy and introduced us to her husband, a Russian stevedore. She brought out her cherished *posulets*, and displayed her baptismal krest, and was grateful indeed for having seen us within the four wooden walls of her own house.

I visited all the churches of Solombóla and Archangel, and found some quaint and some interesting. But the city museum was disappointing.

The bridge which connects the island on which Solombóla is built with Archangel on the mainland, consists of a very long temporary structure of planks, over which droshkis drive swiftly and smoothly; but when the frost comes they are taken away and piled up on shore, and the road then lies over the ice-bound stream. The planks would be swept away when the ice broke if they were left.

Andrei told me of the severity and gloom of the winter here. All the business ends when September comes in. The river freezes over in November, and then "look out for wolves."

"I saw a wolf hide behind a snow-bank and wait for dogs to come to play on the ice. A little pet dog ran with some others, and in a moment the wolf had him and was off across to the other side. The wolves will

go on hunting for some days, and pile up their game in the forest 'until they have a heap, and then they gorge to repletion. We go to each other's houses in winter, and play a great deal at cards." When in the spring time, after days of expectancy, the ice on that mighty river really breaks up and commences its procession to the sea, then all hearts are gladdened, for they know that the days of idleness are over. For days and days the myriad blocks ~~move~~ unceasingly past, but they know that behind ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~fast~~ ^{fast} will come rafts and steamers down the stream, and business will be quickened into life.

There was great excitement one morning in this northern town, and a hunting up of dress suits and a laying out by wives and sisters and mothers of the best white shirts. There was to be a charitable bazaar for the Children's Asylum, under the patronage of His Excellency Prince Golítsin, and under the management of the chief of the police and the gentlemen of Archangel. In order to see the manners and customs of the country, I went with "Uncle."

Though it was broad daylight all night the shutters were made fast, and we remained in hot rooms with dripping candles and paraffin lamps in chandeliers blazing on the white walls and polished floors.

The Tsar' and Tsaritta had sent some vases to be raffled for—indeed, everything seemed to be raffled, and the managers were honest when they advertised it as a "Lotterie Allegre."

The Politsméister, in top boots and spurs and

massive moustache, was there, trim, belted, buttoned. Though he beamed benignly all the time, we observed his smile grow handsome whenever he approached the Prince and Princess. There was music and dancing. One gentleman said jokingly and cruelly that it was Samoéd music. The quadrille, which began as we left, was being struggled through by people who had not mastered the intricacy of its figures. At one end of the room was the picture of the late Emperor Alexándr with flags around it, and at the other the present Tsar' and the Empress Dagmar in a trophy of banners.

The entertainment in the earlier part of the evening, as far as I could see, consisted in smoking papirósy (in which ladies joined), sipping liquors, and card-playing. Then some actors from Petersburg gave recitations and told stories which convulsed the Arch-angelic audience. One actor told us the origin of the species so much disliked in Russia, the "Secretary." That is the person who intervenes between the great people and the public, and often creates much trouble.

The Black One (Tchort) in bygone days, when in his private manufactory or laboratory he evolved mischievous inventions, one day created a masterpiece; this was the "Secretary." He became more than a match for Satan, and gave him such infinite trouble that he was obliged to eject him from his domains; and he came on earth, and thus became the father of all Secretaries (here followed shrieks of laughter and expressions of delight). Here is another story which I heard that night:—

THE OFFICER'S HEN.

An officer in the army had for his servant a Jew. Now, Israelites are not permitted to slay. The officer said one day, "For dinner get me ready some soup of fowl and a cutlet." The officer then went to his duties. The servant bought the cutlet, also a hen. He asked the villagers to kill it for him, for he could not because of his religion. The *mujikí*, to plague him, all refused. The Jew servant was distraught, but he dare not slay; and the hen was not killed for dinner, only the cutlet was cooked.

The officer came home very hungry, and ordered dinner to be served.

"Seitchás, your honour," said the servant in reply, and brought the cutlet.

"Where is the soup I ordered, O Israelite?"

"I have not got it ready."

"And in the name of all the saints, why not?"

The man fenced the inquiry a long time, but at last said, "Well, master, I must tell you the truth—I have not killed that hen."

"Tchort!" (a rude interjection), "why have you not obeyed my commands?"

"Do not be angry, O my master, and I will venture to tell you. You see our General has in his possession a splendid male fowl, with gorgeous plumage, and I have now ascertained that the hen which I have obtained is very nearly related to the General's cock—in fact, she is a wife of his, and I was afraid to kill her

lest it should incur the displeasure of the General and your honour might lose promotion."

The people of Archangel are very affectionate. They all went to see the retired Swedish consul off on his voyage round the North Cape, accompanying him to the bar of the Dviná in a tug (Prince Golitsin went just as far as Rusanov's and returned in a launch). They had a farewell supper on board with many toasts, and some of them were said to have shown their deep sorrow at parting by getting permanently under the cabin table. I hope this report was inaccurate, but grief is overpowering.

I went down to the bar of the Dviná one day, whilst waiting at Archangel, with M. Gállerman in one of his tugs, the *Georgie*. Alexándr the skipper was dirty, and the crew were tattered, and the smells were indescribable. We towed two lighters behind, and when we came outside the bar squalls came on, and rain and heavy snow. On deck it was bitterly cold, in the cabin the most amazing Russian odours assailed our nostrils.

M. Gállerman did his best, however, to make things pleasant, and pointed out amid the fir-forests on shore the house where he and his family live in summer, and where they are sometimes nearly swallowed alive by the mosquitoes, which come in tens of thousands. He remembers hearing the roll of cannon in 1854, when, he said, our ships were making a target of the lighthouse at the Dviná mouth. The Dviná mouth is thirty-six miles from Archangel. The depth on the bar

at high water is fourteen feet six inches. A rouble to the pilot will make it fifteen feet. Nikólka the dirty laid our dinner. Poor lad, he died soon after I left Archangel. I thought he was too dirty to live long. Poor Nikólka!

Very soon it came on to snow (it was June now), and as we sailed up to Archangel everything was mantled in pure white, and it seemed as if we were back into the Arctic winter.

The monastery of St. Nicholas at Nennóksa and Rose Island, the first landing-place of Chancellor in 1553, was a little to the west of us as we lay tossing in the White Sea waiting for the arrival of vessels from England. Márfa, the great boyárynya of Novgorod, built the Church of St. Nicholas in memory of her two sons, Antony and Felix, who were drowned in the sea. A writer in the *Guardian*, over the initials W. J. B., tells us of his visit to St. Nicholas with Bishop Nafanáil, archierý of the Archangel and Cholmogóry diocese:—

“We started on our journey to the monastery of St. Nicholas, situated about thirty miles from Archangel, at the mouth of the river. One of the merchants had lent him a small steamer, which had been brought round to the quay just in front of the Bishop's residence. As we walked down to it, followed by the Bishop's deacon and servants carrying provisions for the journey and beds for the night, the workmen and boatmen on the quay took off their hats in all directions, many of them running up to kiss the

Bishop's hand and bringing their children to receive his blessing.

"We were a long time ~~arriving~~ at our destination, owing to the shallowness of ~~the~~ part of the river, the steamer running aground several times; but as soon as we came within sight of the monastery the bells began to ring, and as we made our way towards land all the inmates of the monastery came down to the water's edge in their full robes to meet the Bishop, and formed a most picturesque group as they stood on the landing-stage with candles and incense awaiting his landing.

"As soon as he stepped on shore they robed him in a gorgeous *mantija* (an Episcopal cloak shaped somewhat like a cope, but looser, and with a long train) of blue and silver brocade, and escorted us with great pomp to the principal church of the monastery, chanting all the while, and then after a short service we were conducted in the same manner all through the monastic buildings and to the other churches.

"The buildings, which were erected early in the seventeenth century in place of others which were destroyed by the Swedes, are very fine, particularly the principal church, which is entered by two beautiful specimens of the staircase porches which are so characteristic of Russian sixteenth and seventeenth century architecture. The whole monastery is enclosed by an extremely picturesque wooden wall with eight towers at its angles, surmounted by the curious half-spire and half-dome which one so often meets with in the wooden ecclesiastical edifices in this part of the empire."

Peter the Great having experienced a terrible voyage from Solovétsk, erected a wooden cross here in memory of his deliverance from the perils of the deep.

From this monastery in 1887 was sent Jóna, a missionary monk, to Nóvaya Zemlyá to minister to the fifty Russians inhabiting these desolate regions. The same writer who is quoted above tells us of this expedition, and how the monk remained through the rigours of the winter, to the great delight of the poor fishermen.

“Father Jonah started from the monastery of St. Nicholas on the 30th of August 1887, taking with him service books, altar vessels, vestments, censers, and all other requirements for the Church services, as well as a large supply of elementary books of instruction provided by the Diocesan Board of Education, in order to teach the inhabitants to read and write, together with many copies of the four Gospels in Russian and some lives of the saints. He arrived at his destination on September 4, and was received with the greatest joy and enthusiasm by the inhabitants, more especially when they heard that he was going to pass the winter with them.

“He landed in full priestly vestments, carrying the picture of St. Nicholas, the patron of the monastery which had sent his mission. He was met by the inhabitants with bread and salt, and immediately proceeded to choose out a place on which to build the new church. The summer is short in these northern districts, and there was no time to be lost, so all the

inhabitants set to work with right good will to build a church before winter set in. And thus it was that the northernmost church in Europe was dedicated to God on the 1st of October 1887. The monastic community has since then been increased, and there are now two churches in the island.

"The total number of monastic establishments in the diocese, not including the great Solovets monastery, which is one of the seven Stavropigial communities of Russia (that is to say, it is independent of Episcopal control, and subject only to the Holy Synod), is eleven, two of which are convents for women. These latter contain in all rather over seventy nuns and thirty lay sisters, while the nine monasteries contain about 120 monks and thirty lay brothers.

"The parochial organisation of the diocese has always been a great difficulty, owing to the scattered distribution of the scanty population over the vast extent of territory which it includes. The Orthodox population of the diocese numbers about 350,000 of both sexes, and for these there are 279 parishes served by 302 priests, 21 deacons, and 295 lay-readers. These latter are, of course, licensed by the Bishop, and their duty is to lead the choir and to read the Epistle at the liturgy and the lections at the choir offices.

"When I was at Archangel the Bishop showed me a map of his diocese, from which it appeared that nearly all the parishes are either on the coast or else close to one or other of the large rivers which flow to the sea through this government, and he told me that one of his chief

wants was a small steamboat, by means of which he could go on visitation tours through the more distant parts of his diocese, especially along the river Pechora, in the eastern part of the government, which is almost inaccessible by land, but where at the present time there is a great deal of work to be done, both amongst the 'old believers,' who are very numerous in that part of the diocese, and also amongst the half-savage Samoyede tribes.

"Since Bishop Nathaniel has occupied the see the parish churches on the Pechora have been increased from two to twenty-three, but there is still much missionary work to be done in this district, especially amongst the Samoyedes. These latter are being gradually civilised by means of the Church, their children being brought to the diocesan schools at Archangel, where they are taught the Russian language and the Christian faith, together with some of the elementary lessons of civilisation—such, for instance, as to eat bread, and to cook their meat instead of eating it raw, and not to drink the blood of the animals they slaughter. The chief difficulty in civilising and Christianising them consists in the nomad life which they lead, wandering about the vast *tundras* with their herds of reindeer all the summer, and forming encampments for the winter which may very likely be miles away from any parish church, so that it is extremely difficult to keep them under Christian influences."

We trust W. J. B. will issue one day a work upon Russia and its Church.

I hoped soon to hear of a steamer which should take me to Vólogda, from whence I could reach Yarosláv and Moscow. Days went by in impatient waiting and hope. Occasionally hope went down to zero when we were told the rivers were falling rapidly and I could only get to Vel'kii Ustyúg, and would have to post some 500 miles.

My journey through the heart of Russia would be for many days in the company of hundreds of devout pilgrims returning from Solovétsk. We met them each day. They were waiting likewise for the sailing of the steamer. They had already domiciled themselves on a huge barge, to be towed behind the steamer up the Dviná Reká. They are returning to every part of Russia. Chomyakóv's lines may appropriately be quoted :—

“ In the calm air the songs resound,
 The evening bells ring out their note,
 ‘ Whence come ye, pilgrims, brothers, say
 Your homage who to God devote ?’
 ‘ I come from where the quiet Don
 Glides forth, the beauty of our home ;’
 ‘ I come from where stern Yonnissei
 In boundless waters proudly foams.’
 ‘ My home is on the Euxine shore ;’
 ‘ I come from the Néva's soft blue sea ;’
 ‘ I come from Káma's flowing stream ;’
 ‘ And I from Moscow's fond embrace.’
 And so, from strange and distant lands,
 From far-off steppes, from unknown homes,
 From deepest rivers of the South
 A crowd of praying children come.”¹

¹ Wilson's "Russian Lyrics," p. 119.

In their company I travelled also over the much-forgotten trade route from England to Moscow. In the days of Iván the Redoubtable, Russia had no Petersburg and no Black Sea ports. Archangel was the only entrance to Russia by sea.

In 1553 (August 24), as the readers of the historical sketch will see, the first English ship, the *Edward Bona Ventura* (160 tons), arrived by chance at the mouth of the Dviná. She had been sent out with two others to search for the north-east passage to China, discovered in our days by Baron Nordenskiolt. Her captain, Richard Chancellor, had hoped to find himself in Cathay, but discovered he was in the land of the great Duke of Muscovy, and received orders to attend the Tsar's pleasure at Moscow. On his arrival at Moscow the Tsar accorded him a gracious reception, and a wondrous traffic sprang up along these rivers, in favour of which the Tsar granted the following charter:—

“The Almighty Power of God and the Incomprehensible Hollie Trinitie of our rightfull Chr'stian believe.

“We greatest Lord Ivan Vassileuiche, by the Grace of God Emperour of all Russia and many other countries, Lord over all the north Cost greetinge.

“Before all great and of honor worthy Edward Kinge of England, our most hartie and of good zeale with good intent and friendlie desire and of our holie Christian faith and of great gover-

naunce and in the light of great understanding our answere by this our honorable writinge unto Your Kinglie Governance at the request of your faithful servaunt Richard with his company as he shall wisely lett You know, is this :—

“ In the strength of xxtie of our governance be knowne at our sea coast arived a shipp with one Richard and his companie, and said that he was desirous to come into our dominions and according to his request hath seene our lordshipp and our heires and hath declared your Ma-ties desire that wee schould graunt unto Your subjects to goe and come and among our dominions and subjects to frequent free market with all sorts of merchandize and upon the same to have ware for their retorne and they delivered us Your letters which declared the same request. And we with Christian beliefc and faithfullness and according to Your honble request and my honble commandment will not leave it undone.

“ Written in our dominion in our Tōune and our Pallace in the Castell of Moscovie in the yere seven thousand and sixtie the second month Ffebruarye.”

A wondrous stream of English commerce commenced to flow at once up this northern river Dviná from England *via* the White Sea, enriching the towns upon its banks. It is along this route I am now to journey.

At last comes news that the *Parochód* (steamer) is really to sail upon the morrow. Partly glad and partly

sorry—sorry to leave my warm friends, and glad to leave the cold port—I set to work to pack up. Midnight comes, and as no one goes to bed early in these daylight-night regions, I go out on to the balcony and muse alone.

.

Down below me is the broad-spreading Dviná, or at all events the chief arm of this Velikaya Reka, spreading out now in the delta; the wide stream is blue and breeze-ruffled beneath the creamy midnight sky, while dark bird shadows glide like phantoms through the air where the seagulls are lazily plying their wings.

Half a mile from the shore a fleet of some half-dozen English steamers lie at anchor loading for their return voyage round the Holy Cape and the Murman coast. Sounds and cries of busy men come across the water. Night and day are alike, and from those monstrous Noah's arks, the Praams made fast to their black sides, are being drawn timber from distant inland forests now to be taken to still more distant lands.

The waves are lapping the shores beneath me, and a Russian sentinel with bright bayonet marches to and fro on that strand of English soil. A mujik lies sleeping in yonder boat drawn above the water's edge. The watchman in his rags passes by, clapping his alarm and disturbing the Slavonic cats. But the air is cold and frosty though it is June, and though the scene is so bright. Within and behind me, as I lean alone on the balcony, music is heard, and from a piano a well-known tune from "*Hymns Ancient and*

Modern" sounds out, as the new English vice-consul with his musical touch makes us 'wander in thought homewards.

"As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away."

At last I retire, for man requires rest even where there is no night.

CHAPTER XVII.

A. RUSSIAN HIGHWAY.

River travel in North Russia—My provision basket—Farewell to the maidens—On board the *Filtz Bulshöv*—Invocation on commencing the voyage—Recognised by a young monk—Rafts and raft-life—Whitsunday—Talks and thoughts—A mechanical mouse—Sija—Loading fuel—St. Anthony's Tchasóvnya—Insecticide—Nikolái Pávlovitch—Stefán Borísovitch—Mosquito mad—Our steamer runs aground.

RUSSIA is much blessed in possessing splendid waterways both in Europe and Asia, which are veritable highways for this nation; in Europe the Vólga, the Don, the Dnepr, and the Nevá with its chain of lakes—all bearing steamers, barges, and rafts; and in Asia the Ob', the Yeniséi, and the Léna, mightier than their sisters in Europe, and for many parts the only means of transit. Nowhere does one see more of the Russian life and character than during the long journeys on these mighty rivers.

From the White Sea to Moscow, travelling by the river Dviná and its southern tributary, the Suchóna or Sūkhona, is a journey of more than 1000 miles.

Northern Russia is one great forest, with villages and open country at rare intervals. It is the most

thinly populated part of the whole of the dominions of the Tsar.

Serfdom had no power before 1861 in these northern regions; there were, Wallace tells us, not half-a-dozen serfs north of Vólogda. The people are chiefly engaged in the "lumber" trade, or in tar-making, in fishing, or such simple agriculture as can be carried on in so inclement a climate.

Several lines of inferior flat-bottomed paddle-steamers ply on the waters of the Dviná as soon as the ice breaks up, but they are very irregular. The traveller may have to wait for days or weeks before he can proceed on his journey, while after midsummer the river is often too shallow for any navigation.

My warm-hearted host came to me one day with the message, "My dear sir, the *Filip Bulyshov*, one of the Desyatínnyi steamers, is really to sail this afternoon, and my steam-launch will be ready at one o'clock to take you up to Archangel, that you may get on board comfortably."

A good basket of provisions had been put up for me by my lady hostess, containing dried reindeer tongues, black bread and white bread, hard-boiled eggs, bottles of kvas, &c., to sustain me on the journey for some days to come. With my numerous packages on board the launch, and a great box of books, we are ready now to steam from M. Gállerman's front door up the Dviná some four versts to the floating quay where the river steamer was lying.

"Our servants would so much like to bid you farewell, if you do not mind," said young Andréi. So Léla and Tatyána Savráseva, the deaf and dumb girl and her sister, with Anastásiya Nikoláevna Sorbínkina, all stood near the door. I did not know whether they were going to kiss my boots or my cheeks, or ask for a sacerdotal blessing, so I distantly shook hands with them, all standing in a row, red-eyed and tearful. Part of the family accompanied me to the steamer up the river, but the mistress and materfamilias stood on the balcony with three servants waving affectionate adieux until our puffing steam-launch bore us out of sight.

Our course lay up the river Dviná now, past the two Russian men-of-war, the *Polar Star* and the *Bear*. We called at the Solovétsk monastery landing-stage. Going alongside the *Solovétsk*, the worthy flaxen-haired Kazpachéi handed down to me my translation of the services, which I had left on the Holy Isles and the kind archimandrite had despatched after me.

The monastery steamer and quay were again crowded with pilgrims arriving from Solovétsk on the homeward journey or travelling thither, and hard by was the great bárka, on which crowds of pilgrims were to travel towed behind my steamer, the *Filip Bulshov*, for hundreds of miles up the Dviná, back again towards their country homes.

Our swift steam-launch, with my worthy host at the helm, and two daughters and Andréi by his side, sailed along again inside Moses Isle, just giving us a glimpse

of the long wooden bridge connecting Solombóla Island with the mainland before we steam out again into the main stream, past churches, gardens, market-place, and small craft innumerable, and so at last to the landing-place for the Desyatinnnyi river steamers, where we find the *Filip Bulyshov* a scene of most excited rush and bustle. Passengers were pouring from the floating landing-stage into the vessel, and down into the second-class saloon. Country folk and small tradesmen, with innumerable female relatives and daughters dressed in their best pink frocks, and two or three first-class passengers. For the latter there was a small but comfortable deck saloon, with windows looking out over the river.

My luggage was placed in the cabin. Then I waved good-bye to the steam-launch, which was by this time puffing away with my kind friends. The English vice-consul, Mr. Bartlett Cobb, also had ridden down to say *au revoir*, and we bid each other "Do svidániya." At six in the evening, after much delay, some four hours late, the captain gave the signal that all was ready. Then every pravoslávnyi on board bared his head, and turning to the bows, asked God to bless this voyage of the *Filip Bulyshov*, and to bring all who were travelling safe to their journey's end. Captain, mate, helmsman—all devoutly crossed themselves. "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amén. (*Vo imya Ottsá, i Sýna, i Svyatáho Dúcha. Amin'.*)

The great bell rang out from the pro-monastery for

the first evensong of Whitsuntide, and as we moved out into mid-stream we could see the ringer in the open belfry standing alongside the largest bell and swinging the great clapper by means of a short rope. The captain, with earnest weatherworn face, again bared his head, murmured a prayer and crossed himself, looking towards the monastery. Thus we left behind us the ancient "Fortress-city of St. Michael, the Archangel of God."

We are steaming along a waterway which is of greater navigable length than the whole distance from one end to the other of Great Britain. We met its brown current a hundred miles away out at sea, and its winter ice mixed with the pure white blocks in the Arctic Ocean and held us in its stern grip far away on the now distant Murman coast. But now the summer sun begins to beat upon the Dviná, and the fir and beech which thickly cover its banks spring up from a sudden growth of green herbage.

On board I find many old friends who were with me at Solovétsk. A lad suddenly leaps from the deck and rushes to me. It is Nikífor Sérgiev Níkonoff, the boy dedicated by his mother to monastery service for a year, and now travelling home again. Two Russians of middle class, Stefán Borísovitch and Nikolái Pávlovitch, invite me to join them at their tchái, and I in turn bring my stock of provisions out; but Stefán Borísovitch wishes to do the honours, and will not allow me at first to open my basket.

The furnaces of the *Filíp Bulýshév* consume

wood, which is piled in numberless chocks on the after-deck, and two men incessantly pass them below, and two others hurl them on to the fires. The stokehole is naturally very clean compared with the same place in our coal-burning steamers, but charcoal is incessantly emitted from the funnel and flies over the deck, whence it is now and again swept with a besom into the water.

The river winds like the tail of an angry and agitated cat. First we go south, then east, and the evening sun shines in at nearly all the windows. Cliffs of clay rise above us 100 feet on the left bank; they are evidently often undermined by the water, and in places we saw trees which had left the forest on the top where they originally grew and had now slid half-way down. On the summit are great stacks of wood all ready for the "parochód" to take on board to feed her fires. Great rafts (plotý) float by, with rough-looking raftsmen leaning on their steering oars, or coming to the door of their primitive huts to enjoy the exciting sight of a "parochód," or seated round a fire on the raft cooking their evening meal. Some of these rafts are regular floating villages, taking months to travel the hundreds of miles from the inland forests up the rivers. Births and deaths and even marriages are said to have taken place during the long monotonous journey down. Such records are not known among the lumbermen, "drivers," and raftsmen of the *Ottawa* and the *St. Lawrence*.

A bright white church with green dome is seen now and again on the bank, and then every one lifts his hat

or cap and reverently repeats that sign of the cross which he once received in his own village tsérkov'.

In every cabin is placed cornerwise the sacred *óbraz* (picture); also in the centre of the front of the bridge across the vessel amidships is a larger sacred picture, and the little ruby lamp burns constantly save in very windy weather. This is a favourite resort of the devout passengers.

It is now ten o'clock in the evening. It is June, and to-morrow is Whitsunday. The sun has gone below the horizon for an hour or two, but it is a bright peaceful night. A devout "bába" (old woman) has been earnestly praying for some time before the *icóna* amidships. She kneels on the hard deck, but no one heeds or thinks it strange. Now she has finished, and, curled up on deck, she falls fast asleep. We follow her example in devotion and sleep, though in neither case quite so publicly.

Whitsunday.—In honour of the Feast of God the Holy Ghost the steamer was decked with leafy boughs during the night, and so on turning out this morning we found everywhere on the steamer branches and green leaves.

In this part of Russia we are two hours in advance of Greenwich time; that is to say, the sun crosses the meridian two hours before it is noon in England. This morning as we sat at breakfast at 7.30 some of my friends at home were in bed, or, looking at their watches, were saying, "Oh, it's only half-past five, and as it is Sunday, there is no need to get up just yet."

Being the only Englishman now within some hundreds of miles, I could not hold any service save by myself, but at half-past ten I knelt in company with those who at the same moment (that is to say, 8.30 A.M. in England) were kneeling in All Saints Church in distant Monkwearmouth. We are ten hours before my friends with whom I worshipped on the Pacific Coast. At Tacoma, in Washington Territory, late folk are only going to bed. It is just after midnight on Saturday in British Columbia.

This afternoon, sitting in the bows, I read the All Saints Church *Evangelists*, which had been forwarded by post to me, and my young friend from Solovétsk, Nikífor Sérгиеv, came and sat by me. I tried to teach him a little English, and he made brave attempts to pronounce the long word at the top of the page. "Iv-anjiliste," was the result, and we both talked of the picture of the ascension of our Lord.

In the dome of the great cathedral and the monastery at Solovétsk is a striking representation of the first Christians gathered on the first Whitsunday, looking up with glorified faces as the flaming baptism of the Holy Ghost falls upon the infant Church. In the centre of the foreground is the mother of our Lord also receiving the gift. Our traditional idea of the power from on high falling only on the twelve apostles does not seem to agree with Acts i. 14, 15, and ii. 6.

The cattle grazing on the river banks seem maddened by the savage *komarý*—the huge mosquito of northern Russia. I saw just now a herd of horses galloping at

top speed and straining every nerve to get away from their tormentors. The Samoédy farther north have in summer to drive their reindeer up beyond the polar circle, otherwise the mosquitoes would destroy them.

This morning at Tamin the Dviná became for a time much narrower, and passed between fir-crowned cliffs. At this point the telegraph wires from Archangel to Vologda crossed the river, supported by two gigantic posts, one on either bank. These telegraph posts towered far above the forest trees around them, and the span of wire between seemed more than a quarter of a mile. We steamed below, and all eyes on the steamer and pilgrim ark turned up as the drooping wires seemed to float through the air far above our heads.

4 P.M.—My Solovétsk boys were going ashore at Siji, and I dived into my box and found some little presents left over from those I brought for the Lapps or Samoédy, and so Nikífor and his friend were delighted with a mechanical mouse and a gaudy belt. They follow me about the deck doffing their brimless monk caps. A crowd follows them to inspect the gifts, and the mechanical mouse creates a profound sensation. I expect they will soon succeed in breaking the spring.

About half-past four we slacken speed and let the pilgrims' *bárka* come up with us broadside on, and then we push it near to the shore, it being of lighter draught than the steamer, and with a long gangway it becomes the landing-stage for the steamer. We are to take in

wood now for the engines, and here about 100 of the pilgrims are allowed to earn a little by bearing great blocks of wood from the piles on the top of the high bank and then placing them on the steamer. Old women staggered under prodigious burdens in the hope of lessening the small fare they have to pay for the long ride in the ark.

As we passed through the dense mass of human beings in this great floating room I realised for the first time that the crowds we always saw on the flat roof of the *bárka* were but a small portion of its living freight of hundreds and hundreds of every description and smell—for the sense of smelling is one of the chief features in our recollection of the pilgrims.

With my Russian friend Nikolái Pávlovitch I went ashore and climbed up to the chapel (*tchasóvnya*) of St. Anthony on the hill-top. Hither many of the pilgrims came, mild-faced *mujikí* and patient women, toiling in the hot sun, with clouds of hungry mosquitoes tormenting them. Caps were doffed at the entrance, and soon the little wooden church was filled with a thankful, devout Whitsuntide congregation, and a little service was held.

Silently I sent up my own prayers with theirs, and joined in thought the services to-day in a far-distant church. This chapel belongs to the monastery of St. Anthony, the Sijskii monastery some seven miles to the west. Here we were offered pictures of St. Anthony—a grave man, with fingers uplifted in blessing—and a picture of this monastery, with its seventeenth century

buildings, on the edge of a lake. Above the monastery in the picture a very material representation of the Trinity is seen, and St. Anthony below them transfigured. Outside the little church I looked down on the mighty Dviná far below, and on the distant shore the white buildings of Sija Seló; to which the little monastery boat with sail set was hurrying. Down below us we see the *Filip Bulyshov* and the ant-like double stream of fuel-carriers.

In an hour all the wood is packed and the warning whistle sounds; the anchor, shaped like a grappling iron, is weighed; a few rapid turns of the paddles as the tow-rope tightens, and we tug the mighty bárka off the mud and journey southwards once more. Later on a boatswain's whistle sounds, and then one of the crew tumbles along to the bows, and with long pole marked off in white and black he takes the depth of the water, shouting each time to the captain. At one time it seemed likely that we should stick on a mud-bank, but soon we were safely over.

I take a fierce and malignant delight in massacring the mosquitoes who pour into the cabin with any fresh air we admit. Every now and then I lay down my pen and swoop down on one which has designs on my nose or is hastening to get up my sleeve for an illegal purpose, or is working its way under my back hair in order to have one good sting.

In the first-class cabin with me are my two fellow-passengers, Nikolái Pávlovitch Spérin and Steffán Boríssovitch Progárvín—the former a fine soldier-

like man of six feet, who always responds to a smile, and who, like every one else on board, is totally ignorant of everything but Russian; the latter a good soul, who lingers long over his meals and makes the very most of them, the samovár having frequently to be filled up again simply on his account.

A redeeming point in the character of Stefán Boríssovitch is his undying hate of the komarý tribe, and he murderously creeps about the saloon smiting them even to death in their sleep as they cling to the white ceiling or hang on the window curtains.

A friend of mine was in a forest near Petersburg one day, when a mosquito went right into his ear and hastened onwards in its anxiety to discover his brains, when it reached that tender membrane which forms the drum. Here it trumpeted and danced until it seemed to him as if he had a boiler manufactory in his head. Not possessing a very perfect knowledge of physiology, he thought as he rolled in agony on the ground that the diabolical insect would push on until it came in actual contact with his brain, and that would be an end of all. He cried to his companion to take him home, and they drove at full gallop. Some oil was slightly heated and poured into the ear, and then came an end of the komár and the torture.

In Brunfels's "*Contrafayt Book of Plants*," published in 1532, there is (at p. lxxv.) the following receipt: "If thou wilt kill all the gnats in August, take hellebore, macerate it in milk, and set the same milk for the gnats to drink."

As in the spring the large Russian rivers inundate so much land when the snows melt, and this is favourable to the development of the gnats, which, as is well known, issue from the water, it is important for those who live on and visit the delta of the Dviná, where also great abundance of these tormentors of men are generated, to have a means of destroying them at hand. Hence then the Russian name for hellebore of komarítsa, now changed into tschemerítsa. I must observe, nevertheless, that at present the hellebore is not put to this use. When Tradescant the naturalist visited the Dviná he found this plant (*Helleborus albus*) in great quantities; it was called then by the Russians komarítsa, probably because it was thus used to destroy the komarý or mosquito, but it is neglected now. So writes Dr. Hamel.


As the evening came on I enjoyed some quiet reading, and joined those at home once more in prayer. As I was concluding my devotions there was much excitement on board the *Filip Bulshóv*. We were nearing the islands in the Dviná where were shallows. In the bows stood the poleman, and we anxiously stood by as he called the depth. "Vósem (eight), vósem, vósem, sém' (seven), vósem, shest' (six), shest', pyat' (five)," the poles being marked off into divisions of six inches each, called a namyótka.

We are stuck fast. A number of natives have come in expectation of seeing us run aground, and a cluster of red-dressed Russian women and children in Sunday clothes stand out bright against the green fir-trees.

We cast out anchors, and the ark discharges some of her living cargo of pilgrims, who get out and walk home to villages in the neighbourhood.

I could walk ashore here without wetting my hair, or even damaging my watch; in fact, "pyat'" tells us of two and a half feet of water only, and some of the bales and barrels are placed in a small open barge called a powousoc, and so we float over.

A Russian friend told me of an incident he had experienced on going down to his estates on the Volga. The steamers are large and luxurious, but of very light draught. One day all the passengers received a shock, for the engine bells were rung for "full speed astern," and the ship was very full.

"May the holy saints preserve us.  St. Nicholas, succour us."

Every eye was strained to make out what was the matter. It was this. A line of hay carts was crossing the shallow river, with the water up to the axles, for a farmer was leading home his crop, and there was no room for the steamer to pass. Generally there are some free passengers, who, in consideration of a free passage, have to be ready to jump out at any time and push off when the steamer runs aground.

CHAPTER XVIII.

INCIDENTS OF RIVER LIFE IN THE FAR NORTH.

The Christian name in Russia—And the family name—Arrival at Beréznik—A female bareback rider—A telegram despatched—A wife's attitude towards drunkenness—An aged mother and a loving son at Rostóv—Stefán Borísovitch departs—The four classes on the steamer—Ablutions—Bloodshed.

I AM known now on board the *Filip Bulyshóv* as "Alexandr Alfréditch." A second Christian name in Russia is unknown, but a man is always called by his father's Christian name in addition to his own. For instance, Nicholas was the son of Paul. He was christened Nicholas only, and his family name was "Sperin." He would rarely be called by this latter, but always Nicholas, son of Paul, or in Russian Nikolái Pávlovitch, shortened in speaking to Pávl'itch. So, seeing on my letter from the Governor "Alexander Alfred Boddy," my Russian acquaintance supposed (and as it happened in part rightly) that the second was my father's Christian name, and so I am now known on the *Filip Bulyshóv*, among crew and passengers, as "Alexandr Alfrédovitch," shortened into "Alfréditch."

Whit-Monday.—Still the same broad brown river

and fir-covered banks. The current here is strong, and our progress through some rapids is very slow, though our engines are working at top speed. About 10.30 A.M. the steamer *Dvind* hurries by on its way down to Archangel. On either side it has two great *bárkas*—pilgrim's arks—as long as and far more massive than itself. Five vessels, arm in arm as it were, sailing down the stream have an odd appearance, and all of them are crowded with “*bogomól'tsy*” (God-worshippers) bound to Solovétsk.

4.30 P.M.—Arrive at Beréznik, 280 versts (pronounced “*vyerst*”) from Archangel, and, stepping ashore by a plank, find ourselves amid the framework of rafts in course of construction and long piles of fuel for the steamers. The only buildings in sight are two dark wooden houses and a tiny wooden *tchasóvnya* (hour-chapel) no larger than a bathing-machine. From the *bárka* numbers of pilgrims now issue with their packages, setting off to tramp home to still distant places in the interior. All stop at the chapel, taking off their caps, and as they murmur a prayer sign themselves with the sign of the cross. Touching the forehead, they say, “In the name of the Father;” touching the heart, “and of the Son;” touching the right shoulder, “and of the Holy Ghost;” touching the left, “Amen.” As they touch the breast and say “of the Son,” they incline the head or bow in token of the divinity of our Lord.

Nikolái Pávlovitch and I went up to the village of Beréznik, about one verst from the landing-place. By

a path through the fringe of trees over the green meadowland, and through some fields where the corn had already (June 14) grown to the height of some four inches, we make our way into the village—important because of its being a posting station. On the official diagonally striped post by the telegraph stántsíya (station) was printed, "Cholmogóry, 194 versts; Moskva, 951 versts." Cholmogóry is, I think, about 77 versts from Archangel, on the great road from Archangel to the south, near to the point where it bifurcates, one road leading to Petersburg, the other to Moscow.

BerézNIK is a typical North Russian village, where they expect the wolves to come in the winter time and help themselves. It simply consists of a long street of dark wooden farmhouses, with a bright-domed white tsérkov' (church) at one end.

The post-office officials were seated in an official garret or loft, in which, of course, was a large print of His Imperial Majesty Alexander III., and an óbraz in the corner. I wished to send a telegram to friends in Solombóla to tell them I was progressing safely southwards. It had to be written in Russian. The written characters no English printer, I think, would imitate, so I must give it in English characters. "Géllerman Archángelsk. Boddy prístál v BerézNIK blagopolútno." "I have duly come to hand at BerézNIK," would be an easy rendering of the message.

Passing along the village, we saw some horses galloping along in haste that they might be harnessed to a tarantás (waggon). On one rode a merry young

woman in her red and white Russian dress and red handkerchief wrapped tightly round her hair. There was no saddle, but the jénsshina boldly rode astride like a man and quite gracefully, thinking nothing of it. We strolled back through the woods and meadows, and soon heard the bells of horses galloping across the meadow-land, and behind them the tarantás, its springless, half-barrel shaped body jolting wildly. Inside some arms-full of straw were laid for the passengers from the steamer who had sent for it.

A good pope (village priest), in violet cassock and flowing ryása (over-cloak), who had been with us since we left Archangel, was packing his effects—boxes and children—in the tarantás when we arrived, and soon he and his family were off driving to a distant priest's house. From the bridge of the steamer we looked down on a busy scene, as the bogomól'tsy once more were engaged in building up the stacks of fuel on the deck—a ceaseless double stream of humanity, resembling nothing so much as the ants streaming in and out of an ant-hill. Down the gangway, up the bank, into the woods to a wood-stack, then back again with three or four sections of pine, each weighing about 30 lbs., which are duly piled on the deck on the starboard and port sides and in front of the bridge.

Alexándr Izmáilov, a contemporary and humble rival of the fabulist Krylów, wrote a little stanza (given in Wilson's "Lyrics") which we saw illustrated this evening. The poem runs as follows :—

"A holy priest did, gravely, once upbraid
Kosmos for his intemperance, and said,
'Why not entirely from thy drink abstain?
It gives no real pleasure—naught but pain :

Thy clothes are tattered, and thy boots how worn !
Thy face is bloated—it deserves thy scorn.
'Tis thy worst enemy—*hate* it.' He replies,
'Father, you taught me I should *love* mine enemies.'"

Whilst leaning over the rails as I watched some bartering between pilgrims and villagers, I heard a noise behind me, and saw a wild drunken Russian workman staggering about on the bridge and refusing to leave the vessel. The captain came and asked for his ticket, but the man only roared excitedly, and so two of the sailors were ordered to put him ashore. He struggled, kicked, and lay down and bawled. It took four men eventually to carry him bodily with arms and legs flying out, and they threw him roughly on to the beach. A barefooted daughter in red dress tried in vain to pacify him and get him home. He swore he would cut the captain's throat and tear out the hearts of the crew, and tried to board the vessel again for that disagreeable purpose. Then a sailor went ashore, made a rush at him, carried him bodily a dozen yards, subsequently dragged him by the boots ten yards farther and left him. The daughter ran to a neighbouring log-hut to fetch her mother; the two together held the father, who occasionally got up and made a run at the steamer, swinging his arms madly. When his language was too awful the wife stuffed his cap into his mouth or

tripped him up, so that he came with a bang to the ground, mother and daughter tumbling too. She then sat upon him to keep him down, and administered to him some vigorous thumps, which, however, he took very quietly, all the time anathematising the steamer and all on board her. Once he turned on his wife, and waving his arms like a windmill, sought to annihilate her, but it all came to nought. When the *Filip Bulshov* steamed away he was last seen lying on his back, the mother and daughter holding him down for fear he should follow us into the water. It is at such times that a woman does well to sit upon her husband.

The stewards of these steamers and their ways are an interesting study. They work at high pressure throughout the run, and are up with the earliest and still up for the latest, while they are liable to arrivals and departures (which latter they must not miss) at any hour of the night. All other officials on the vessel had a turn at resting, but Alexándr the Little went on for ever. His professional vocabulary as he is hurried hither and thither may be represented by the following section of his existence :—

"TCHELOVĚK,"¹ shouts a first-class passenger, as the hour for the evening meal approaches.

"SEITCHÁS, SEITCHÁS,"² murmurs Alexándr, as he is hurrying along the deck bearing a steaming samovár (an urn containing small charcoal furnace). The answer from its tone may be freely translated, "I'm coming as soon as I have attended to this other passenger."

¹ "Waiter," literally "man." ² "Immediately," literally "this hour."

(Passenger later on) "TCHELOVÉK, SEITCHÁS" (angrily). This time it means, "Alexánder, you have neglected my interests too long in favour of less deserving passengers; now, it is high time that you attend to me, or it will be worse for you."

"CHOROSHÓ,"¹ replies Alexánder quite calmly, meaning, "Very good, my dear sir, don't worry yourself, all in due time. I'm accustomed to these impatient hungry people, who want everything in a moment of time."

"ALEXÁNDER! OBÉD!"² SEITCHÁS!! SKORÉI!!!"
—"Bring my dinner instantly, Alexánder, hurry-skurry"
—is cried as again he flits by on his many duties.

"CHOROSHÓ! CHOROSHÓ!! SEITCHÁS!!! BÁRIN."
This time his answer is really hopeful, and may be freely translated from its tone, "Your Excellency, I bring it now, even this very moment."

Then as the Samovár, with its charcoal fire all hot, is brought into the cabin, with the little Tcháinik (tea-pot) on top and the lemon (in slices) and the sáchar (sugar), and the chleb (bread), and the ryábtchik (grouse) beautifully cooked, his complacent Excellency—all ire and wrath being assuaged—murmurs this time—

"CHOROSHÓ! CHOROSHÓ! SÁSHA!" which, being in the above manner rendered, implies, "Sandie, you're a brick!"

In the evening we pass the mouth of the second great tributary falling into the Dviná about 200 miles from the delta, the Vága. It is as great in volume and as long

¹ Good.

² Dinner.

as our largest rivers in England. We had passed early on Sunday morning the first great tributary, the Pinéga river, which flows into the Dviná about 100 miles from its mouth. About 9 P.M. we approach one of the more picturesque of the villages on the Dviná. Rostóv is situated upon a peninsular cliff which does not rise direct from the river, but at some distance, there being a wide intervening expanse of flat land which is evidently over-swept by the turbid stream in flood-time. There is a long line of log-houses, with a fine church in the centre, to which all our passengers turn and bow. I shall remember Rostóv from a very touching incident, even as I remember Bereznik from the distressing if slightly comic one.

Rostóv is not a regular stopping-place, and in order to land a dozen passengers we had to run our bows into the soft loamy soil here and place a long gangway across to the shore. A fine fellow, of thirty-three years or so, whose stalwart form I had often admired as he walked the decks in high sapogi (boots), black velvet bryúki, brilliant kaftán, and Russian shirt, came running along the gangway and there laid down a bundle of blankets and clothes. Next he dived into the cabin, and soon I saw him coming along the deck lovingly carrying his paralysed old mother in his strong arms. He strode down the gangway and over the damp clay until he came to a dry sandy place, where he placed his precious burthen, and ran back again like a boy for the baggage. Then he placed his large coat on the sand, placed his mother on it, put a pillow under

her head, and tenderly wrapped her up in the other clothes, and then bounded away across the country to their home, a mile and a half away, to bring down a tarantás to take her home.

When we steamed away there was the old paralysed mother lying all alone under her wraps, and far across the meadow the lithe figure of the son could be seen bounding along at full speed, so as to bring back help quickly to his mother. She had been to Solovétsk to pray to God for the use of her limbs, but it had not been His will to grant her prayer thus. Nevertheless she could say "Sláva Bóhu" (praise to God).

10.30 P.M.—A soft dreamy night. The full moon is reflected in the unruffled water of the calmly flowing river. On the forecastle deck, near the bows, the crew are enjoying their evening meal or saying their prayers. Each krestyánin (peasant) on deck has put on his woolly shúba (sheepskin coat), and lies down to sleep with head on baggage. As we speed along, the wash of our steamer lifts the Russian lódki (fishing-boats) near the shore, and on the high bank, against the sky line, we see figures of peasants who have come to see the parochód (steamer) pass by towing the bárka full of bogomól'tsy.

Whit-Tuesday.—At three o'clock this morning Gospodín Progarvín left us, going ashore to his dom (home) at Silézki. "Prossháite, Alexander Alfréditch, prossháite," he said with emotion, as he grasped my hand. We have a huge flat-bottomed boat trailing behind the rudder, and when a passenger goes ashore five rowers

and a helmsman man this lódka, and the passenger-steps in; his baggage is handed after him, and the sailors pull for the shore, within a few yards of which the steamer had been able to approach.

The long projecting prow and stern of the flat-bottomed boat form excellent gangways, and as Stefán Borísovitch steps ashore the five sailors run up the strand with his baggage, get "na tchái" (tea money), and jumping into the boat again, are soon back to the steamer. So we waved adieu to Gospodín Progárvin, and left him and his son from the Archangel Gymnasium (in military dress), looking out for a porter to carry their baggage. Then to sleep again, as it is so early, until we hear breakfast directions from our now sole fellow-traveller, pérvavo clássa (first-class), to Alexándr the steward, in which the words "Sopovár, seitchás, tchelovék, tchái, seitchás, Alexándr!" are prominent.

On this steamer there are four classes. Beginning with the lowest, there are deck passengers, who, like those on the bárka, pay very little; then third-class passengers, who have a large cabin in the stern, with a separate compartment for the women close to the rudder; then the second-class, who have similar accommodation forward, with the addition of cushions and a looking-glass; on deck we of the first-class have a saloon some fifteen feet long with windows all round, so that we can enjoy the scenery on all sides, and strollers on deck can and do flatten their noses against the glass and have a good stare at

us. In every cabin is an óbraz, in front of which the passengers always say their prayers and grace before and after meals. The óbraz turns every Russian room into a sanctuary.

When I go downstairs to wash in the lavatory I have to put my arms and head through a large port-hole and fill a big jug with brown water from the river Dviná, and then pour it into a basin. It is difficult to get water when we are travelling so quickly through it, and the jug would be carried away if it was not held tightly. The Russians are amply contented with the slight trickle which comes from a cylinder (Rukomóinik) with a small valve which you have great difficulty in opening or keeping open. The wall of this lavatory is decorated by mosquito corpses surrounded by a small splash of blood, for here they luxuriated on unprotected arms, &c., and had a specially good time at the hour of the tubbing of Alexander Alfréditch. They smelt the blood of an Englishman!

CHAPTER XIX.

ON THE MÁLAYA DVINA.

Fierce foes in the forest—Its loveliness described—The dresses of the Pilgrims—How the wood came down at Yágrush—Exercising my muscles—Interior of the bárka—At Uyst Kur'er—Pilgrims cooking—Clergymen's wives in Russia—Ol'ga Kírovna Summérskaya—Lídiya Pávlovna Yáblon-skaya—Evlámpiya Ivánovna Ivornínakaya—Salaries and lives of the Russian popes—A lovely sunset—Farewell to Nikolái Pávlovitch.

ABOUT eleven o'clock on Whit-Tuesday morning we stopped alongside a wood-stack on the edge of the forest, and the bogomól'tsy issued as usual from the bárka to carry wood on to the *Fillp Bulyshóv*. We jumped ashore, but speedily ran back, for the stinging, hungry mosquitoes were flying down on us in clouds. My komárnik (mosquito net), made by kind hands at Solombóla, was now invaluable, and protected thus, and with hands cased in thick leathern gloves, I went back boldly, to the amusement and envy of the komár-bitten bogomól'tsy.

Away into the forest, through the underwood and under the great pines, until the hum of luxuriant insect life drowned the distant whiz of the steam escaping

from the safety valves of our vessel. "There is much beauty in these woods," writes Henry Seeböhm in "Siberia in Europe." "Under foot spread a carpet of soft green moss and lichens, the thick moss predominating in the older and thicker parts of the forest, while the reindeer moss and the many-coloured lichens abounded in the younger and more open woods. Stray shrubs of arbutus and rhododendron, bushes of filberry, crowberry, cranberry, the fruit of which was preserved by seven months' frost, clumps of caricas and other vegetation decked the shady aisles. The monotony of the great fine forest was varied by the delicate hues of willow and alder thickets, by plantations of young pines and firs, by clumps of tall spruce and haggard old larches, while here and there a fine birch spread abroad its glossy foliage, or a gaunt Scotch fir extended wide its copper-coloured arms. All around lay strewn trunks and branches of timber, fallen or felled, in every stage of decomposition, from the hoary log, moss covered and turned to tinder, to the newly lopped branches of some lofty forest patriarch, whose magnificent boughs had been wantonly cut up to furnish firewood for Sidónov's steamer," p. 137. Listening to the cry of wild birds, and half hoping to hear the bark of the wolf, I wandered on, delighting in the solitude. Then I turned to go back to the steamer, and tramped along, slashing right and left with my heavy stick, wondering why I did not reach the river. A booming steam whistle sounded impatiently quite in a different direction.

"Surely there is another steamer coming down the river, which must wind tremendously."

Then I thought that perhaps after all the captain had changed his mind and determined not to stay an hour here as I had understood. I hurried forward in the direction from which the sound came, and soon saw an excited Russian pushing through the wood. It was one of the sailors sent out to search for me. He was delighted to find me, and when we came to the bank I saw every one on the steamer gazing fixedly at the edge of the forest. They all brightened up when I appeared; they evidently expected me to run, and not keep the steamer waiting any longer. These Russians are evidently amused when one endeavours to take things coolly.

In the afternoon we slackened speed and drew near the shore at Tóima, and here a dozen of our bogomól'tsy with their bundles left the bárka; some for villages hard by, some for a long tramp for many, many versts.

Some ordinary deck passengers come on board the steamer here and settle down, while Nikolái Pávlovitch and I are dining off "ryábtchik" (hazel grouse). The *Filip Bulshév* has several permanent families on board. On the starboard side the captain has his cabin, but no family; on the port side the pleasant-looking cheery young mate has his wife in his cabin; and down below, somewhere near the engines, the chief engineer has quite a nest of little ones and a wife also. These all spend their lives on the steamer, save when the river is frozen. Whenever we stop for fuel these ship's chil-

dren run with delight ashore and roll on the grass until driven to desperation by the wicked komary, who hunt them down without mercy.

YARGRUSH.

7 P.M.—We are now in the neighbourhood of Yargrush, and moor our steamer close up to the clay cliffs, on the top of which are the stacks of wood fuel. As usual, the bogomól'tsy have scaled the steep ascent in scores. Barefooted men, in blue trousers and fur caps; women with long leather boots and their husband's coats of grey frieze; women in red, with pocket-handkerchiefs over their heads, and bare feet; men in red shirts and bandaged legs and feet; men in their grandfather's dressing-gowns, and semi-monachs in short black cassock, broad leathern girdle, and Parsee hat.

With shouts they hurl ceaselessly down the cliffs of mud great blocks of wood, which they carry from stacks behind, and these come clattering down the cliff, raising clouds of dust and gathering in piles on the sand below, or wherever they can lodge. A daring sailor, who stands one-third of the way down clearing away the pieces that have stuck, is almost annihilated by an excited woman sending her block straight at him. One well-made Solovétak youth, of sixteen or seventeen summers, attracts my eye every time the steamer stops. He has a tall conical hat, with a broad band of fur above his forehead, covering part of his long flowing locks, long boots to his knees, a brown smock with a

red rubáshka (shirt) girded in at the waist underneath a broad leathern girdle, and a simple, honest face.

The others idle and stop to look at everything, but this youth ceaselessly labours on as if his getting home entirely depended upon his individual exertions, and even as if his getting to heaven depended also upon honest hard work. He must be a disciple of Lev Nikoláevitch.¹

Down on the beach a crowd of red-dressed peasant-women of the neighbourhood has collected, and two "popes," who quietly contemplate the scene. Behind us on the beach near the bárka some pilgrims have lit a fire on the shore and are cooking. The Dviná is here four versts wide, and its waters are calm and placid to-night, while some dark clouds threaten rain. As I sit writing on the paddle-box the engineer's wife looks on, smoking papiróy (cigarettes).

Now comes the command to descend from the cliffs and stow away the wood on board, and down the clay bank comes a stream of old and young bogomól'tay, all colours and sizes, leaving a score of red-frocked peasant-women from the village leaning on the railings above us. A fresh stack of wood is to be attached, and a number of pilgrims sent again up the cliff. I find it good exercise to hurl the blocks clear of the sloping clay cliff on to the strand. The bogomól'tay are greatly tickled at their new comrade, the Englishman.

He soon became satisfied, however, and stopped so

¹ The Russians thus naturally speak of Count Tolstói.

look round at Krasnobórsrk, with its dull houses and bright church. On board the *bárka* the aged and decrepit and tired pilgrims were sleeping or taking an evening meal. From the upper deck of this large vessel our steamer, the *Filip Bulýshóv*, looks like a small tug-boat. The *bárka* is an immense ark truly, more than 300 feet in length, I should think, and in breadth about 36 feet. I feel sure that on the three decks she could easily carry 1000 passengers, stowed as Russian bogomól'tsy are stowed.

In the darkness of the vast lowest hold scores of families were lying in sound sleep. On the main deck were the largest number, lying on the piles in which their luggage was arranged so as to leave two main gangways from end to end. From the low ceiling endless packages and baskets hung and swung, and on the floor crouched or reclined the owners.

Cleanliness is next to godliness, and the Dviná was only separated by some boards from the bogomól'tsy; it is *next*, however. Now and again a bucket is let down and hands and face are rinsed, and attempts at systematic insecticide made by some good lady examining an article of clothing assiduously. On the upper deck again are sleepers and eaters, and at the projecting deck of the ark we meet with a pilgrim whose feet had been lost through frost-bites.

Cooking on a fire cannot well go forward on the *bárka*, and so to enjoy the luxury of hot food an old Crimean veteran has landed with his wife and has rigged up a gipsy kitchen on shore. I look at the old

man's medals, and see "For service in 1853, 1854, 1855."

The mosquitoes here are terrible, and are persistent in their attentions until I don my net and gloves; always to the amusement of the peasants.

A boy is absorbed in watching me write, and wonders why I don't write plain intelligible Russian instead of English, which has such outlandish letters. I make this mál'tchik hold my ink-pot as I sit on the forecastle writing, and he is a very proud little Russian to-day.

Wednesday in Whit-Week.—After breakfast and a little reading I went down to the large cabin of the trétii (third) class and had some amusing talk with the ten jénsshiny (women), including three popad'yás (pope's wives). They were all very curious to know whether I had a popad'yá in England, and whether archieréi (bishops) had wives in my country, and whether svyasshénnikí (priests) or deacons could marry. "Do you not cross yourselves in your tsér'kov' (church); are there oórasd there? Is it made of stone or wood; how many popes are there at your tsér'kov'? What is your singing like?" I sang some of our hymns, and chanted to them a canticle.

As we were having "obéd" (dinner) the parochód stopped opposite the mouth of the Vytchégda Reká and near to the ostrová (islands). Nikolái Pávlovitch and I went to call on the family who keeps the stántsíya (posting establishment) in the village of Ust' Kur'ér, which consists of ten wooden houses, two vodka shops, and a stántsíya. Here we raised water from a well by

means of an Egyptian shaduf, a long pole with a heavy weight. The women-kind in the stántsia were sewing, and promptly departed from the sitting-room when we walked in, as if it was a sin to be seen; for Eastern ideas as to the sexes die hard in the interior of Russia. Two pretty little Russian boys, with fair sunburnt honest faces, won our hearts and gained a little present.

After some talk with the postmaster we returned to the "parochód," which lay beneath the high cliff of clay at the verge of the great Dviná, even at this point some four or five miles wide, though we are now some 300 miles from its mouth. The country beyond is flat and mostly covered with forest; here and there a tsér'kov' or a monastery stands out white against the prevailing green. To sit and watch the unwearying efforts of the bogomól'tsy as they carry the fuel on board is always interesting.

The double kaleidoscopic procession of patriarchal old pilgrims, girt and staved; stout damsels in great sapogi (high leather boots); patient-looking old women, with gown tacked up and kerchief on head; solemn-looking youths and merry boys, men and women in great long boots, women with bandaged legs and felt boots, women with bare feet and short skirts, women with plain faces and ugly, but all patient; men under fur caps, in shápkas, in battered felt hats, in round monk's mitre; men in blue coats, grey coats, or red, long-haired and dirty, honest-faced and patient. Like the water coming down at Lodore, these bogomól'tsy

hurrying and scurrying down the banks of the Dviná might exhaust all the adjectives in our vocabulary to describe a veritable cataract of humanity.

I sit down at the fireside with a group of bogomól'tsy, who have five pots boiling on pieces of wood. They tell me that two pots contain uohá (fish soup), two others ryba sushónaya, and in the last a káshia, tchórnyi chleb (black-rye bread) in water. One of the pilgrims, a happy-looking fellow, tells me, with a suggestive wink, that schiaps are very good, and I amuse them very much by disagreeing and telling them that I am one of the molokány (milk drinkers). They examine my shoes, and are astonished that they fasten with laces, theirs being all of the Wellington type. The whistle sounds; one after another they run off with their pairs to the bárka, saying with a smile, "Do svidániya." The Russian boy from the steamer proudly carries my pocket ink-bottle, and holds it as I take down notes. We cannot get any ryba (fish) on board, though we see fishermen constantly, and nets fastened on stakes out into the river.

6.30 P.M.—Junction of Vytechéda and Dviná. We are now at the most easterly point in our journey, being some 400 miles from its mouth and 48° east of Greenwich. At the junction is Nikólskaya tsérkov' and village. The church is white and handsome, and the wooden houses low in comparison, built of dark wood. Now we pass into the málaya (smaller) Dviná, leaving the broader Vytechéda to the east.

THREE CLERGYMEN'S WIVES.

At the suggestion of Nikolái Pávlovitch I send a formal invitation to the three popad'yás to tea in the saloon. As the reader is probably aware, no Russian clergyman is ordained to the priesthood until he is married. Often his ordination follows within a few days of his wedding. The bishop's consent is necessary to ensure a suitable match. Often the daughter of a previous parish priest is married by her father's successor, though this is less frequently the case now.

The three popad'yás arrived much delighted, and we politely waved them to seats, and soon the strings of their worthy tongues were unloosed. They were returning from a pilgrimage to Solovétsk, their good husbands having permitted them to be absent during this time. (In one case I imagine the consent was given promptly.)

Lídiya Pávlovna Yáblonskaya wrote her name in my birthday book with considerable difficulty, but the best of reasons prevented Evlámpiya Ivánovna Ivornínskaya and Ol'ga Kírovna Summérskaya from signing theirs also. Ol'ga was the daughter of a deacon. She was the best-looking of the three, and, knowing it, was rather inclined to be somewhat unreserved in manner. She was about thirty, and had one little boy—her "pópik" (little pope), whom she hoped to bring up in his father's profession.

Father Summérskii's church was near to Ustyúg.

Mátushka ("little mother," a friendly epithet often given to a country pope's wife) Ol'ga had put on the best dress she had with her, a brilliant blue, by which she thought she would honour this English pope and Nikolái Pávlovitch. She had also a gold ring and earrings, and was the only one of the three who had not spoilt her teeth by that abominable Russian practice of biting a piece of lump sugar every time she sipped her tea. She wanted to know whether my otéts (father) had been a svyashénnik (priest), whether I had a mat' (a mother), &c.

Then next to her sat Evlámpiya Ivánovna Ivornín-skaya, a middle-aged priest's wife, whose husband had a parish near to Ustyúg. She had a kerchief in colour suggestive of violet bound around her head, and a dress with a faded blue check. Her nose was sharp, and her teeth were decayed. Her eyes had once been bewitching, but troubles had made her face more than sad, in fact, pinched and cross.

I am afraid that Father Ivornínskii has had quarters of an hour at the vicarage occasionally. She had left a large family at home. Her sad face brightened up when I asked her to accept a present of an English penknife from me for one of her little boys, and a picture of our Queen to fasten up on the wooden walls of their vicarage.

Líliya Pávlovna (popad'yá No. 3) had a sadly sweet innocent-looking face of the Russian type, which lit up with pleasure when she was spoken to. She was somewhat plainly dressed, and wore a long black cloth jacket ;

a shawl of grey was bound over her head, she kept it there as if afraid of neuralgia. Being engaged on so long a journey, she wore remarkably heavy boots for a lady. It took several cups of tea to unloose her quiet tongue. All these ladies advised me, and Nikolái Pávlovitch seconded them, to make some Russian lady into a popad'yá, but I said I preferred to wait a little. I have since done what I could to oblige, and her name is Már'ya Yákovlevna.

Father Paul (Lidia's father) had given her to pope Yáblonskii when he left the academy and was ordained deacon and priest. Promotion had come, and they had only lately settled down at Vólogda. I was able to give them each a little present when the time came for them to leave, and as they bowed they shook hands and left us with "Spasíbo [lit. God save you], Do svidániya [*au revoir*], Alexándr Alfréditch."

During the recent famine the priests' families have suffered terribly, for they depend in the rural districts upon the offerings of the people, and at all times there is a painful haggling over the fees which should be paid at burials, benedictions of barns, marriages, &c.' Readers of Potapénko's delightful story, "A Russian Priest," will remember how the hero, the young pope Cyril, abolishes in his own pariah this system, and in consequence is reduced to semi-starvation. Madame Románoff's excellent work, "Rites and Ceremonies of the Greco-Russian Church," gives a true and homely insight into the lives of the village clergy, especially in the story of Román the reader.

It is too much the custom even in Russia to speak slightly of their clergy, and to consider any pay good enough for a country pope.

The vice-secretary of the Imperial Archæological Society of Moscow writes recently as to the parochial clergy of Russia (called white to distinguish them from the black clergy of the monastery):—

“ We have over 40,000 priests (the figures are from the last annual report of the Procurator of the Holy Synod), but only half of them have any appointed stipend, with a total of nearly 6,500,000 roubles. As that sum is not for the priests only, but also for the deacons and the sacristans, the average priest's stipend would be not over 240 roubles (£24). But those living among a dissident population (the western provinces) receive more (1000–2000 roubles), those of Central Russia less (some 60 roubles, £6 per year).

“ But the largest part of the Central Russia rural clergy has no appointed stipend at all. Their income is derived from two sources—(1.) A plot of land joined to the presbytery (instead of the 60 roubles, and for the deacon and the sacristan respectively); the plot is ordinarily not a large one, and while in Southern Russia it is greater, and the priests have sometimes several servants to labour in the field, the priests of Central Russia ordinarily labour *themselves* with their sons; their education is far higher than that of the peasants, but their work in their field does not much differ from the peasants. (2.) The contributions, chiefly voluntary, of the parishioners are the chief

income of the clergy. In favourable cases the total average income (land and contributions) of a rural priest is some 300 roubles.¹

"I do not enter here on the question how far the result of all that is bad or good, but I would only point to the fact that the income of our rural priests depends wholly on the condition of the peasants; or, as to the land, on the same conditions as the income of the peasants does—when the peasants have nothing the priest has nothing.

"After thirty-five years of work the priest receives^{as} pension 130 roubles per year, and a deacon 65 roubles. The families of deceased clergymen receive half.

"I think that we are very much indebted to our clergy. Not only are they the most moral class of our population (see figures in the suggestive book of J. Palimpsestof—*Za istinoo i pravedoo*—'For Truth and Justice,' Moscow); not only do they present—after being two hundred years abandoned by the upper classes of laymen—so many unknown, modest, self-sacrificing and blessed lives for the sake of their flocks, but to them we owe the only thing by which Russia is a great nation—the *Christian* faith of its peasantry.

"They have been hitherto misunderstood as well as ignored by too many who are far from the Church and its spirit, but they ought not to be misunderstood by the Christian people of the Christian churches."

Dr. Landsdell records a case in this neighbourhood where the priest of the parish and his deacon had

¹ A Rubl^e is about 2s.

joined the list of abstainers, and whose parish was a model to those around.

Now that we have come more than 500 miles from Archangel, we seem to be in a land where villages and izbás (cottages) are far less infrequent, and we are scarcely ever out of sight of a white church. As we travelled southward this evening we had a ruby sunset, glorifying everything save the dark fir-trees. The water towards the east was turned into blood.

The clayey western bank of this málaya Dviná glowed with a fierce red glow, and great stacks of wood, waiting for some steamer, seemed to be flaming with fire. Then in the calm waters on the starboard side the cliffs and trees were reflected so as to make a perfect inverted picture, which we could enjoy by craning our necks so as to see it the other way up.

The view from the bridge of the steamer was very striking. The image of the full moon rising over the pine-crowned cliff was seen again in the Dviná below, and the purple cloudlets were reflected as islands in the placid waters. But, looking aft, the great bárka towering behind the *Filip Bulshov* seemed to be drawn through a sea of burnished metal, the waves as they burst from her bows dashing away rapidly towards the shore—first orange, then molten steel, then like blood.

Far away over low land was the kolokol'nya of a white church, and between us and it we see a little boat belonging to some peasant floating in liquid gold, while on the other side the sparks showering from the

funnel flash quickly across the dark clouds like miniature meteors. The man is often in the bows, and frequently calls out now, "Odín-natsat', dévyat', devyat', vósem, dévyat'," &c., and the helmsman looks back to see if the waves are breaking behind us, for that is a sure sign that the stream is getting very shallow.

At half-past ten we see a church over the woods to the west, which Nikolái Pávlovitch tells me Gospodín Gribánoff, of the Máimax sawmills at Archangel, has erected at his own expense. On the east bank, surmounting an unusually high cliff with well-defined strata in red sandstone, is a picturesque white church dedicated to Savvátii, one of the *prepodobnye* (saints) of Solovétsk.

This evening (11 P.M.) there is something more like dusk than we have seen for a long time. We pass two steamers with port and starboard lights, and are startled by the picturesque sight of a plot (raft), with great fires burning at either end to warn unwary steamers. These fires glare and flicker and are reflected in the swift calm stream below, while dark skin-clad forms are seen behind looking at us over the flames.

Here the Dviná Reká ends. Dviná, of course, means dual or double river, for it is formed here of the Suchóna and the Yúg. We have yet hundreds of miles to travel up the tributary of the Dviná before our river journey ends, but the *Filip Bulyshév* is too large a vessel to navigate the higher reaches now that the summer has well begun and the water is falling.

"Malén'ko vody—malén'ko vody" (little water, little water), explained the first mate to me.

Thursday morning, June 16, 2.20 A.M.—We are approaching Ustyúg at a most uncomfortable hour, for though it is broad daylight, two in the morning is an unpleasant time to arrive in an unknown place. The view is most imposing as we come up the river. It seems to be a town of churches and kolokol'nyás (belfrys). I count twenty-seven of these when we are two versts away.

Once the churches were proportionate to the size of the town when it was on the English trade route. One wonders how they are kept up now. A sort of embankment of timber for a great distance here protects the sloping bank at a bend in the river. The captain of the *Filtz Bulyshóv*, standing on the bridge, turns solemnly towards the bows, and doffing his cap, crosses himself, and so do all the passengers, thanking God for having brought us thus far on our journey, with some, even to the end of their pilgrimage.

My pleasant companion, Nikolái Pávlovitch, bids me "Prossháite," and even says, "Spasíbo, Alexándr Alfréditch," thanking me for the pleasure he said my company had afforded him on the long journey. He and I shared expenses and messed together. For the four days we had together paid fifteen roubles and given two and a half in presents. Gospodín Spérin goes off in a tarantás in grand style with his effects. His home is at Nikól'skoi, sixty versts to the eastward, and he hopes to cover the distance

and be with his wife and children before nightfall. He was one of the many kind, honest-hearted friends I have in Russia. He only had one grudge against me, and that was that I did not join him at vódka. Total abstinence is not at all popular in Russia.

CHAPTER XX.

DAYS AT USTYÚG THE GREAT.

The Raskól—The Gostinnitsa—Insect life—Yásha the tchelovék—Dr. Landsdell at Ustyúg—Evening scenes—A drunken orator—Madame Románoff's friend—Father Cyril's advice—A four-post bell-stead—Eastern bazaars—St. Simeon's resting-place—St. John's monastery for women—In the forest—Bears and fires—Saturday evening.

USTYÚG is a stronghold of the Raskól, the schism of old dissidents who left the Orthodox Church when Nikon revised the office-books. The Raskól'niki objected to the purging away of the accretions of ages, and rather than use the books revised and compared with the Byzantine offices they were ready to suffer persecution and death. All modern customs were regarded as matters of the most awful apostasy.

"Where," asked a Patriarch of Moscow (when the customs of Peter the Great's court were spreading), "will those who shave their chins stand at the Last Day—among the righteous adorned with beards, or among the beardless heretics?"¹

They still survive to the present day, but now they are divided into the Old Ritualists (*stáro-obryádsy*), and

¹ Wallace's "Russia."

the Priestless (*bezpopóvtsy*). They number over some 7,000,000, while Protestant dissenters and others not belonging to the Church number about 3,000,000. Wallace has a most valuable chapter (chap. xx.) on this subject.

Vel'skii Ustyúg being the first place of real importance since our departure from Archangel, I was naturally pleased to pay it a visit. But I found the means of conveying myself and belongings into the town deplorably primitive. Some one called it a *droshki*, but it consisted of two planks, eight to ten feet long, nailed on to longitudinal poles, then fastened to the axles of two sets of little wheels. On these planks my luggage was placed, and then I sat sideways behind my box of books, endeavouring to keep it in its place as we jolted along the deeply rutted earthen road, drawn by a brisk little horse, careering along underneath a great *dugá* (horse-shoe-shaped yoke). I had been told that the *Gostínnitsa Rossiya* was unusually good — excellent, in fact. It turned out to be a *traktír* (a noisy drinking-house) with a few bedrooms upstairs. Engaging one of these, I determined to keep to myself, as there seemed no better place in the town.

I dusted the mattress, pillows, bedstead, and floor liberally with insect powder, for I had not been in the room long when its permanent occupants attacked me on all sides. A Russian hostelry in an unsophisticated provincial Russian town is a stage in advance of the Arab caravanserais, with which I am only too familiar, and a little behind the hotel of the British Columbian

mining encampment. In the Russian country inn you must supply everything but the walls, floor, and ceiling (you need bring no insects). It is well sometimes to be provided with a rat-trap. A few words by way of parenthesis as to insects. A friend who felt chilly on the river borrowed from a very kind peasant his woolly shúba. Ten minutes after a herd of reindeer was galloping down his back, and a pack of fierce wolves careering about in his underclothing. He wished he had never put on that skin coat. It took some days to hunt all these wild things out.

The Russian peasants are sometimes very lively; and if you stand shoulder to shoulder with them in their churches, or sit beside them on the steamer, you come to the conclusion that some parts of Russia are not so thinly populated after all.

In such a Russian gostínnitsa as I am describing it is quite usual for the traveller to supply his bedding and his food. Though I despatched a good deal of my luggage home from Archangel by sea, I still had sufficient to give an excuse to officials to surcharge me, but I had the consolation of many comforts—extra wraps, provisions from Archangel, plenty of clean linen, and a small library of useful books, which I made good use of in my days of waiting.

There is, of course, no bell in an ordinary Russian inn. You roar from your bed or your toilet for the tchelovék (waiter, literally "man"). I did not know the youth's name who had shown me to my bedroom, but I shouted with all my might "Vanyúsha!" and

when he arrived added, "Skachá, scitchás." His name, however, was not Ivas (John), but Yákov (Jacob), or in familiar parlance, "Yásha."

I had not been in the house half-an-hour before my passport was demanded. In remote places in the interior a Russian travelling passport is advisable as well as the English passport, for the officials cannot read any language but Russian, if they read at all. I was shadowed for a while by a member of the third section (the secret police), and one day, owing to a squeaking door, I had a little joke at his expense.

He sat in the drinking-room, and each time I came downstairs and pushing open a certain squeaking glass-door at their foot passed into the street, he put down his pot and newspaper and followed me. So on one occasion I clattered downstairs, pushed open the door, and let it slam noisily, but remained inside it in a dark corner, while he passed hurriedly out. Not seeing me, he set off quickly round the first corner, but I preferred the opposite direction, and walked alone that afternoon.

"Ustyúg was a town of such importance in the days of the great Peter that he surnamed it Ustyúg 'the Great.' Through it passed the bulk of the commerce between Archangel and Moscow, as well as furs from Siberia and silks and tea from China. Its markets flourished, and rich merchants vied with each other in building sumptuous churches.

"Now the routes of commerce have changed and the glory of Ustyúg has departed. Its twenty churches indeed remain, and give the town an imposing appear-

ance when approached from the river, but its partially closed shops and diminished inhabitants remind one of a shrunken man who has fallen away from his clothes. To the traveller, however, Velskii-Ustyúg or Ustyúg the Great presents a fair specimen of a Russian town in the interior. There is a bazaar, though many of the shops therein are opened only on Sundays and fair days, and there are a few mercantile firms of considerable pretensions. The town boasts also of a hotel, some factories, a prison, and a hospital.

"The roads are unpaved, though for foot-passengers boards are laid, from which in wet weather one slips at the cost of sinking deep in mud and, to say the least, of losing his goloshes; whilst during certain months in the year the carriage-folk drive on low-seated cars, as their fathers did before them, with the slime of the streets up to the axles. There appeared to be no lack of drinking-shops, and so little is drunkenness judged to be either sin or shame, that some of the publicans in Ustyúg actually place over their doors pictures of drunken men."

So writes Dr. Landsdell on the journey he took in 1878, when he distributed Bibles in Northern Russia. I have carefully studied the journals of the early travellers and merchants from England who were constantly passing through Ustyúg, but in Hakluyt or anywhere on the shelves of our Royal Geographical Library I find very little of interest concerning Ustyúg-Velskii. The reader must forgive me then for giving chiefly my personal observations

extracted from the diary of my sojourn in this city, which lies as far east as Nineveh.

As I write near my window I see bands of our Solovétskie bogomól'tsy below setting off on their long tramps homewards, each equipped with a long staff, both men and women. They carry many of their chattels fastened at their girdles, specially the *borack*, that useful water-tight birch-bark cylinder. The great bundles with which they are laden on back and breast will grow heavy in the hot sun. God be with you, devout, patient brethren, serving your Master as best you know how.

10 P.M.—The sobór (cathedral) bell has just rung out the hour of ten from the kolokol'nyá, and the sun is actually setting now behind the pine-woods. This seems strange after the perpetual daylight of late, but I am now 500 miles south of Archangel, and about 800 from the Arctic Circle.

From the window of my room at the top of the hotel I look down on the wooden and metal roofs of this town of timber houses. Immediately below is one of the main streets, the roadway of which is ordinary earth and the sidewalks constructed of planks. Along this road occasionally tear *telégas*, *tarantásy*, *dróshkis*, &c., and on the plank sidewalks re-echoes the heavy tread of the *sapogí-shod kres-t'yánin*. Against the sky line is to be seen the watch-tower for giving the alarm for fire, and round it incessantly paces the long-coated Russian, who looks down on the old wooden town beneath him. This

little town has some twenty-seven churches, but its drunkenness is dreadful.

11.45 P.M.—Attracted by the sounds of music, I open my window again and lean out to look on the town at midnight. The streets are quiet enough, but at a little distance across the road is the brilliantly lighted upper chamber of a *traktír*, where a string band is playing waltz music. The white churches all stand out clear and bright in this twilight, the great bells hanging in the open *kolokol'nyás*, and the golden and green domes surmounted by their chain of festooned crosses all pointing upwards into the starlit expanse.

The police in the larger towns differ somewhat from the country police. In the town there is a police-master (*politsméister*) in command, with a *tchástnyi prístav*, and a *kvartál'ny* under him. The *gorodovói*, or ordinary town policeman, is often a retired soldier. He is in military costume, and bears a sword.

The *dvórník*, or house-porter, is responsible by day and night to the police for the safety of his charge, and must report any suspicious or political circumstances as to his employers, for, although paid by them, he is practically a member of the police.

The *isprávník* is the head of the police district in the country. Two *stanovóis* carry out his instructions with the help of their sergeant (*sótskii*) in each district, while they have in each village the *desyátskii*, who is merely distinguished by his brass badge and walking-stick. He is a village *mujík*, drawn by lot to act as constable.

The gendarmes are quite independent of the regulations applying to these. They are in direct communication with government, and can be sent to any part of the empire. We always see a couple at the railway station in the provinces upon the arrival of a train. They take a keen interest in passports, and especially upon the frontier.

The secret police is the third division of the Imperial Chancellerie.

On my second day at Ustyúg, at midday, I note down a scene from my window: A mujík is staggering all over the road. He comes along very slowly, as if fighting against a gale of wind which occasionally seems to take him back a step or two. He is wildly waving his arms and holding forth on political subjects. The sun is very hot, and at last he gives in and sinks gracefully to the earth, letting himself down with one hand. He continues his oration, addressing his remarks to the occupants of a shop opposite which he has settled; thus becoming a nuisance, a gorodvói (policeman) is sent for, who roughly lifts him up and gives him a push, sending him staggering. The mujík draws himself up with disgust, and, slapping his heart, defies all the armies of the Tsar. He is very near going off to prison when a comrade soothes him by coming up and patting him on the back, and telling him he is a molodéts (a good sort of fellow), &c., succeeds in leading him home.

"Until 1863," says Madame Románoff, "the manufacture of vódka was not allowed to all persons, and

its sale was limited to the few who were rich enough to purchase the privilege of retailing it. At the present time the price of intoxicating liquors of all kinds has become much lower, and the number of *kabáks* or small taverns has increased to an astonishing degree. Here, where we have 20,000 inhabitants, there are upwards of ninety *kabáks*, and in every tiny hamlet in the neighbourhood you are sure to see one, if not two or more log-huts with the inscription over the door, 'Sale of wine on the premises or to be carried home. *Kuptsá* (merchant) so-and-so.'

"In the days of Noah," said a patriarchal old man, "it was just the same as it is now;" and he pointed with the long staff on which he was leaning, looking like Noah himself, to a basket-cart full of tipsy workmen, who were driving past at a furious rate and singing in drunken falsettos at the top of their voices. "The Bible says so," he continued, evidently supposing that the Scriptures were utterly unknown to English people. The assurance with which he spoke awakened my curiosity, and I encouraged him to go on.

"Twenty years, *audárynya*, did Noah preach to the people, but nothing could induce them to give up *vódka*. And when the Lord sent the mighty deluge they climbed up into the pine-trees with *shtóffs* (quarts) and *pol-shtóffs* (pints) in their bosoms, and drank there until the waters reached them; and so shall it be again."

In the villages of Russia there is a species of local option. The *Mir*, or gathering of the heads of the

houses, has a right to grant a license to a tavern and withdraw it. A sum of money is generally contributed to the communal fund by the proprietor. This acts as an additional reason for granting it, beyond the love of the drink and company.

It would be interesting to know how far the sufferings during the recent time of famine have their origin in the drinking habits of many of the peasants. Poverty and drink go hand in hand. A splendid finale in Potapénko's story¹ makes the faithful parish priest thus address his flock as they thank him for his self-denying efforts in time of famine:—

"Listen to me, my friends! God has visited you for your sins, but who among us can say that he will not sin again in the future, and thus incur another visitation? Such a calamity may occur again and find you unprepared for it. So listen to me, now that your hearts are purified by affliction: swear that you will never drink more than you ought, and that the money which you would have spent in this vodka will be put into a common fund for mutual assistance against an evil day."

"We will!" answered voices from the crowd. "We will close the public-house, and make an agreement."

"No, no!" said Cyril. "An agreement may always be broken. Close the public-house, and you will then have to go thirty versts for vodka; no agreements are required. You give me your promise now on the spot. Do you promise?"

¹ "A Russian Priest." Translated by W. Gausson. T. Fisher Unwin.

"We promise!" thundered the crowd like one man.

It is said that one of the tavern-keepers at Ustyúg hangs out, as an inducement, a picture of a man thoroughly intoxicated. I do not think that any "counterfeit presentment" is needed where the real thing is perpetually presented to one's eyes.

But the poor bogomól'tsy are not drunken with wine, wherein is excess, but devout, earnest-faced, religious folk. They linger near the Dviná with longing eyes, waiting for the steamer which is to bear them to Vólogda. While I at night comfortably sleep above layers of insect powder, they lie in the open air at the river-side, with only the advantage of that lovely scene over the calm waters of the broad mighty stream, where the serene sky is reflected and the great white churches are seen as in another land, with pinnacles hanging downwards.

One family of bogomól'tsy I have just seen settling down for the night in a temporary kolokol'nyá (belfry) or scaffold, consisting of an open four-posted wooden shed, underneath which the great bells were hung while the church was rebuilding. The pilgrims gave a timid look upwards at the mighty bells some two feet above their heads, wondering if in the night they would fall and crush them, and then they all turned round dogwise and composed themselves to sleep. Familiar faces are beginning to gather at the parochód landing, and among them the man who lost his feet and keeps bravely going on his knees, his shin-bones being done up in brass.

Ustyúg was famous for its steel in the sixteenth century, and sprang into great importance when all the English commerce passed through it after Chancellor's arrival and the Tsar's charter given to the Russian company.

Friday, 1st June.—Round about Ustyúg I walked for about three hours, circumambulating and inspecting the city. First westward, past the white Church of the Transfiguration with its green roofs and on its walls a bold coloured picture of our Lord on the Mount of Transfiguration, with Elijah and Moses, while Peter, James, and John are below. Then northwards among the wooden houses, along the blacksmiths' street, where all who work with fire have their smithies together so as to lessen the risk of conflagrations, and past the stalls of bread-sellers in the market-place. As in Stamboul, Kairwán, and Tripoli, and other Eastern towns, shops of the same kind are often all together.

On the Dviná banks is St. Simeon's Tser'kóv', the church of SS. Peter and Paul and St. Varvára. There is the great procopia, where the shrine of its founder is shown, and pilgrims lay some of their last few kopecks on the saintly breast. In the church evensong is going forward, the acting ponomar' (reader) being a choir boy. The priest was at the bema most of the time, praying silently within the iconostás, and the deacon occasionally coming forth, made the empty building vibrate with the sonorous profundity of his voice. Many bogomól'tsy were kneeling in prayer, and one monáchinya (female monk), in her black

habit, knelt also. These Russian nuns, when fully vested, are never less than fifty years of age. Their black helmet-like head-dress is very weird, and their faces often plaintive and sad. The novitiates and the young scholars of the convent are all in black; their singing is sweet, and their faces often pure and beautiful.

Along the river-bank again I wander, past praams and rafts and piles of wood for the parochóds, and rafts of steamer wood kept together in frames, and watch a floating ferry, with horses and carts, travelling along a chain lying in the river bed. Then on past a pretty church and churchyard planted with fragrant trees, and a quaint staircase of twenty-four steps under cover leading up to the summer church.

Every church in North Russia is built in two stories, the upper story of which is used as a summer church and the lower and warmer one in winter time.

On for a mile into the country, and back by another road into the town, passing many white goats, who roam at large in the town, and at night lie on the door-steps and bleat. A delightfully sylvan enclosure in the town attracted me, and I roamed in this small park, with its great shady trees and refreshingly luxurious grass, and sat and read and thought.

Sat. 4 June. Still in Ustyúg.—At the sobór this morning I attended the divine liturgy, and afterwards went to the chapel of St. Simon Petchénaski's shrine, where seven tiny children communicated. "If the Sacrament of Baptism be effectually received by

unconscious infants," the Russian says, "then why not the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper?"

In the afternoon I had a long walk, first making another attempt to enter the nunnery of St. John Petchénskii, where a woman rings the bells up in the kolokol'nyá. The monastery of St. John is one of the finest and most commanding buildings in Ustyúg; standing on the brow of a hill, and facing the Dviná, it looks down a wide street. Through a great pictorial gate we find our way into a large quadrangle, in the centre of which is the church. Round the quadrangle are the rooms of the nuns, the trápeza, &c. I went in through the gates, and, finding the summer church open, went up the long flight of steps and found three Russian nuns (novitiates) in black habit with strange caps.

I explained to the monáchini that I wished to see over the monastery, and told them I had been to Solovétsk, at which they were much interested. A very stout-looking and dragon-like lady superior arrived, and could not accede to my request to see the trapeza (dining-hall), &c. She thought that my short coat clearly pointed me out as being a heretic. How could I be a pope and have no beard? So she left me, and I walked round the great church, where the nuns meet at 3 A.M., at 6 A.M., and in the afternoon. They have two chaplains, who are of the white clergy (secular), and so are married, but the nuns form the choir and officiate as readers.

I again enjoyed a good stretch out into the country,

passing through a quaint village of dark timber houses ; some with insecure foundations were leaning over at a fearful angle. Long-legged Russian pigs, with attenuated pointed snouts and strange beards and manes, and a generally hairy appearance, were fraternising with white long-horned goats.

There were boys in loose calico trousers rushing to inform their kinsfolk and acquaintances of the foreign creature at large in their village, and long-bearded mujiki leaving their work, and dirty jénsshiny (women) flying to the windows in time to see one of the Anglitcháne laugh at them and salute them with "Zdrávstvuite," whereupon the ice was broken, and their wrinkled sunburnt faces wreathed in smiles. Along the road or cart-track until it led into the deep forest ; on and on into its solitude, listening to its varying sounds and watching the great hawk floating overhead, and wondering how one would feel if one stirred up a hungry brown bear or a mad wolf with cruel fangs.

On one occasion, when I was tramping with a young Chinook Indian up in the British Columbian mountains, I once received a shock by coming across a bear's fresh trail, for I had only a thick stick, not being fond of taking life ; I promptly remembered all the awful yarns of grizzlies the trappers had told me, and the dangers of meeting "Old Ephraim" or his missus with the young 'uns out on the war-path.

"Isaac," I said to the young church Indian, "do you think we shall have to run for it ? We have only got sticks."

"No, master, him not Boss Bear, him like berries mostwise, and he'll *git* if he smells us."

There are no grizzlies in Northern Russia, and the brown bear does not usually want to fight. I once had charge of a young Russian bear for a time. He was called Michael, and a funnier friend we could not have. How he delighted us, running up and down ladders just like a human being. When a peasant is out chopping wood and comes across fresh "spoor," he makes a great circle, and if he does not again cross the bear's track he makes a smaller, and still a smaller, till he is sure he is not far from the bear, and then he goes off for his friends, or if any sportsmen are near, he tells to them the secret. So I walked on through the deep forest.

Birch and fir, fir and birch, these are the constituents of all North Russian forests, to be filled in with occasional underwood. What a blaze there must be in the autumn when these forests catch fire, as they do sometimes. What a mighty flame will lick up these resinous trees until the thick columns of smoke can be seen for miles as in British Columbia. Coming back from the forest I had another lovely view, looking down on the town of churches (twenty-seven in and around this small town). A landscape all of green—green trees and fields traversed by the smooth river—and then the eye lights on the city, crowned with pinnacle and minaret. The strange bulbs and stalks shooting up in the air, white, green, or gold. Coming back into the town, I attended portions of the first service of Trinity Sunday, held

on Saturday at four different churches along the river. It being the eve of the Trinity festival, there were many at church this evening. The church floors and steps were covered with branches of fir. At six o'clock nearly all the twenty-seven churches rang their great bells and little bells, and one could imagine that one was in some great town like London, the effect was so imposing.

The Saturday evening service in Russia is one of the best attended in the week. The early Christian worshipped on the Sabbath (Saturday), as do the Jews and the seventh day Baptists still. "The evening and the morning were the first day." So according to the old reckoning Saturday evening is Sunday. One of the chaplains of our Church in Russia has in his flock some Russians who have married into English families and worship in the English church. He has the first Sunday service always on Saturday evening, and none on Sunday evening. It is well attended, he told me, by his people, and fits in with local customs.

The parochial, I found, was to sail at 10 P.M. Accompanied by "Yasha" I left the Gostinnitsa Rossiya, which I found moderate in its charges, for a Russian hostelry. I had not to pay for the Klopý.

In my room, No. 2 Gostinnitsa Rossiya, there was a curious icon. I got up on a chair to examine the sacred picture, and discovered through the dirt of years an old coloured engraving from England, probably dating back to 1700. It was a representation of the interview recorded in St. John iii., and I could just

make out through the dirt the words in English, "Christ teacheth Nicodemus the necessity of regeneration" (Carrington Brookes, *excudit*). It was probably brought by one of the merchants from England, or by some Russian trader who had visited the distant shores of Britain, travelling *vid* Archangel.

CHAPTER XXI.

A SLEEPING SERVANT OF GOD.

An early funeral—The service in church—The shape of the coffin—The pall—Exposure of the face—The officiating clergy—The everlasting remembrance—A dead man's speech—His prayer—The passport theory—Procession to the cemetery—Strange scene in the streets—At the grave-side—The committal—The absolution of Nicholas—Honey for consolation—A stranger's presence commented upon.

THE bells tolled out one morning during my stay at Ustyúg, and in the chief church of the town a solemn funeral liturgy was commencing. A citizen of middle rank, but well known by all, had died a few days before, and this was the day when the rites of the Church were to be performed. It gave me, as it will give the reader, an opportunity of carefully following the lengthy but impressive and beautiful service both in the church and at the grave-side. It was six o'clock in the morning when it commenced, and it was nearly three hours later when I came back from the kládbisáhe (cemetery), ravenous and ready for my breakfast.

On entering the sobór (chief church) I found that the service was in the summer church, up the steep flight of stone steps. Passing through the narthex (the

space cut off at the west end), I found the coffin in the centre of the church. Except in Northern Russia it generally remains in the narthex. The coffin stood on a low four-legged stand in front of the iconostás.

A Russian coffin is quite different in shape to those we see in England, and I should think it would be more easily constructed. From the foot it widens to the head without any bend. The lid is made with sloping side, so as to rise considerably above the coffin, which in its turn is made almost as shallow as the lid; the two together equally form the whole coffin. The coffin was painted a light brown, and on the lid in the centre a large Russian cross was painted in black, and on either slope of the lid the spear and the reed with the sponge. Often the first part of the service is held in the house, but when that cannot be done the whole is held in the church.

Nikolái Ivánovitch, who was lying in the open coffin, was a man of about fifty-eight, of the working class. His face was exposed. There were about a dozen or fourteen mourners, including his wife, a very stout woman.

At the beginning of the service the lid of the coffin was taken off, and over the body lay a printed cotton pall with the Russian cross and the initial letters of "Jesus Christ the conqueror," stamped on it in blue. Then over the lower part of the coffin was laid a bright amber pall with gold thread embroidery. The first pall is now turned down from the face and below the hands, which lie crossed on the

heart. A fillet or crown of printed cotton is round the head bearing the words, "Holy, holy, holy." Flowers are placed in the coffin, filling up the wide part, and cotton wool is placed over the lower part of the face, so that really very little is seen. Underneath the head of the coffin is placed a jar of incense, from which continually rises a thick cloud, a wise proceeding also from a sanitary point of view.

But now as to the service. Five clergy, a reader, and a choir of five are engaged in the service. The clergy are: (1) The proto-póp; (2) pope; (3) proto-diácon; (4) diácon; and (5) ponomár' (reader). The proto-pope wore his violet velvet kamilávka (brimless hat given for distinction) and gorgeous cape; the second priest without a hat, but in gorgeous cape; first deacon in black cotton velvet robes, with stole on left shoulder; second deacon a bright robe, ponomar' in black cape.

They went through the liturgy (communion service) as on other days up to a certain part, and two pretty little children, a tiny boy of three, with close-cropped light hair and pink little clothes, and his little sister of four, also closely cropped, took part in the service. They had been brought by their mother, and they alone communicated—not the mother. These little children had nothing to do with Nikolái Ivánovitch lying in his coffin; they had only come to the celebration, into which the funeral service is interwoven. A contrast indeed! The little ones learning to cross themselves, the dead man for the last time in the presence of the rites of his Church.

The choir, though small, sang very sweetly and with touching plaintiveness, "Lord, have mercy on him," repeated often, but the last time like a beseeching cry of an agonised heart, and then "the everlasting remembrance." The service lasted about two hours. Then the clergy stood round the coffin for special prayers; finally, bowing to the body and signing it with the cross, they passed within the screen, and then all the mourners came up to the coffin and *kissed* the body. The deep-voiced proto-deacon, on behalf of the "sleeping servant of God," read

The Dead Man's Speech.

"Brethren, friends, kinsmen, and acquaintances, view me here lying speechless, breathless, and lament. But yesterday we conversed together.

"The awful hour of death hath now overtaken me.

"Come near, all who are bound to me by affection, and with a last kiss pronounce the farewell.

"No longer shall I sojourn among you, no longer bear a part in your discourse.

"To the Judge I go who is no respecter of persons; the master and the slave, the sovereign and the subject, the rich and the poor, all are alike before Him, and according to their deeds shall they be put to shame or rewarded.

"Therefore let me entreat and beseech you all to pray earnestly unto Christ our God that I may not be tormented with the wicked according to my sins, but be received into the light of life."

Before leaving the church a special prayer was read by one of the priests, a prayer supposed to be prayed by Nikolái Ivánovitch, confessing his sins to God, and humbly craving forgiveness. This prayer was printed on a large sheet of paper in Slavonic characters. After it had been read it was folded up and placed in the fingers of Nikolái's right hand. This prayer is so beautiful that I cannot refrain from giving it here in full. (This is the origin of the "passport to heaven" theory which some visitors to Russia write of.)

The Prayer of Nicolai, the sleeping Servant of God.

"O Thou, the Creator and Preserver of all, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, in three persons but one Godhead, substance, and essence; who art incessantly praised by all creatures; who by Thy holy will, foreknowledge, immeasurable goodness, and inexpressible wisdom didst create all things visible in this world; Thou didst create me also, Thy servant Nikolái, to glorify Thee, O Lord my God, to celebrate Thy holy name, gratefully to thank Thee for Thy mercy, and to endeavour by all virtues to attain Thine everlasting kingdom.

"But, O Divine Trinity, I have sinned against Thee; I have offended Thy holiness, I have broken Thy commandments during my life, and have not preserved as I ought Thy image and likeness existing within me. I have defiled my soul and body by all manner of sins, and by wicked actions have moved Thee to wrath. But though I have been deceived by the vanities of

the world, yet, O Lord, have I not cast myself wholly from Thee, my Creator, my Life, my Joy, my Salvation and Hope.

"And now, my life being limited by Thy power, I willingly resign it; my soul separates itself from my corruptible body, which, when it seemeth good unto Thee, shall with this body rise again to life immortal, which I hope for from Thy goodness and mercy, according to the faith of our holy religion, and because Thou didst suffer for our salvation.

"I am terrified with fear lest the torments of the wicked should be inflicted upon me for the sins I have committed against Thee; wherefore, oh, immortal King and my God, I pray unto Thee with my latest breath that Thou wouldst forgive all my sins from my youth up until now, for Thou art my God and my Creator. I believe in Thee; I hope in Thee; by Thy righteous judgment save me, O Lord, and vouchsafe unto me Thy heavenly kingdom.

"Thou, O Jesus Christ, didst become man for our sakes; grant that we may be delivered from suffering and sin. By Thy grace I was born and educated in the Orthodox Christian faith, and in the wisdom of the only Holy Eastern Church. I beseech Thee, O Lord, judge me according to this Christian faith and not according to my works. By this faith of the Holy Church, and of all Orthodox Christians who are gone before, I earnestly beg for mercy, forgiveness, and remission of all my offences, whether by word or deed committed.

"And with this my faith, in the presence of the ever-virgin Mary, the Mother of God, and of all holy saints who are acceptable unto Thee, and through the prayers of the Church I come unto Thee, O Lord, nothing doubting. And at the separation of my soul from my body I beseech Thee, O Lord, to receive my spirit into Thine hands; and, according to Thy mercy, to admit me into the Evangelical Beatitude for ever and ever. Amen."

All the mourners and clergy had so far been holding lighted tapers in their right hands. Now these were blown out, and every one prepared to journey to the graveyard. This is the order of the procession as it descended the steep church steps and passed out into the market-place, where every one in the streets uncovered his head:—

1. A boy carrying the *óbráz* of Nikolái Ivánovitch.
2. A man carrying on head the coffin lid, covered with the church pall.
3. The choir of four men and a boy singing the *trisagion* (Holy, holy, holy), &c.
4. One of the deacons, preceded by two readers.
5. The *protoieréi*, with staff of office.
6. The coffin, open, with face uncovered and the hands holding the printed prayer.

The coffin is borne of five: two near the foot, with pink linen shoulder-bands; two bearers at either side of the head, with the same bands; and the fifth assisting behind, bearing some of the weight by placing his hands under the coffin.

7. The mourners, who walk through the town, but afterwards get into five dróshkis, which follow each of the izvósshiki with bared head.

Every one turns out as the funeral procession passes ; at every window faces are seen, and every one runs from his work and comes down the side street. Every shápka goes off, and all strain their eyes to obtain a glimpse of the dead man's features, and as they catch a glimpse of his exposed face they make a bow to it. It made the tears come into my eyes as I saw the intense feeling which seemed to possess every one, for Nikolái was well known. I am told that even in the depths of winter every one uncovers, and that priest and people walk with bare heads to the distant graveyard.

As I accompanied the procession, I also had to walk for about a mile without my hat. I call it a procession, but we are apt to think of something dignified when we use that word. But the funeral procession was here a somewhat undignified scramble, depending chiefly upon the speed into which the boy who carries the picture in front could be goaded. Every one pushed forward at top speed, and the aged pope soon gave up the attempt, and mounted a dróshki. I wondered how the bearers kept it up.

Passing the monastery of St. John for women, at last we come to the graveyard on the edge of the suburbs, just where the country commenced. I could not help thinking for a moment of the last time I entered a Russian cemetery, when I sought the resting-place of

a fellow-countryman and a near relative, and found it among the graves of strangers in a quiet resting-place above the Sea of Azov. Here at Vel'kii Ustyúg it is not so quiet, and there are not the luxuriant shady green trees of the Taganrógskii graveyard.

We went straight to the grave. Before the lid was placed on the coffin a little oil, left over when he was anointed at the office of Extreme Unction, was poured upon Nikolái Ivánovitch. The priest also, with a diminutive spade, placed some soil upon the oil, saying, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." Each one took a last look; the lid was placed on loosely and attached with string, and then lowered about seven feet into the grave.

The priest threw three shovels-full of earth upon the coffin, saying, "O our Saviour, let the soul of Thy servant rest with the spirits of just men made perfect, and keep him in everlasting remembrance," and the choir sang again sweetly the "Everlasting remembrance." The wife and all the mourners then in turn threw on three spades-full of earth. Before we left the graveside and went into the church the proto-pope read the prayer of absolution over Nikolái's grave.

The Absolution of the Sleeping One.

"O most blessed Lord God, our Creator, who by the grace of Thy Holy Spirit hast vouchsafed unto me, Sergius, this order of the Priesthood, and to be a Minister of the New Testament of Thy Holy Mysteries,

instituted for the salvation and everlasting hope of the heavenly life given to all faithful people ; behold, O Lord, this Thy servant Nikolái has reached the limits prescribed by Thee : in whatsoever, as man, during his life from his youth up to the separation of his soul and body, he hath sinned wilfully or unwillingly by profane and impure thoughts by his mental or corporeal faculties ; or through ignorance hath incurred a curse, or through forgetfulness hath omitted to confess any sin to his spiritual father, or is bound by any other tie, forgive him, O Lord, Thou lover of mankind, and absolve him from all his sins through Thy great mercy.

“ Behold Thy servants in the Priesthood and Thy religious people, his relations and friends, who have brought his body hither and now stand before his grave, implore Thee for the forgiveness of his sins and for the repose of his soul, and I, Thine unworthy servant, through the power given me to absolve and forgive, do ecclesiastically and spiritually forgive and absolve him from all his sins.

“ Do Thou, O Lord most mighty, the King of all, grant Thy heavenly kingdom to this departed soul, and by Thy blessed evangelic voice unite it again to this body in Thy eternal joy, according to Thy great mercy, through the intercession of our sovereign lady, the Mother of God and ever-virgin Mary, and of all saints. Amen.”

In the cemetery church a short service was now held, and all partook of some honey out of a small glass utensil, typical of consolation. Having my translations

of the office-books with me, I followed the service very closely, and am able to give, with the aid of King's ponderous tome, that which I have quoted.

A choir-man was much interested in me, and could not understand why I should attend the funeral of a citizen of Ustyúg.

"Surely you are not a relation of the family of the buried one?" he said to me at the grave-side.

No, I was only a brother in the great family of humanity, and interested to see how these Christians in the East laid in mother earth the body of one of their "Orthodox."

CHAPTER XXII.

UP THE SÚCHONA RIVER.

Leaving Ustyúg—Romantic sounds and sights—An Archimandrite's farewell—Materialisation—Trinity Sunday—Bible reading in Russia—Village festivals—Conversations in broken Russian—Midnight in the forest—A chill—Tot'ma—Gierst and the *Délo*—Feodosiev Monastery—The last of the 1128 versts on the river.

MOST interesting is the study of life on a long river voyage in Russia. I trust the reader will be willing to embark again with me and continue the Moscow-wards journey up the *Súchona* (pron. *Súchona*), the most southerly tributary of the Northern Dviná.

"Excellency" (Barin), and a smiling pilgrim to me as I strolled along the river bank, "they say the parochód will take us all away this night, if God so wills."

I was not sorry to hear that our stay at Ustyúg was drawing to an end, and the little steamer had arrived from Vólogda which was to liberate us.

I determined, when I found what the fares were, to have a little cabin to myself, where I could retire and read and write without interruption. The key was handed to me, and on entering I found a pair of long boots protruding from under the bed. I summoned

the steward, and he hauled heavily, and brought out both the sapogí and their owner. Then I was installed in full possession.

Friend Yákov saw me off at the parochód. It was a night of rosy clearness on land and water. Our departure from Ustyúg was somewhat romantic. About fifty or sixty *mondchíni* (nuns) came to bid farewell to their lady abbess, who was leaving them to go to another monastery. The nuns, old and young, crowd the poop of the Noah's ark which we are to tow behind us, and which lies now between the steamer *Súchona* and the quay.

They raise a sweet hymn, which brings tears into my eyes. Sweet and subdued, not easily to be forgotten, their voices were as the voices of angels. The farewell also had its ludicrous side. The nuns were packed on the deck as thick as standing corn. When the dowdy grey-headed Igúmen'ya toddles forward from her cabin to say farewell and give her blessing, they all endeavour to prostrate themselves, or at all events to bow so low as to touch their toes with their fingers. In doing this each rank comes in unpleasant contact with the rank behind, and some are nearly pushed into the *Súchona* river. They seem much affected, and the Igúmen'ya, waving her little fat hands, tells them all to go home, but they plead to stay until the steamer moves off. Some of the younger *mondchíni* look as if they enjoyed the fun of being out so late this summer evening. They are really "novices," as there are no fully admitted nuns under

forty years of age in the Russian Church. Then on board we had the archimandrite of one of the monasteries, with five or six attendant priests.

After the steamer had started, the "religious," with some of the passengers, stood in half-circle round the *óbráz* (amidship and under the bridge) and chanted an evening akáfist and the molében for travellers in a very solemn manner. So we glided away from the city of churches, more romantic than ever, the white towers reflected in the broad, ever-flowing Dviná.

A mile or two from Ustyúg, as I looked back, it seemed but one great white monastery stretching along the river; and the full-faced moon rose among the many towers, and as we moved one after another was silhouetted in dark outline on its full face.

The steamer sends out sheaves of sparks, though there is netting upon the funnel, and these sparks fall away quickly from the cloud of thick smoke in which they are emitted. At our masthead and again half-mast high are hung lanterns, which, with bright lights from cabin and engine-room, contrast with the twilight and moonlight outside.

It is midnight now. We have a large *bárka* and two small ones in tow, the first containing pilgrims, amongst whom I have again found one of my Solovétsk friends on board the *Súkhona*. We have merchants and cigar-smoking ladies on board, as well as ecclesiastics, popes, monáchini (nuns), an archimandrite, and an archimandrina. All ranks of provincial society are represented. We have also the *isprávník*, or



NARROWS ON THE SUCHÓNA.—Page 249.

police superintendent, of this part of the Government of Vólogda with us.

Trinity Sunday, 1st June.—At noon (about fifteen hours from Ustyúg) we have to ascend some very awkward rapids, where the *Súchona* doubles round like a serpent in agonies. A great amphitheatre of clayey cliff, some hundred feet high, shuts in the right bank of the river, and against this impenetrable barrier the waters have ever surged in vain, and been compelled to course round until they could find an opening.

As we make our way round the serpentine rapids the bogomól'tsy from the bárka have to run along the shore holding on to an enormous hawser, made fast to the steamer to prevent her from going on to the rocks. Once we stuck fast, but it was on a great bed of sand, and the force of the current and ten men with long poles brought us off safely. Sometimes the men have to jump into the water, which they do in their clothes, and push with might and main.

The river now, of course, is much narrower, and the banks either are really much higher, or, because of the narrowness, appear so, and the scenery is more romantic. We stop for fuel, and old faces and new are seen among the bogomól'tsy as they climb unwearyingly up the steep bank, and then coming back, bring up the steamer plank their heavy load. Now they are assisted by the men belonging to the ship, for the bárka is smaller, and many of the pilgrims have gone to their homes. Red-shirted, long-booted, short-skirted, and bare-legged men and women work

away until we are filled up again. This had to be done at least every twelve hours, and is always a picturesque sight.

To-day there is a crowd of gaily attired country women from the nearest village in gala dress, because of the Tróitsa Festival (Trinity Sunday), and on the cliffs stand some monks and priests. We notice one old grey-bearded monk from Solovétsk working with a will, and keeping all the bogomól'tsy in good humour.

On this Trinity Sunday one is reminded of the very material way in which the Orthodox are taught to ever remember this spiritual doctrine. In nearly every church are pictures of the Three Mysterious Angels conversing with Abraham by his tent. Also above nearly every iconastás is a picture of a very holy patriarchal face with flowing silvery beard and hair. This benign and serenely beautiful head represents the First Person in the Godhead. With outstretched hovering wings beneath is the Dove, which pictures, to the Orthodox, God the Holy Ghost, while at the Father's right hand is represented as standing He who alone, as some of us think, should be thus materialised in art, for the Son of Mary alone has worn and still wears a human body.

All along the river, at intervals of a hundred yards or so, are ingenious traps to catch the salmon on their way back to the sea. Only on one side of the river, on the inside of the curve always, a long beam projects above the water and rests upon a stake driven into the bed of the river. The long beam is about a

yard above the surface. From the beam hangs in the water a network of fir-boughs with their green branches, but the branches only come to the surface of the water, and form apparently a weir. The fish sees this obstacle, and jumps out of the water to pass over it, and then when it comes down on the other side it finds itself in a large net just level with the water, and this hangs from a long weighted pole stretching out from the shore, which is swung round easily as on a pivot.

I have a comfortable little cabin on the *Súchona*, with table for writing and meals, and a good broad berth. The patron saint of all sailors (St. Nicholas) hangs in the corner above me giving a perpetual blessing. Two good windows, when pushed back, allow me to put out one shoulder and my head so as to look up and down the endless river sliding ever northwards between its high fir-clad banks.

The length of the river impresses one as do the rivers of North America. For ever and ever and ever we steam along from one bend into another, and just now each like a scene in some nobleman's park. It has now become somewhat like the Thames above Maidenhead, at Cliefdon; on both sides high tree-clad banks, where doves coo and waterfowl fly down on to the calm river. Pavel Kovalévski writes prettily of such a scene:—

“ The earth beneath Spring's sweet caresses wakes,
The azure heaven, which golden colouring takes
From the bright sun, on her looks down from high;
The lilac boughs of the syringa lie

Above her, and their fragrant blossoms shed ;
While the pale birch, with lispings leaves outspread,
Its sweetly-smelling odours intertwines,
And plays, where full the sun's bright radiance shines."¹

Night comes on, but only twilight. We see a fire lit on the bank, and round it the crew of a *lódka*, dark-visaged men, quietly sit by the flickering flame. I should have preferred to spend my Trinity Sunday in greater quietness, but on these long river voyages one cannot stop the steamer on Sunday. I was alone amongst people who did not know English, or indeed any language but their own. My knowledge of Russian is elementary, and so we could not converse on spiritual subjects. So in my cabin I worshipped alone, and enjoyed my reading of the same words that dear friends were reading at home. We make a great mistake if we think that the Bible is not read in Russia. The majority of the people who can read, we are told, take a deep interest in God's Word. The brilliant writer of "Free Russia" gives us a conversation, which I venture here, in part, to reproduce :—

The speaker is a Russian priest of the ancient rite.

" 'The Scriptures which came to us from England,' said this priest, 'have been the mainstay, not of our religion only, but of our national life.'

" 'Then they have been much read ?'

" 'In thousands, in ten thousands of pious homes. The true Russian likes his Bible—yes, even better than his dram—for the Bible tells him of a world beyond

¹ Wilson's "Russian Lyrics," p. 218

his daily field of toil, a world of angels and of spirits, in which he believes with a nearer faith than he puts in the wood and water about his feet. In every second house of Great Russia—the true, old Russia, in which we speak the same language and have the same God—you will find a copy of the Bible, and men who have the promise in their hearts.’

“In my journey through the country I find this true, though not so much in the letter as in the spirit. Except in New England and in Scotland, no people in the world, so far as they can read at all, are greater Bible-readers than the Russians.

“‘I am an old man now,’ continued the priest; ‘but my veins still throb with the fervour of that day when we first received, in our native speech, the Word that was to bring us eternal life. The books were instantly bought up and read; friends lent them to each other; and family meetings were held, in which the Promise was read aloud. The popes explained the text; the elders gave out chapter and verse. Even in parties which met to drink whisky and play cards, some neighbour would produce his Bible, when the company gave up their games to listen while an aged man read out the story of the Passion and the Cross. That story spoke to the Russian heart; for the Russ, when left alone, has something of the Galilean in his nature; a something soft and feminine, almost sacrificial; helping him to feel, with a force which he could never reach by reasoning, the patient beauty of his Redeemer’s life and death.’”

Monday, 2^o June.—It being Trinity Monday, one sees in every village an immense number of swings, one for nearly every house, and some of great height, made of wood throughout, long poles being used instead of ropes.

The peasantry are all holiday making to-day, and they come down to the river's edge to cheer the passengers of the *Súchona* as we surge past. The moment the children see us coming round a distant bend in the river they begin to cheer in their peculiar way. A leader sings out in a prolonged deep note "Boo——m," and then the rest chime in a moment later "Hurra——r," then again "Boo——m" followed by "Hurra——r" (Urá).

I sat in the bows of the *Súchona* reading "Roman the Reader" for the fourth time, while we passed through scenery so well described by Madame Románoff, as we sped between the banks clad with birch and silver fir. When they observed me taking one or two private sketches in my book the passengers and crew were soon on the alert, and put themselves into attitudes in order to appear very becoming.

The *tchelovék* (waiter) who acts as steward on the steamer appeared at the departure of the vessel in smart dress clothes, but they daily descend in the scale of garments until they arrive at the last stage of grease and venerable dilapidation. Alexándr was our last and Iván our present steward. Seitchás and choroshó are, of course, to them the chief words of their daily vocabulary.



VILLAGE SWINGS.—Page 254.

I spend the day practising Russian with my fellow-travellers, and take turns with the passengers of the first-class, second-class, and third-class. Sitting amongst the *báby* (peasant women) of the latter I rapidly acquired Russian country expressions, and put them down phonetically.

"*Kak éto po Rússki, bábuszka?*" I used often to ask of one comely old lady who seemed to be the chief speaker. (What is that in Russian.)

She said one day, "Why have you not brought your *popad'yá* with you, *Alexándr Alfréditch?*"

"I have no *popad'yá*, *Avgústa Ivánovna.*"

"Ah! then here is a *dévitsa kras'vaya* for you," pointing to a blushing, modest-looking girl. "She can cook, sew, and look after the cows, and will be a good *popad'yá.*"

"But can she read and write?"

"She can read slowly, she can sign her name, and what more can a clergyman's [pope's] wife need?"

Feeling that we were beginning to tread on delicate ground, I hurriedly changed the subject.

We had great fun in getting in the wood from the forest this evening. I worked hard at throwing the blocks down the bank, to the astonishment of the correct first-class passengers; it was glorious liver-stirring exercise. On the *Dviná* we only got wood on board once in the twenty-four hours, and then it was a great undertaking, lasting at least two hours; but here it is different. The steamer must not be too heavily laden, in the first place, because of the banks and

rapids that we pass over. Then it is so much easier for us to go ashore, and the bárka is of so much lighter draught, that whenever fuel runs short we have only to look out for the next pile, and these are seen constantly along the banks.

Midnight.—The parochód has stopped again for wood at the edge of a dark forest high up on the banks and reaching down to the water. The poor pilgrims have to turn out into the night air and clamber up the steepest cliff to the wood-stacks. With them I hurl the wood down to the water's edge. This done, I strayed away into the glades behind.

In a Russian forest alone at midnight! One so seldom has this treat. Taking my bearing by the glow of the sunset, and knowing that the steamer could not leave for an hour or so, I pushed into the forest, deep and gloomy, under the shade of the great fir-trees and amongst the thick underwood, until the cries of the bogomól'tsy died away in the distance. In a dark corner of the wood some remarkably fine glow-worms attracted my attention, so I am tempted to turn entomologist for the nonce, and pick them up and place them in my hat. I find my way back in due time, and as I come down the slope narrowly escape annihilation by the pieces of wood.

I take a turn at posting up my diary on the deck of the vessel in the midnight twilight, an agreeable Russian, who has imbibed pivo (beer) and vódka, holding my inkstand, and a dozen mujikí lying asleep in their shúbas on deck at my feet. Our friend the archi-

mandrína and her flock are much interested in my Ivánovskie tchervyaki (St. John's glow-worms), and they wonder how I can find so much to write. We evidently are not going to move from our anchorage. I return to the workers amid the pines, who had attacked another pile. An officer of local police (the *isprávník*) stood by watching the carrying of the wood to the steamer, disgusted with delay, and crying from time to time "Skoréi" (haste). It sounds in a Russian's mouth like the word "skurry" used by us sometimes in the expression, "hurry, skurry." I felt chilly, and so buckled to and worked hard with them until two o'clock in the morning.

Some of the passengers assembled on the cliffs and sang Russian glces, the bass forming the leading part. The music and poetry of Russia seem generally to be written in the minor key. Hear the peasant singing in the country or when his axe is ringing among the trees, and it is nearly always a weird Asiatic droning, with very few notes. Read some Russian poet, and a large proportion of the poems end most hopelessly, and are closed in tragic depressing sadness. In part-song, however, those whose voices are cultivated produce most lovely music. Twilight at last gave way to broad daylight.

2.30 A.M.—There comes sudden change to cold, and from the river comes a cloud of mist on the water. The damp, misty cold strikes through me with a deadly ague chill, and I feel some kind of malarial fever coming on. The steward, Vanyúsha, being in bed, I cannot get anything warm, and spend some wretched long hours

on the couch in my cabin, covering myself with all my extra clothing, and in vain attempting to throw off the attack. I pulled myself together when we came to Tót'ma next morning, but collapsed again afterwards, and for months afterwards, at 2.30 each morning, came the ague shiver. It is most dangerous to expose oneself to chill at night on these rivers.

Tuesday, June $\frac{10}{12}$, 3.30 A.M., Tót'ma.—Seven white church towers seen rising from the forests notify our approach to another town. We steam round a bend in the river, and the early morning sun shines rosily on their white towers. Strange canoes (tchel-nokí) come skimming over the water, men and women handling paddles in Indian fashion. The boom of our steam whistle re-echoes along the banks as we draw near a strand, where a little knot of folk await the steamer—officials, passengers, and peasant women hoping to sell bread and milk, &c.

Our great boat goes to the shore laden with luggage, and containing the chief of the country police for this district, and a country pope with his popad'ya. The isprávník drives off in a dróshki; the pope's baggage is piled in a country teléga, with the huge pillows which are so necessary for long drives in these springless vehicles. They disappear up the winding road towards the town. We whistle impatiently—the last passenger from the sleeping town jumps into the boat and is pulled aboard. The captain crosses himself, the passengers and crew do the same, turning in the direction in which we are going. So another (the last) stage

in our river journey commences as the sun mounts above the hills and glitters on the windows and domes of the churches.

Tot'ma at one time was celebrated for its steel blades, now it is often used as a place of banishment. Gierst, a young novelist, wrote in the monthly *Délo* (Work) a romance called "Old Times." Young Russia was pitted against old Russia in a way that annoyed the representatives of the latter, and caused (according to the author of "Free Russia") the sudden disappearance of M. Gierst after a midnight police visit.

Night and day the horses sped that drew his téléga, but no one knew whither, nor was it intended that it should be known. But a letter was permitted to be inserted in the next number of *Délo* apologising for the non-continuance of the interesting "Old Times." This letter was dated, and dated from Tot'ma. This the police omitted to strike out, and unwittingly advertised to the world the whereabouts of M. Gierst. Tot'ma is a long cry from Petersburg.

The Feodósiev Monastery, which contains at least 100 monks, now comes in sight; then we pass an old river steamer which has done its work, and now lies on its side high and dry; and on the bank opposite to the town we see the pretty kládbisshe (cemetery), while piles of wood are dotted along the river bank for nearly a mile, all ready for the steamers. The cocks of Tot'ma give us a parting salute.

To-day we are ending the long river journey of 1128 versts. The mighty waterway has contracted to the

width of the Wear at Lambton, and though the country is flatter now, yet we seem to have left behind the interminable pine forests. Alder, larch, and birch form the chief feature of the woods, clothing the gently rounded bank on either side of the stream.

The foaming water from the paddles of the *Súchona* is exactly the same bronze crystal as that which the *Highlands* met a thousand miles to the north, when as we came near Cape Blue Nose (Cape Kerets) her revolving propeller churned out no longer blue and crystal, but yellow and brown, the waters of the great Dviná. So we have come along the waterway by which the first English merchant, Chancellor, trafficked from the ice ocean to the city of the Tsar, carrying by this route the trade between England and Russia which, through Archangel, continued until the building of Petersburg. Sometimes we are so near to the bushes on the shore that a fair jumper could leap from the wheel-bridge on to the land. Looking out from my open cabin window, I see often a travelling rainbow on the spray from the paddle-wheels.

On making my appearance on deck the passengers are full of sympathy, for they know from Vanyúsha that I have been nezdoróv (not well).

Every one is looking ahead now, for Vólogda, with its churches and houses, is distinctly seen under the bright sun.

Soon we are among the tiers of praams, new and old, waiting to float with merchandise down to Archangel. They draw, when laden, only two and a half feet,

for otherwise they could not get down to Ustyúg Vel'kii. A praam must be built at least a year before it is used. Being entirely made of wood, and held together by wooden rivets, it requires well seasoning.

While I am consuming a cutlet we suddenly draw up to the landing-place, where has collected a crowd of izvósshiki. Here come friends of those on board, and cause a scene of many greetings and much excitement, which make me feel quite a friendless stranger for the moment.

I paid my bill for my food on board, and gave Iván a present, which causes him to make a very low bow and beam becomingly. He has been very good and forbearing, and taken pounds of mud off my boots after the numerous scrambles ashore during the long days since Ustyúg.

In two dróshkis my luggage and my own person are conveyed to the chief gostínnitsa in Vólogda, the *Zolotói Yákor'*, "The Golden Anchor."

The river journey of 1128 versts is now ended. It has been a delightful time of repose, and full of interest—scarcely one weary hour, for I had the following liberal allowance of friends from my library shelves with me :—

Bible.

Prayer-book.

Wallace's "Russia."

Dixon's "Free Russia."

Románoff's "Rites and Customs of the Greco-Russian Church."

King's "Rites and Customs of the Greco-Russian Church."

Rae's "White Sea Peninsula."

Edward's "Russians at Home."

O. K.'s "Skóbeleff and the Slavonic Cause."

"Russia under the Tsars."

Hare's "Studies in Russia."

"Siberian Pictures," Niemojowski.

Peterman's "Charts of Russia in Sections."

Neale's "Holy Eastern Church," Vols. I. and II.

Stanley's "Eastern Church;" and

Murray's "Guide to Russia."

One of my sea-chests was largely occupied with these books, but I had nothing extra to pay for overweight during four-fifths of my journey, and they made profitable many a day which might otherwise have been wasted.

I am convinced that river travel is the pleasantest and the most advantageous way of visiting out-of-the-way places in Russia.

CHAPTER XXIII.

VÓLOGDA AND VAROSLÁV.

A Scotch story—A modern Boyár of Vólogda—The town of Nepaya—A Russian sailor—Scenes in the courtyard—The tróika—The cow and the mujík—A narrow-gauge railroad—Affecting farewells—Agriculture—The Mir or communal system—Roadside stations—Teapots—Cross the Vólga—A discourse on the Russian clergy—A travelling prison.

“MUCKLE gude may it do ye—it will do ye na harm.”

Between Scotland and Russia there has oftentimes been a connection, since the day when the Russian Ambassador perforce found his first welcome to Britain on the Aberdeenshire coast.

A Haddington yeoman's family came over in the days of the Emperor Nicholas to farm Russian land, and so to teach scientific farming to the proprietors and peasants.

One of the sons, however, preferred theology to agriculture, and, studying the subject of the position of the Eastern Church, began to look upon it with favour, and at last he boldly accepted “Orthodoxy.” He studied for the priesthood, went to the Diocesan Seminary, and found that his early scriptural training aided him as he studied the theology of the East. He

did not cling to the *filiogue*, he accepted the mediation of the saints, and found nothing to wound his conscience in the Liturgy of the Golden-Mouthed.

He went on to the academy, and after a distinguished career was duly ordained to the priesthood, and eventually ministered in a leading cathedral of Moscow as proto-pope.

It fell on a certain day that some travellers from Scotland passed into the church, as they sought to observe the religious rites and customs of the Russians, and they saw, as they entered the arch-priest advancing through the people and sprinkling them with water. His beard, his long hair, his vestments were those of a pravoslávnyi, but his voice was the voice of a Scot.

The "pope" had noticed the visitors and guessed their nationality, and in mysterious and awful words, which thrilled the hearts of the devout Russian pilgrims, there fell upon Scottish ears these sounds as he sprinkled them with sanctified water, "Muckle gude may it do ye—it will do ye na harm."

The visitors waited for an opportunity to speak to the holy man, and found that it was no strange gift of speaking in an unknown tongue he possessed, but that he was from Haddington, and inviting them to his house he talked and sipped "Scotch" with them. I will not guarantee the truth of the story, but I received its germs from a church dignitary.

During my stay at Vólogda it was my fortune to meet the worthy Mayor of the city. He took in my nationality at a glance, and his English salutation

greeted my ears very pleasantly, though it was a little Russianised. It was now many days since I had heard my mother-tongue, and my brain was getting fatigued through my constant linguistic struggles.

This gentleman had once lodged with some Scotch maiden ladies, when on a visit to Dundee, and was much impressed with the local observance of the Sabbath, for he had been rebuked for smoking *papirósy* (cigarettes) in the streets on Sunday morning.

Vólogda (or Wologda), like Archangel, is a government town and the residence of the provincial Governor. It is a straggling place, picturesquely adorned with gardens and trees on all sides. Though there are only some 17,000 inhabitants, there are no fewer than forty-seven churches; in fact, some parts of the town seem to consist entirely of churches. As at Ustyúg Velkii, these churches are relics of the palmy days of that extensive past commerce with England which Chancellor established.

With the exception of the churches and government buildings, the town is entirely constructed of wood, and extends along both sides of the Vologda river. On the left bank stands the village of Friazinovaya. Two hundred years ago, in Vólogda's busy days, it was almost an English settlement; for the merchants who forwarded Russian merchandise to Archangel and received English goods, which they sent on to Yarosláv, Nóvgorod, and Moscow, lived here.

The famous Joseph Nepaya, the first Russian Ambassador from the Court of John the Severe to

that of Elizabeth the Maidenly, was a native of Vólogda, and was unfortunate enough to be wrecked off the Scottish coast with Chancellor on the disastrous return voyage of the latter.

John the Terrible once set his heart on making Vólogda his capital, but changed his mind. It is, however, the capital of the great government of Vólogda, and is further advanced towards civilisation than the towns to the north. The people are neater and better-looking. We very rarely saw a good-looking female face in the northern regions through which we passed; in fact, good looks were decidedly the exception and not the rule. This may be attributed to the rough lives and severe winters the natives of these parts of northern forests endure.

At Vólogda I met a steamer friend, an old man-o'-warsman from the *Pyotr Velikii* (Peter the Great). He showed me his certificates, and declared that neither American, French, nor English men-o'-warships were treated so well as Russians. We became firm friends. Happening upon some stone paving on the side-walk in Vólogda, he pointed to it triumphantly and said that in Moscow there was much such stone pavement!!

My sailor friend had just received some pension, and being evidently determined to treat me handsomely, insisted upon my going into a traktír with him. We sat down near the gigantic organ, which grinds fiercely the Russian National Anthem as a provocative to conversation. My friend wanted to have vódka and I wanted to have tchái, and I explained that I thought

vódka would not be good for either of us, and that I detested it. As I could not persuade him to patronise the samovár, I left him looking very disconsolate. I lamented that I did not know enough Russian to give him and some others a teetotal harangue.

The semi-darkness is still very short, and I find it difficult to sleep in my room in the hotel. The accommodation is much superior here to that of Ustyúg Vel'kii. As I turn in for the night a tróika is being made ready in the stable-yard—a great trotting-horse in the centre and two smaller horses outside who must always canter or gallop. All three have huge round bells, three inches in diameter—about six on each horse—and as they throw their heads impatiently these bells give out a grand jingling. They are either intended to scare the wolves or to tell any driver of a tarantás or teléga in the forest tracts that a tróika is coming and he must pull on one side.

Looking out of my window about two in the morning, I saw a solitary cow wandering about the large stable-yard, which was open to the road. Suddenly the cow sprang back as it was smelling a heap of clothes among some rubbish; for the clothes contained a baboushka, who was sleeping in the yard all night so as to be on the spot in the morning. She smote the cow's nose with a stick which lay close to her hand, and turning over, went to sleep again. At the noise two old sheepskins lying over something exhibited signs of life—two mujfsks put their heads out, and seeing it was only a cow, they all went to sleep again.

From Vólogda to Yarosláv there is a narrow-gauge railway line running through an interesting agricultural country. A train runs once a day each way. The stantsiya (station) is outside the town at Vólogda, and hither I drive in good time, as it is customary in provincial Russia to be at the station at least three-quarters of an hour before the hour of departure. There were affecting partings as the train at last was slowly moved out of the station by the Leeds-made engine (Kitson's).

"Ah-oo-ee, ah-oo-ee," lamented a poor mother whose son sat stolidly by the carriage window, a solitary drop of liquid wandering lonely down his nose.

A middle-aged Russian gentleman who travelled with me was tenderly kissed by his partner in business. He was going to Moscow for a time. We left at 8.30 A.M. (Petersburg time. I had put my watch back more than an hour from Archangel time). We rolled along much in the style of a slow train on a branch line on the prairies. It was the second slowest train I ever travelled by; the very slowest was one from Gottenborg to Trollhatten.

The country at first consisted of flat meadow-land diversified with occasional corn-fields and brilliant with lovely wild-flowers. The various holdings were separated by snake-fences such as one sees in Canada and Sweden.

The peasants were manuring their strips of land. The land of the whole commune (the Mir) is in common, and distributed out triennially in lots at the schod

or meeting of the heads of families. There are generally but three fields—one in fallow, one for autumn sowing, and one for spring sowing. Then there is sometimes grazing land in common, but more often the cattle feed on the fallow land grass. Each villager has a strip given him in each of the three fields. He has to pay tax for it and to work it. The elder of the village (the *stárosta*) is responsible for the taxes of the whole, and each villager is responsible if any one of the village commune does not pay. A man may not leave the land his parents tilled before him except by special permit of the elder endorsed on his passport. Peasants sometimes leave their land to be tilled by their wives and go into the towns to work, and send home money.

The communal system commenced in 1861, when Alexander, the emancipator of the serfs, promulgated an edict by which every serf must work the land allotted to his village, and pay for the land in sums spread out over fifty years at about 2s. 4d. per acre. The Government bought the land from the owners, and paid the price down. The authorities were afraid of the land going out of cultivation. The farming has been of the exhaustive kind ever since, and so good crops are rare now except in the Black Earth districts; though even in the Black Earth districts I have seen very thin crops owing to the terrible droughts from which they sometimes suffer.

The subject of the *Mir* has been brought before English readers constantly during the late famine, but perhaps nothing better has been written (not even

excepting Wallace's chapters on this subject) than an article in the *Guardian* (June 8, 1892), over the initials E. S., whose owner, as some of us know, writes with authority. I venture here to quote from it at some length, as it is worthy of being preserved:—

“ Now it must not be forgotten that the Mir consists exclusively of peasant-farmers—*i.e.*, of men who, until thirty-one years ago, were serfs. Supposing there are living in the district members of the higher classes of society—landowners, officers, professional men, priests, retired merchants—they are one and all forbidden by law to take any part whatever in the management of local affairs. The Government, in its fear lest the emancipated serfs should allow their social superiors to encroach upon their newly acquired civil rights, took the extreme step of depriving these superiors of all their local civil rights. Thus, in a Russian village, we find the strange anomaly of the cultivated classes being compelled to stand aloof whilst ignorant peasants decide questions relating to, say, education. The consequences of this arrangement are equally bad for the landowner and the peasant. The former, deprived of power, loses all sense of responsibility; he ceases to feel any interest in the welfare of his poorer neighbours, and absents himself without scruple from his estates for the year together. The latter, taught to regard with suspicion all who are more enlightened than himself, fights against every proposal that savours of progress, and clings with dogged obstinacy to the traditions of the past. Of this the school question furnishes a strong proof.

“Again and again Mirs have shown themselves the determined foes of education. Not only have many of them refused to appoint schoolmasters, but even when the State has compelled them to do so, they have made every effort to prevent their pursuing their calling. One ingenious method is to give to the schoolmaster, instead of a salary, a piece of land, with the permission to utilise the labour of his pupils for its cultivation. At the present time a very small percentage of the peasant class in Russia can either read or write, and their utter ignorance is almost inconceivable. Not so very long ago a South Russian groom gravely informed his mistress that he supposed all Frenchmen had two heads. Another, a young man, who had grown up under the Mir system, inquired what the Czar was. On being informed that he was a man, he exclaimed, wild with astonishment—

“ ‘What ! do you mean to say that the Czar has hands and feet as I have ?’

“There are signs, it is true, that better days are coming. It is a significant fact, however, that the districts in which the people seem to be waking up are precisely those in which Mirs do not exist. The town population is certainly making rapid progress. Attached to some of the great factories are admirable schools for workmen’s children. The small freeholders, too, as a class, seem anxious that their children should be well taught. But wherever the influence of the Mir is strong, ignorance prevails. The reason is simple ; the peasants, as a rule, are too illiterate themselves to value education.

They object to schools both because they cost money and because they take up the time of the children, time which, in their opinion, might be better spent working on the land. As an educational and civilising force the Mir has certainly proved a failure.

“With the ghastly spectacle afforded by the present famine before his eyes, the most fervent admirer of the Mir will hardly maintain that, from an economic point of view, the system is a success. The failure of one year's crops has reduced some millions of people to absolute starvation—a clear proof that, before the crops failed, these people were but one degree removed from starvation. There is no lack of evidence that, even in the ante-famine days, want amongst them was chronic, not accidental. For years the Mir farmers have been declaring that they could not make a living on their holdings; but the authorities have chosen to turn a deaf ear to their complaints.

“From the first the odds against them were heavy. For one thing, the holdings are too small for them to be worked profitably. By the law of 1861, the peasants ought each to have received twelve acres of arable land. Where, however, the supply of land was limited, they only received nine, and in some cases six, acres. Owing to the increase in population, the holdings have since then been divided and sub-divided, with the result that many of them are now only some two or three acres in extent. Then, most of the peasants had little or no capital when they started as farmers. Few of them had cattle, and, in many cases,

the collective wealth of the Mir was not enough to buy the most necessary labour-saving implements.

"The lack of any fixity of tenure, too, is a decided obstacle to good farming. The cultivators have no inducement to try to improve their holdings, for at the end of three years there may be a redistribution of land. It is thus to every man's interest to put as little into his land, and take as much out of it, as possible. This the peasants have done, with the result that the land held by Mirs has steadily depreciated in value. At the present time, the average land held on the Mir tenure yields only one-half the crops per acre yielded by land belonging to private owners. When the former land comes into the market it is sold at one-half the price given for the latter; and if it be farmed out on lease, the rent paid for it is lower by one-half than that paid for private land. The land-tax was, from the first, assessed too high, and now that the holdings have deteriorated, it is out of all proportion to the value of the soil. In some districts it often exceeds the sum obtained by the sale of the whole product of the land.

"When the Stárosta fails to raise the money wherewith to pay the tax, the Government officials seize the cattle belonging to the Mir. This presses heavily on the richer and more deserving peasants, who, thrifty, industrious men themselves, may thus, at any time, have their goods confiscated because their lazy, ne'er-do-well neighbours cannot, or will not, pay the tax. Little wonder membership of a Mir is beginning to be

regarded as a grievance rather than a privilege. The better-class peasant farmers, too, keenly resent the way their freedom of action is hemmed in by the Stárosta, and are doing their best to escape from his yoke either by buying their holding or by endeavouring to obtain permission to quit the village. It is, as a rule, the helpless folk, strong neither in body nor mind, who cling to the Mir; and these, whilst still remaining members, are being gradually reduced to a state which differs in little from their former serfdom. They are forbidden to sell their share of the common land, but they are allowed to lend it, and this they do freely.

“It is no uncommon thing to find three-quarters of the Mir land in the possession of the village innkeeper, who has obtained it by allowing its owners to run up accounts for drink. The existence of the Mir, then, depends upon the pleasure of the innkeeper, for it can at any time be dissolved by the votes of two-thirds of its members; and it is not probable that in this matter his debtors would dare to oppose his will. Not a year passes without hundreds of Mirs being dissolved at the request of some innkeeper or other *koulák*, the old members, of course, forfeiting their land, and sinking into hired labourers. Already, in 1871, there were 98,000 of these landless peasants in the Government of Kostromá.”

We trundle along and stop often at wayside stations. Gentlemen in rags politely lift their *shápkas* to ladies with bare feet. A travelling post-van is attached to our

train, and many peasants post their letters here, purchasing a stamp and affixing it to the back where we sometimes put a seal. Our railway is a narrow-gauge line (one metre wide). The carriages are constructed on the American principle, the coupling being also a spring buffer. Our locomotive, by Kitson of Leeds, burns wood, which is stacked high on the tender, and the funnel is of the inverted cone-shape we are familiar with in the neighbourhood of the Rocky Mountains.

About the middle of the day we cross a wooden bridge over a gully, which bridge was in a state of disrepair and was being mended. We crept over inch by inch, and our flesh crept also. Creak, creak, creak, and the mujikí below, in their red shirts, stood back and watched our career with terribly keen interest, as the timber gave in a most suggestive manner.

It is pleasant to lean out on the balcony at the end of the car and breathe the fresh air as we glide in and out among the trees. Sometimes, looking back or forward, our single track can be seen for miles, at last dwindling into a narrow sand-coloured ribbon, with two little streaks representing the lines.

At some stations a large number of Russians are seen running with teapots to a room where hot water is to be had. Then they spend the time in the train enjoying tcháí. Children were selling great bouquets of the lily of the valley, which were soon bought up. We notice as we pass along the platelayers and signalmen doffing their caps to the engine-driver or else to

the train in general. We often returned the salute, lest they should feel hurt at being overlooked. After nearly twelve hours we could see distant spires and cupolas, and smoke coming from many great factory chimneys. It was Yarosláv (or Hieroslav or Jaroslav).

Our station was at the north side of the broad Vólga, and all our baggage had to be conveyed on carts from the strange railway terminus down to a steamer, and soon we are afloat, crossing broad waters which would bear us down to the Caspian Sea if we were so inclined. A motley crowd is on the steamer's deck, and still a few pilgrims from the now distant shrines of Solovétsk. We bid these bogomól'tsy farewell, and now we meet no more White Sea pilgrims after this. We may meet them again at Jerusalem one day with their sheepskins and patient, devout faces, and we trust we shall meet in Jerusalem the Golden, but probably not again at Solovétsk.

On board the ferry steamer a Russian nun in her black habit comes begging for a dole, which few refuse to the pale-faced woman. It is said that after collecting a certain amount she has secured to her for life her position in the convent.

There are seventy-seven churches and only 26,000 inhabitants in Yarosláv. Here is evidence again of its shrunk condition since the palmy days of the English trade through the White Sea. One church I saw with two great lions, placed there in honour of England. It was built with the gold contained in two barrels which

ought to have contained dry paint, but instead were filled, it is said, with dust of gold. The merchant of Yarosláv, on opening his paint-barrels, wrote to his friend in England that a mistake had been made, but the English merchant replied that the gold might be employed in the Service of the Almighty.

If it had been in the degenerate nineteenth century, I am inclined to think, 1st, that the Yavosláv merchant would have maintained a consistent silence, and paid for two barrels of *paint*; 2nd, that if the English merchant had received such information he would have said, "Return the gold at once; it was all a mistake;" or, 3rd, that he would have said, "Kindly credit my account with gold received as against future orders."

The town was founded by Yarosláv the Great in the tenth century, and is at the junction of the river Kótorost' with the great Vólga. There is an uninterrupted waterway from here to the far end of the Caspian Sea, in the heart of Persia, a few days from Teheran. Even in Iván the Terrible's time our merchants took advantage of this route, and traded with the East *via* the White Sea. A Kurd called upon me at Sunderland who had travelled across the Caspian up the Vólga, down the Dviná, across the White Sea, and round the North Cape to Shields—the easiest way for him, to whom time was of less importance than money.

At Yarosláv the daughters of the popes receive free education; and there is one of the seminaries for the education of the popes and deacons. This is the region where the flax is so beautifully made into the pic-

turesque Russian towels with red embroidery, so often used as antimacassars. There are some big cotton-mills in Yarosláv; at one about £45,000 per annum, I am informed, is paid in wages. Yarosláv is a town with an old Kreml', a citadel or walled enclosure in the centre.

Through the night—dark for the first time for many a long week—I rolled on the line to Moscow, travelling in the company of the worthy Mayor of Vólogda, with whom I had a most interesting conversation. He receives 2000 roubles a year as Mayor, and spends 3000 roubles. He has often to go to Petersburg on business, endeavouring to persuade the Ministers of Finance and of the Interior to lend money for public works, sorely needed in Vólogda. He also wished to establish a *Mont-de-Piété* to counteract the tremendous usury of the Jews. We talked of prisons. The new prison at Vólogda is so superior that the governor of the old prison, coming by, said, "What is this building? It cannot be meant for us to live in. It is far too good."

Vólogda contains very many political exiles. They are very badly off, poor things!—allowed two roubles a month to live upon. The Mayor did not like to venture far upon this topic. He confided to me (changing the subject) that he does not go often to church. He does not venerate the popes as a class. He could not look up to men who sometimes at *Páscha* (Easter-tide) drank too much wine. No doubt he was wrong in condemning a class because of the offences of a few;

and probably if things had been more as they are in England he would still have been often absent.

The parochial clergy are often chosen from the middle, or even the lower, classes. Let me quote from Eugene Toor's book, "The Shalonski Family." It is Grigórii Alexéevitch Shalónskii who speaks:—

" 'See how it is in England,' said father; 'not like here. I approve that decidedly, though I cannot say I have any particular love for Englishmen.'

" 'Why should one have any particular love for them?' asked mother. 'They are a wily lot—"Perfidious Albion," in a word. But what is it you are talking about?'

" 'I refer to their clergy, who hold a very honourable place among them, socially speaking; and so it ought to be. To serve at the altar is the best calling for a moral and God-fearing man. In England the younger sons of the nobility often enter the Church.'

" 'Gentlemen become priests!' exclaimed mother, in surprise; 'it is no business of theirs.'

" 'And why not? It is a most honourable career. To show an example to their parishioners, to live strictly according to the commandments, to teach their flock by word and deed—what can be more honourable?'

Madame Románoff's delightful book, "Rites and Customs of the Greco-Russian Church," gives one the truest insight, in a sympathetic way, into the social standing of the Russian clergy. In one place she says: "The *popes*, as the priests are familiarly called, are

generally considered below the usual standard of education, and though they mingle in society, they always seem to belong to another class." Of course her experiences were chiefly in the country or in a provincial town like Vyátka.

M. S. Slutsky, a Russian Anglophile, writing in the *Guardian* of March 30, 1892, endeavours to correct some views held by English writers, who describe the Russian priest as being "only a peasant himself, rude and uncultured, and sometimes bent only on making his own gain out of the misfortunes of his flocks."

"Allow me to say, it is an odd thing how persistently foreign people still confound (for good as well as for evil) the epochs of our history. The picture drawn above would suit the sixteenth century, but it does not suit the nineteenth.

"The largest part of our priests (in cities and in the country) has studied in seminaries where a middle education is given, in the scope of the Russian and German gymnasia, the French *lycées*, the English boys' colleges (Eton, &c.), though the subjects of the teaching are somewhat different. Latin and classical Greek are taught less, and modern languages still less; but religion, propædæutic philosophy, and the Russian language are taught more. In our seminaries and theological academies the teaching is not as broad as in our gymnasia and universities, but it is more concentrated and much deeper.

"A pupil finishing the course of the seminary writes

better than an ending gymnasiast, and has already received a rather good logical training, which is wanting to the pupil of the gymnasium. Then, even if the great majority of our country priests has not an academical education, their education is incomparably higher than that of the peasants. A minority of the country priests (sometimes also in the cities, even in Moscow and St. Petersburg) has not even a complete seminary education—viz., some former (rather aged) sacristans. To become sacristans they had gone through the four lower standards of the seminary (instead of the seven); before being ordained deacons or priests they have to undergo an examination by the bishop, or an arch-priest, or a committee of priests. Even such a priest is not 'a peasant himself, rude and uncultured'!

"The exterior side of the life and of the education of our clergy, their manners and habits, differ somewhat from those of the lay middle classes—the clergy are chiefly hereditary, as they are poor, and as the seminaries are open free for their children, a priest, a deacon, and a sacristan may send their sons to the seminary, and it depends entirely upon their capacity of learning whether they should become sacristans, deacons, or priests, or in the future bishops; it occurs often that while a brother is bishop another is sacristan. The fact of an external difference ought not to lead serious people into a mistake, to which a superficial, and still more a foreign, observer is liable.

"Often it seems strange to a Russian belonging to

society to hear that a man who does not speak foreign languages, or when reading pronounces them in an impossible manner, a man who is not acquainted with modern foreign literature, and especially with the *belles-lettres*, should be highly educated—nay, higher than the man of lay society. The more may a foreigner be struck by the somewhat rude and (to him) odd manners, by quite another life than that of *his* priests."

One Russian said to me, "I am the son of a country clergyman, and my father was much beloved by his parishioners. I know that some popes think only of their fees, but it is not so with all. My father often went over into an adjoining Government where the people were far from their parish church to minister to them. As he never pressed for his fees, they gave them the more willingly to him. Of course, upon them he had to bring up his family."

We believe that the spiritual life of the clergy will grow, even as their education has improved. The bulk of the Russian people is *undoubtedly intensely religious*. I am not able to say whether there is deep spiritual apprehension of what we consider to be the great truths.

A travelling prison-van accompanied us to Moscow. Now and again, when we pulled up at stations, we looked at these wretched beings like wild animals, all unkempt, glaring out behind the iron bars. Friends of prisoners came to bid them farewell, and tragic scenes ensued which made one's heart sink.

We are familiar now with the picture of the travelling

cathedral car of North Dakota, and we are all accustomed to dining-cars and sleeping-cars, but I have not in England or America seen a travelling prison. Some day, when the line to Vladivostóck is completed, we shall read over such cars the notice in Russian :
“ *Through Car to Siberia—for 40 souls.*”

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TWO CAPITALS OF MUSCOVY.

Moskvá described—East and West meet—End of Chancellor's journey—the Kremlin—The Holy Synod—M. Pobedonós-tsev—The Míro or anointing—Basil the Beatified—The Chram Spasítelya—The English soldier and the Russian General—View from Ivan's Tower at Moscow—A wet ride—Sashinka's ghost—The tomb of the Emancipation—Permit to leave Russia.

"AFTER much adoe and great paines taken in this long and wearie journey (for they had travailed very neere fiftene hundred miles), Master Chancelor came at last to Mosco, the chief citie of the Kingdom of Moscovie."¹

Russia is the heart of the world, Moscow is the heart of Russia, and the Kremlin is the heart of Moscow.

"What mighty man with lengthened arm
Thee, glorious Kremlin, shall enfold?
Or who the golden cap shall harm
Of stout Ivan, that ringer bold?

Who the great bell shall elevate?
The mighty cannons who turn round?
Who shall not doff his high estate,
When he at Kremlin's gate is found."²

¹ Hakluyt, vol. i. p. 275.

² Wilson's "Lyrics," p. 60.

From the north, then, as few English travellers in these days approach it, we draw nigh to Holy Mother Moscow, the delight of all true children of the White Tsar, all orthodox (*Pravoslávny*) in Holy Russia. We have come in twenty-four hours from Vólogda; the earliest English travellers sometimes took three months, because of their goods and the hopeless state of the roads.

So we rattle over the awful cobble-paved expanses and narrow, winding streets, and into the Kitái Górod (Tartar or Cathay Town), where we alight at the pre-tentious Slavyánskii Bazár.

Take Kairwán the Holy, the sacred city of Barbary, and place it in the middle of Sunderland the Smoky, and you get a rough representation of Moscow the Mixed, where the West and the East jostle one another; for the ancient capital of Muscovy is becoming less Slavonic and more Occidental each year. This one feels most when approaching Moscow from the provinces; for, of course, it is much more Russian than is St. Petersburg.

You leave your comfortable hotel, with every modern luxury, and pass shops with attractive windows, and a few minutes later your surroundings are changed indeed. Passing through the Redeemer's (*Spásskiya*) Gate into the Kremlin, we see a sentry with loaded rifle and fixed bayonet. He is ready to use them if you do not doff your cap as you pass beneath the Redeemer of Smolensk.

Here, in the sacred enclosure —the Heart of Hearts

of Holy Russia—are the royal palaces. Here Chancellor and his party were received at their first audience with Iván Vasíl'evitch. Queen Elizabeth refers to it in the charter granted to the merchants: "Lord John Basilivitch, Emperour of all Russia, did not onely admitte the captaine and marchants, our subjects, into his protection and princely presence, but also received and entertained them very graciously and honourably." The palaces were somewhat destroyed in the great fire of 1812, but are now rebuilt.

Here is the Cathedral of the Assumption (Uspénskii Sobór), where the White Tsars are crowned, and the Cathedral of the Annunciation (Blagovésshenskii Sobór), where they have been baptized and married, and here is the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael (Archangel'skii Sobór), where many of them lie buried. All stand quite close to one another. Another building has great interest for me; it is the Sacristy of the Holy Synod of Russia.

There was formerly a Patriarch of the Church in Russia, but Peter the Great would have only one great man in Holy Russia, and in 1721 he replaced the Patriarchate by the Holy Synod. It consists of Russian metropolitans and high dignitaries, together with one layman.

M. Pobedonóstsev sits at a table by himself, but he is the Emperor's representative. Nothing can be promulgated or approved unless that layman's assent and consent are given. So the Tsar' is, in a very practical and actual way, controller, if not head, of the

Church in Russia. Here I saw the vessels used once in three years in preparing the *míro* or chrism with which every *mírskói* or "anointed one" is slightly smeared after baptism.¹

Outside the walls of the Kremlin is the Bloody Square where Ivan the Terrible, with his *opríchniki*, hewed to pieces hundreds of his subjects in his mad desire to glut his lust for blood. Here stands the Mongol-Hindostanee fashioned Tsér'kov' of Basil the Beatified, like a nosegay of tulips and confectionery. It was built to order by the bloodthirsty but madly religious monarch, and the eyes of the architect were then put out, to prevent his ever building another one like it.

The next striking thing in these latter days in Moscow is the Spásskii Sobór, the huge white marble Cathedral of Our Saviour, built in memory of the retreat of the French. Commenced in 1812, and taking more than half a century to complete, its alto-relievos of scenes in Russian history are splendid. Professor Lugánovskii (now dead) began these carvings, and they have been finished by Baron Klodt and Professor Ramazánoff.

What strikes any observant outsider, and much more the Pavoslávnyi, is the unconventional style of picture and representation of sacred scenes. The Orthodox in many cases does not worship freely and

¹ It is sent out to every diocese, and then the bishop sends it out to each parish priest, and every child after baptism throughout Orthodox Russia receives the anointing therewith. So another name for one of the Orthodox is "an anointed one."

happily when his picture is realistic. The great Iconostasis is of lovely alabaster and gold, and the whole church a glorious gathering of gems of art.

The historical cathedrals of the Kremlin are very poor beside the Spásskii Sobór. Over its main entrance is the text in Slavonic, "God is with us."

Tsar' Kólokol and Tsar' Púshka, "King Bell" (432,000 lbs., 26 feet high, 68 feet in circumference), and Emperor of all Cannon (40 tons), still lie in the sacred enclosure of the Kremlin.

Late in the evening of ^{24th June}_{6th July} 1882 an event happened in Moscow which sent a shudder through Russia, and next morning, in a room of the Hotel Dusseaux (turned for the occasion into a *chapelle ardente*), lay the body of the youthful General Skóbeleff (only thirty-nine years of age). Madame Novikoff, in "Skóbeleff and the Slavonic Cause," cannot give a definite cause of his sudden death. Would that it had been in the day of battle, when meeting the hail of shot and shell, and mounted on his white charger.

It may interest Russian readers, and those who have perused O. K.'s work, to listen to a conversation with his servant, Frederick Slade, in the Metropolitan police (84 B.), and living at 102 Cole's Hill Buildings, in Pimlico.

"Why did General Skóbeleff wish you to be his servant?" I asked him during a talk one evening.

"Well, you see, sir, he liked anything English, and I fancy he liked to talk with me about my service in North India and Afghanistan and about the army. He

had a great admiration for the tactics of Wellington, and he said he rode a white horse always because there was some English king who was killed while on a white horse in battle."

"Where did you first meet General Skóbeleff?"

"I was servant with the Rothschilds in Paris, and Captain Skóbeleff (he was not General then) often visited us. I went into his service, and left with him for Venice and thence to Vienna, and we were at Petersburg and Moscow, for he was on the staff. He used to get me to sing him English songs, such as we sung in the army. There was one about the Crimea—

'Prince Mén'shikov was mortal sore,
On September 20th fifty-four.'

Prince Mén'shikov, junior, did not like this, and so when they were having fun together he used to threaten to make me come in and sing it."

In Madame Nóvikoff's book she says, "He was not a supporter of family ties, and was not happy in his married life. He never blamed his wife, who deserved no kind of blame, but they lived apart."

Slade told me he had been present at the strange midnight marriage, which he said took place at Prince Mén'shikov's in Petersburg in 1872, but that his master never lived with his wife.

He travelled to Kazán' with him in the depth of winter. General Skóbeleff used to stir up the officials at the posting stations, and made them fly. He journeyed towards Samarkánd, but when General

Káufman discovered that he was an English soldier he ordered him back.

Slade treasures a pair of epaulets which once adorned the shoulders of this hero of Plevna.

From the well-known tower of John the Big (Iván Velíkii) one never tires of gazing out towards Sparrow Hills, or down on the sea of green roofs, cupolas, and crosses of Holy Mother Moscow. No wonder that the Russian writers and poets sound the praises of Moscow. Feódor Glínka sings :—

“ Hail ! antique city, vast of size,
Thy bounds fair villages contain ;
Within thee graceful suburbs rise,
And palaces, with proud domain.
Lies round thee, riband-like, each field,
Thy gardens glow with beauteous flowers ;
And, on the seven-fold hills revealed,
Stand noble churches, stately towers.

On thee our wondering eyes look down,
A map outstretched by giant hand ;
Thou art become of high renown,
Though small the stream that laves thy land.
The trees in studied order grow
Around thy temples, old and tall ;
Of thy long streets no end we know,
Moscow ! fond mother of us all ! ”¹

Along the straight line now to Petersburg, “the eye which looks out on to Europe,” and before steaming back to the little island lying in the great sea, just a peep at our countrymen in the village of Múrina, an

¹ Wilson's “Lyrics,” p. 60.

English colony. Leaving the city of Peter behind,¹ we steamed down the Finland line some eight miles to Shuválovo station. A dróshki from the English settlement met us (that is, myself and an English resident).

What a thunderstorm and what a road! We clung to the vehicle as one side went up and the wheels of the other side down in an abysmal bog. The waterspouts came down and submerged the track, and beneath were the deepest holes ever known in a prairie trail. We were always on the point of being upset. The dróshki inclined to every conceivable angle, till we clung to it in sheer desperation. The horse looked like a drowned rat; the *izvóssnik* was soaked to the skin.

Somehow we got through, all splashed with mud, and arrived at my friend's house, where we received a warm welcome. After dinner we visited many of the English houses, and were delighted with their pretty wooded gardens. I was shown the large room used each Sunday for church, and the drawing-room of another colonist, papered with picture-paper of the last century, depicting hunting scenes.

There are many English families in Petersburg. Some of the younger members were born in Russia, and never have seen their own country. A tiny little English girl in one house, whose nurse was a Russian, spoke only in Russian, and used the word "Durák" when displeased with any one, to the amusement of her male relations.

¹ Petersburg is so frequently described, and is comparatively so familiar, that the writer feels it to be unnecessary to detain the reader there.

We visited an old baronial residence, a ruined house belonging to Count Vorontsév. Any one can walk in the deserted grounds, but a notice on the wall advises people not to go through the frameless windows, as the roof might fall in at any time.

The house stands alone amid the trees, and the front looks down a slope to a flat piece of ground shut in by banks, around which winds the sluggish river, and near which is a dark pond.

Of course, there is a ghost. A carriage is heard driving up to where the front door was, and phantom people rush out and look into the carriage, utter wild cries, and a figure is seen flying down to the pond directly after.

Of course, too, the inhabitants have a story in explanation of the ghost. A village girl, they told us, called *Alexándra*, was employed in the house by the Count's wife ; she helped in the laundry, and also, being a bright and pretty girl, was made use of in the house.

The Count's eldest son, like other Russians, had a weakness for good looks, and had many a good look at *Sáša*, who blushed at first, and gradually thought it might be more pleasant to become a countess than to slave for *Iván Ivánovitch*, the young blacksmith whom she had promised to marry. So she gradually gave *Iván* the cold shoulder. At a village festival held in the Count's grounds this was more than perceptible, and the young Count even went so far as to publicly patronise *Sáša* and to give *Iván* a blow. The young blacksmith went away in a black rage muttering to himself, and told *Sáša* he would end all this.

It was some little time after that the young Count was one day going off for a long day's shooting, and so naturally started the evening before, to be on the spot early next morning. Sáscha had a dread that something awful was about to happen, and she implored the young Count not to go that night. He kissed her and told her not to be silly. His father, the old Count, and his mother stood at the door and waved as the closed carriage drove away, and for the rest we have to trust to the coachman.

"We had driven many versts, when we were passing an old pilgrim, who cried to us to have mercy and not leave him to die from the cold that night. The young master was tender-hearted, and took him into the carriage. In an hour or two I lost my way and got far from the road. Not knowing where to drive, I called to the master, but as he seemed not to hear, I got down to ask him as to the road.

"*'Bárin,'* I cried, *'which is the way?'* He did not awake or answer, and he was alone. I was amazed, for I knew that there were two. Putting my hand out to awaken him, I felt it was wet, and looking in the twilight, it was stained all red. My master was dead, and was killed. I drove with much whip and galloped until we came home at last, and the horses were nigh to death. Shouting I drove to the door, and every one came out, only to find their young master dead. Sáscha came out and looked on him, and then turned and ran straight to the pond, and soon she was dead also."

And now the peasants living round hear cries and

sounds of furious driving, and they see the white figure flying down to the pond and disappearing into its waters.

One day, in the Cathedral of S.S. Peter and Paul (built in the midst of the Petropávlovskaya Fortress prison), I stood beside the grave of the murdered Emperor Alexánder II., the emancipator of the serfs. Since the days of Peter the Great the Tsars have been brought hither to rest, and their tombs lie around the church.

As I pondered there came in an aged peasant woman, who went straight to his tomb, and lighting her candle, fixed it reverently there in loving memory of him who had freed her and all the serfs of Russia, and then knelt in earnest prayer, for she loved and revered even the memory of the dead Tsar. Yet he had been shattered by the bombshell of the Nihilist, he had died at the hand of one of his subjects. How hard it is to understand the rights and wrongs of this great Empire!

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It is always more difficult to get out of Russia than to get in. My passport had been carefully scrutinised on my arrival in the White Sea, and at every stopping-place again was demanded by the police, and often endorsed with mystic characters. Now that I wished to sail by the S.S. *Avis* to Hull, I sent my passport to the police-station, and had to go through many formalities before I could depart. When the steamer was moving from her berth at Kronshtádt and making for the dock entrance, an officer and soldiers boarded us and again solemnly scrutinised both my papers and myself.

I felt pleased when the soldiers went ashore, and "Full speed ahead" was the word as we steamed into the Gulf of Finland, leaving at last our Kronshtadt pilot behind.

The worthy captain of the *Avis* (a Yorkshire-man), after a puff of smoke, gave his final dictum as to my proceedings in these words, "I consider such a trip as yours ruination to body, clothes, and pocket." He was a really good friend, and had a right to his opinion.

A week on the sea, and one evening the "Flam-borough Head pilots" came flying around us, and soon we saw the welcome light shining out from the well-known lighthouse on the cliff. It was pleasant to hear one's own language again, even though it was a broad northern dialect, and pleasanter still, after some 5000 miles of travel, to be at work again at Monkwearmouth. Modern successors to choir-boy Bede, leaving their cricket, set up a cheer as my baggage-laden cab stopped at the Vicarage gate, and I was at home. I must add, for all His mercies, *Sláva Bóghu*—"Praise to God."

Those who have gone forth sympathetically to view other lands than their own, will join with me, I am sure, in realising that the words spoken on Mars' Hill are true as to our brothers and sisters, though they be Russian brothers and sisters:—

GOD HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN FOR
TO DWELL ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX A

THE FIRST VOYAGE FROM ENGLAND TO THE WHITE SEA

It is very instructive to compare the lion hearted struggles of our brave forefathers under their terrible disadvantages with the easy conditions under which we moderns undertake the same journey. The reader will probably derive much profit from the following pages, which are to a great extent drawn from a valuable work (now out of print) by the Russian, Hamel, but chiefly because they contain more than a glimpse into those scenes in our history which picture to us the stout-hearted Englishmen who furthered the commerce and made the greatness of their country. We see how it was they achieved success, and how they were ready to cross unknown and distant seas in small craft of some 120 tons to win new lands and increased commerce for the Mistress of the Seas.

In the time of Edward VI, Sir Sebastian Cabot, being anxious that an effort should be made by his English master to secure some of the new countries which were being discovered, the 'Cathay Expedition' was accordingly despatched to discover a north-east passage to Mongolia.

On the 11th of May 1553 three vessels weighed anchor

at Deptford for China, and passed Greenwich, where the Court resided, the sailors dressed in light blue and the ships firing salutes. Unfortunately, Edward VI. was already too ill to show himself, as it was expected he would do. The undertaking excited general interest, for it was a new and important one. Up to that time no English vessel had doubled the North Cape, or, at all events, sailed to the eastward of Vardö. The North Cape had not yet even received this name, which was first bestowed during this voyage of Richard Chancellor and Stephen Burrough, though Russian navigators had long named it "Murmánskyi Nos," which means Nose or Cape of the Normans.

Two of the vessels, the *Bona Esperanza* and the *Bona Confidentia* (on board of the first of which were Sir Hugh Willoughby, as commodore, and William Jefferson, as sailing-master; while on board of the other Cornelius Durforth commanded), sailed far to the north, where Willoughby, on the 14th of August, came in sight of land, probably that part of the coast of Nóvaya Zemlyá lying between the Northern and Southern Goose Cape, Gusínyi Nos. The mainland of Russia appears to have been seen by them for the first time on the 23rd of August.

Sir Hugh Willoughby set his foot on Russian soil either on the same day or perhaps one day earlier than Chancellor, who landed on the 24th of August. On the 14th of September a fresh landing was effected on the Lapland coast, in a bay some distance westward of the island of Nokúev, where tolerably good anchorage was found. Willoughby now sailed with both vessels along the Lapland coast in a southeasterly direction towards the White Sea, and had he continued this course, would probably either have reached the Monastery of Solovétsk or joined Chancellor at Nenóksa. He appears, however, only to have advanced as far as a spot long in bad repute with Russian coasting-vessels, the tongue of land called the Svyatói Nos, the Waternose of

tradition, which with Kánin Nos forms, as it were, the gate of the White Sea. (This Svyatói Nos (Cape Sweet-nose) was the cape near to which our vessel, the S.S. *Highlands*, was imprisoned in the ice on our voyage to the White Sea.)

According to the journal kept by Sir Hugh Willoughby, we find that on the 14th of September he ran into a bay on the Lapland shore, where he met with convenient anchorage; and there is no doubt that this was the large bay in which the island of Nokúev, at the mouth of the Vársina, is situated. How long he remained here is not stated, but it is probable he weighed anchor again on the following day, or at all events on the 16th of September, in order to continue his course along the south-eastern coast. Now, however, the winds were quite contrary, and in tacking his vessels he must have fallen in with the line of breakers stretching out from Cape Svyatói Nos in a north-north-west direction. That his two ships were the smallest in the expedition we are aware, for the largest was only of one hundred and twenty tons burden.

As the wind now blew directly against the current, the whirlpool must have been in a very disturbed state, and Sir Hugh, who could not understand why his ship spun round so violently, gave orders, on the 17th of September, that both vessels should put back, probably during the flood, which set in early on this day; for he intended to return for shelter to the bay which he had left shortly before, behind the island of Nokúev.¹ He could not effect this, however, on the same day, and it was not advisable to attempt it during the night, for he knew, from his previous survey, that there was a small isolated rock in the middle of the bay. Sir Hugh's two vessels, therefore, the *Esperanza* and the *Confidentia*, entered Nokúev Bay only on the 18th of September.

¹ See Route Map for Nokúev I., page 11.

Sir Hugh Willoughby merely intended to await a change of wind in the bay in which he had anchored ; but he was doomed to disappointment, for shortly afterwards a severe winter set in, with frost and snow. The moon since the night of the 21st to the 22nd of September had been on the wane, and at the end of a week Sir Hugh doubted the possibility of proceeding farther, and resolved to winter there.

Three parties, which were sent three and four days' journey, in different directions, to search for inhabitants, returned unsuccessful, for all the fishermen had already departed far into the interior for the winter ; the days became shorter and shorter, and after the 25th of November our voyagers saw no more of the sun even at midday.

No one was aware of any means of guarding against the cold, and, indeed, nothing had been brought for the purpose ; for at that time they had no idea in England what a winter in Russia, or in the northern regions in general, was like. Moreover, the country surrounding Nokúev Bay was quite bare of wood, in consequence of which lack of fuel Sir Hugh Willoughby and the strong crews of both vessels, consisting of sixty-five men, were frozen to death. Most of them may have commenced their eternal sleep during the night of more than a month's duration, from the 25th of November to the 29th of December ; but from a signature of Willoughby it is ascertained that he was still alive at the end of January 1554.

Probably before his decease he was even several times rejoiced by a sight of the sun at midday ; but what a scene of horror it shone upon ! Two frozen-up vessels full of stiffened corpses, and only partly discernible through the snow which had drifted over them, towards which the looks of the remaining unhappy voyagers, now but half alive, were involuntarily turned, as, hopeless and deprived even of the comforts of religion, they were despairingly

awaiting the same fate. The chaplain was with Chancellor.

Willoughby's vessel had two surgeons on board, Alexander Gardiner and Richard Molten, who first embarked at Harwich. In the *Esperanza* there were three—not, as Hakluyt writes, six—and on board the *Confidentia* the same number of merchants. In summer many fishermen frequent the Lapland coast, which, as before stated, is uninhabited during the winter months; and by them were discovered, in Nokúev Bay, the English vessels, with their dead crews, their merchandise, and all their gear.

So soon as the Tsar' Iván Vasil'evitch received information of this calamity, through Chancellor, he ordered the Dvínskii Naméstnick (Governor), Prince Semén Ivánovitch Mikúlskii Púnkoff, to have all that was found on board the vessels and in the boats conveyed to Cholmogóry, there to be kept for a time under seal. Fogan Makároff, together with some other persons (Rossitzin, Rosselskii, and Yepishoff), were charged with the execution of this order. This happened in the spring of 1555.

The *Edward Bonaventure*, which was the third vessel of Cabot's expedition, was separated from the other two on the 30th of July 1553 by a heavy storm in the North Sea, and waited for them in vain for a whole week at Vardo, which place had been named as the rendezvous in the event of such an accident occurring. She then entered the White Sea, and reached the coast near the mouth of the Dviná, with forty-seven persons on board, besides Richard Chancellor, Stephen Burrough, and John Buckland. The name of the before-mentioned chaplain was the Rev. John Stafford; that of the physician, Thomas Walter. There were two merchants, George Burton, who traded as far as the Cape, and Arthur Edwards.

Nenóksa,¹ near St. Nicholas Monastery at the mouth of

¹ See p. 164, and also the Route Map, p. 11.

the Dviná, was the place where, for the first time, Russian bread and salt were placed before these guests who had so unexpectedly arrived from England.

Chancellor must now have assumed the character of an envoy (*posól*) from England. With several of his shipmates he ascended the Malokúr'e and Dviná as far as Cholmogóry, the chief magistrate (Fogan Makároff) of which town, with his colleagues, sent a report of the arrival of the English to Iván Vasíl'evitch (Ivan IV.). This happened in October. It must have been a very hard winter, for Chancellor related to Adamis in London that the people remaining on board the vessel suffered very much from the cold.

Chancellor's vessel was brought, by direction of the magistrates, to winter in the Bay of Una, to the west of Nenóksa; and Chancellor started in a sledge on the 23rd of November, to travel to the residence of the Tsar', without waiting to receive his invitation or permission. This, however, met him on its way from Moscow. Twelve days after Chancellor's arrival at Moscow, the Tsar's secretary, Iván Micháilevitch Viskovátyi, who at that time presided over the Department of Foreign Affairs, announced to him that Iván Vasíl'evitch would admit him to an audience, whereat he was not a little rejoiced.

Chancellor was accompanied by the two merchants, Burton and Edwards, and handed to the Tsar' an open letter from King Edward the Sixth, of which several copies had been supplied to each vessel of the expedition in different languages, for all rulers whose countries they might visit. In this document England's especial desire to enter into treaties of commerce was evinced.

Amongst other things there is the following paragraph:—“We have permitted the honourable and brave Hugh Willoughby, and others of our faithful and dear servants who accompany him, to proceed to regions previously

unknown, in order to seek such things as we stand in need of, as well as to take to them from our country such things as they require. This will be productive of advantage both to them and to us, and establish a perpetual friendship and an indissoluble league between them and us, whilst they permit us to receive such things as abound in their territories, and we furnish them with those of which they are destitute." After the audience Chancellor and both merchants had the honour of being admitted to the Tsar's table.

In July 1556 four English vessels lay at anchor at the mouth of the Dviná, viz., both those arrived from England in that year, the *Edward Bonaventure*, on her second voyage, and the *Philip and Mary*, and then the *Bona Esperanza* and *Bona Confidentia*, which were brought there by their fresh crews from the Bay of Nokúev

On the 2nd of August 1556 the four vessels just mentioned set sail for England. On board the *Edward Bonaventure*, commanded by John Buckland, there was, besides Richard Chancellor and his son, the Boyár of Vólogda, Ósip Grigór'evitch Nepéya, as (the first) ambassador from the Tsar' Iván Vasíl'evitch to Philip and Mary, with a suite of sixteen persons (Russians), who took leave of the Tsar' at Moscow on the 25th of March. Robert Best, the clerk, accompanied him as his interpreter.

On board the *Bona Esperanza*, two merchants of Cholmogóry, viz., the before-mentioned chief magistrate, Fogan Makároff, and Michásl Grigór'ev, together with eight other Russians, took a passage, with a view to commencing direct commercial relations with England. The *Edward Bonaventure* had a cargo of Russian wares, partly on account of Nepéya, the ambassador, and the Cholmogóry merchants, of the value of twenty thousand, and the *Bona Esperanza* one of six thousand pounds sterling.

In the North Sea, the *Esperanza*, as well as the *Confidentia*

and the *Philip and Mary*, were driven on the Norwegian coast, near Drontheim, by a storm. The *Confidentia*, on board of which the whole crew were frozen to death in 1553-54, struck on a rock and foundered with her cargo and ship's company. As to the *Esperanza*, on board of which Sir Hugh Willoughby and his companions were frozen, and in which ten Russians had now embarked, besides fourteen Englishmen, we have never learnt where she perished after her departure from the Drontheim Fiord, so that we are ignorant of the spot where the first Russian merchants who had intended to visit England were swallowed up by the ocean.

The *Edward Bonaventure*, after beating about for a long time in the North Sea, at last made the Scottish coast, and on the 10th of November anchored in the bay of Pitsligo,¹ in the northern part of Aberdeenshire, where, in the night, she parted from her anchors and was wrecked, by which mishap Richard Chancellor, with his son and seven persons (Russians) of Nepéya the ambassador's suite, who attempted to reach the shore in a boat, were drowned; but the ambassador himself was miraculously saved. John Buckland, too, as well as Robert Best, interpreter to the embassy, escaped a watery grave. Almost the whole of the cargo and the presents intended by the Tsar' for the King and Queen, viz., a beautiful hawk, with all its accoutrements for the chase, four live sables, and some costly furs, went to the bottom; and what is now still more to be lamented is the loss of the information with regard to Russia collected by Chancellor and his companions from June 1555 until August 1556.

Thus did the first three vessels despatched from England in 1553 perish; and both of those whose entire crews were frozen to death in the Bay of Nokúev, on the Lapland coast, were now, with every soul on board, swallowed up by

¹ See Route Map, p. 11.

the waves ; only a small number of the persons on board the third, viz., the *Edward Bonaventure*, being saved.

Probably the vessels, which had been frozen up through the winter, had suffered much because they were not raised out of the ice. In accordance with Cabot's proposition, they were sheathed in lead before their departure, as a defence against the detrimental action of the salt water ; and these were the first ships so sheathed in England. In Spain, however, this mode of preserving vessels was adopted at an earlier date. The *Philip and Mary* wintered in the port of Drontheim, and, long after they had given her up in London for lost, she arrived in the Thames on the 18th of April 1557.

Subsequent voyages were not so unfortunate, and a stream of commerce set in from the shores of England under the control of the Russian Company, established by the royal charters of both monarchs.

The northern river Dviná became a busy highway between England and Moscow. Archangel (New Cholgóry) grew to be an important town, and Velíkii Ustyúg, Tot'ma, Vólogda, and Yarosláv became great because of English gold and commerce. The depôt on Rose Island, at the mouth of the Dviná, continued to be the chief port of arrival and departure of English vessels, and no duties were levied on goods imported or exported by the Russian Company. Only when, in later years, Russia made her position secure on the Baltic was the trade-route to Russia diverted from the Northern Dviná to the Baltic ports.

APPENDIX B.

HISTORY OF THE MONASTERY OF SOLOVÉTSK,

BY THE ARCHIMANDRITE MELÉTI.

[The reader of "With Russian Pilgrims" will find in the pages of Appendix B (which has been carefully translated from its original Russian) an insight into ecclesiastical life in Holy Russia, and will see a reflection here of the mind of the Russian "religious." To any one who has followed Russian history at all it will be doubly interesting as throwing a side-light upon many of the greater events of that Empire.—ALEXANDER A. BODDY.]

INTRODUCTION.

There exists an old book which, under the title of "The Siege of Solovétsk," has now for about two centuries been circulating among those who call themselves by the high-sounding names of "Primitive Believers" (*Starovéry*) and "Primitive Ritualists" (*Staro-obryádsy*). It contains, however, an account of sundry very unworthy deeds of pretended Solovétsk champions, for the most part laymen, who, under the pretext of zeal for the faith, for several years resisted behind their stone walls the Tsar's Captains (*Voevódy*) and the gentle remonstrances of the spiritual authority, in doing which they acted contrary to the innate sentiments of all true Russians, namely, obedience to the Church, the Tsar', and the Fatherland :—

Here I offer a description of another siege, also of Solovétsk, but undergone in quite another spirit, aided by the visible

favour of God amidst human helplessness against the wicked attempt of men of another land and faith (viz., the English). This miraculous event worked the conversion of one of an alien faith, and of one Raskól'nik, who was in the monastery at the time; so evident was the proof of Divine protection vouchsafed to those of the Orthodox faith.

Wondrous deeds seen by faithful eye-witnesses, wrought by the hands of the glorious actors in the good cause, reviving in the memories of our contemporaries the long-past defence of Solovétsk, do I, Melétii, Archimandrite of the Solovétsk monastery, offer for the edification and consolation of Russia; with tears of grateful piety may they ascend to the God of our fathers and proclaim the boundless mercy of our Lord, who amidst temporary afflictions makes manifest His eternal protection to those sincerely professing the faith of their fathers; for "the Lord is with us. Learn, O ye heathen, and obey, for the Lord is with us."

It is recorded by a contemporary that the Patriarch of Jerusalem, Feofán (shortly after the troublous times of the pretenders (*Samozvántsy*), and the Polish invasion, when the Lavra of St. Sergius did Russia such good service), was prompted to visit the Lavra to pray at the tomb of that worker of miracles, St. Sergius, and bestow his benediction on the monks who had valiantly defended the shrine. Of those there were still living the holy Archimandrite Dionysius, he who had inspired Prince Pojárskii to work the deliverance of his Fatherland, likewise his great colleague, the cellarer Avráonii, and those wondrous monks, now old and hoary, who had donned warlike armour and fought manfully in the day of battle, and again in more peaceful times had returned to their spiritual duties. To behold them, to prove their humility, was the desire of the Patriarch. And when they stood before him, according to the tradition, the survivors of that work, more than two

score in number, and at their head their former leader, the monk Afanásii Osshérin, his hair whitened by age—

“Oh ! venerable brother,” said the Patriarch, “didst thou not go into battle and lead martyr warriors ?”

“Holy prelate,” meekly answered the monk, “I was driven so to do by tears of blood.”

And in answer to another significant question of the Patriarch as to which was more congenial to his nature, solitary prayer in a cell or achievements before mankind, the aged old man, baring his grey head, uttered the following remarkable words :—

“Holy Patriarch, what I have done and do is in obedience to my vow. Here is the signature of the Latins on my brow, carved out by their weapons ; also on my thighs have I six leaden bullets ; and in my cell at prayer and vigil where could I find better awakeners to sighing and lamentations ?”

The same can be said by the living defenders of Solovétsk of their action in obedience to their vow, though, remember, without steel or leaden bullets. Not that they avoided them. No ; on the contrary, they were ready every moment to sacrifice themselves for their faith, but God ordained it otherwise ! The Lord, it seems, desired visibly to prove to the enemies of our land, and of the true faith, that His strength is manifest in weakness, and so in reality it appeared when, by the mysterious decrees of His inscrutable providence, it pleased Him to deliver His chosen ones without the aid of mortal weapons. Of Him it might be said as in the words of the Psalmist it was said of him who dwelleth under the defence of the Most High and abideth under the shadow of the Almighty :—

“A thousand shall fall beside thee,
And ten thousand at thy right hand ;
But it shall not come nigh thee.”

And why speak of human beings when not a single sea-

gull, whole flights of which nested in the court of the monastery, perished during the three days' bombardment, which might have been hurtful to all if the cannon-balls had not been turned aside by the mercy of God from His innocent creatures? So were fulfilled the words of the Evangelist: "Are not two birds sold for a kopéika? and not one of them falls to earth without your Father. As for you, all the hairs of your head are counted. Fear not, for are ye not of greater value than these birds?"

Emerge out of your mists, O wondrous habitation on the sea-girt land, *Aurora borealis* of the North, flashing heavenwards the prayers, not of the White Sea shore alone, but those of the most distant regions of unbounded Russia. Tell us what worthy sons now inhabit them. Who were they who, forsaking the world and unknown in their time, but glorified in succeeding ages, founders of your lonely shrines and hermitages, which seem as if forgotten on the ocean? Through what heavy trials of the rebellious elements around and what enmity of foreign neighbours have your sons passed in the course of four centuries?

And when in such manner one rapid survey reveals to us out of the darkness of the past glimpses of their lonely labours, then brighter appear their present achievements, which have shed a flood of glory not alone on their monastery, but together with it on all the Fatherland.

MELÉTI,

Archimandrit.

CHAPTER I.

From the Foundation until the Martyrdom of Philip.

ABOUT the middle of the sixteenth century, in the days of Knyaz' (Prince) Basil the Black, the pious monk Savvátii, who had received the tonsure at Belozérskii, an ascetic of Valaám, goes in search of solitude on the desert shores of Pomór'e (viz., southern coast of White Sea), at the mouth of the River Viga ; there he finds a fellow-labourer, Gérman (pronounced Gherman), and together in a frail skiff they cross the abyss of the White Sea to the islands of Solovétsk.

But Gérman for a time leaves Savvátii in wild solitude, and the first anchorite, warned by a revelation from heaven of his approaching dissolution, again trusts himself to the stormy billows, to find at the mouth of the same river a father confessor in the person of the pilgrim Igúmen Nafanáil. Another lover of solitude was ordained to people the desert island, chosen by Savvátii, Zosíma, a native of Nóvgorod, an Ínok of the Monastery of Paléo-stróvskii, of the district of Onéga. He discovers this same German, now living at the mouth of the river Súmy, nearer to the islands, and with him Zosíma sails to the sea islands, where he has the consolation of seeing a heavenly vision of the future glory of his monastic foundation. There he raises the first cross under the shadow of which spread and grew the Solovétskaya Obštel' (Fraternity). The fame of his holy life attracted many followers, but his humility prevented him assuming authority over them.

Wishing to erect a church in honour of the Transfiguration of our Lord, he sends to Nóvgorod the Great (Vel'kii Nóvgorod), to ask for the blessing of the holy Archbishop Ióna for this purpose ; and on the completion of the humble wooden edifice, two Igúmens in turn replace one

another in the new convent, till at last the general voice of his disciples overcame Zosíma's humility. The venerable man journeys himself to Nóvgorod to receive at the hands of the Bishop ordination and the abbot's crosier. Then he transfers from the desert shore of the Víga the uncorrupted remains of the first recluse of Solovétsk, Savvátii, to his own island, which had been ceded him by decree of the Vladýka (Archbishop) of Nóvgorod, the governors and Common Council of the same, with the view of firmly establishing the rising community.

When, however, the coast authorities and Boyárs began to oppress the Brotherhood, the aged man, notwithstanding his infirm state and declining years, undertook once more the long journey to Nóvgorod. There he visited the houses of the eminent Boyárs, soliciting their protection, and only met with a repulse from the [proud] Posádnitsa (female president) of the free town of Nóvgorod, Martha Borétskaya; but even she repented, and confirmed to the Obítel' (Fraternity) their sea-coast district. The charter is still preserved in the vestry of Solovétsk, and runs thus :—

" This doth give Martha Isaákoba of Great Nóvgorod the Posádnitsa, to the Holy Spas (Saviour), on Solovétsk, to the Igúmen Zosíma and the holy men and monks thereof, her manor on the sea-coast, fisheries, earth and water, hardest land and woods, whilom possessed by me, Martha, to be possessed by the Igúmen and monks for ever, and whosoever takes away my land from them, he and I have to be judged before Christ.



Martha the Posádnitsa.

At the giving of this was present my Father Confessor,

Priest of St. Sophia, and Alexei Barchatob; and this was written by my son, Fédor Isaákob, in the year 6978 (a.d. 1470)."

To the prescient eye of Zosíma, as he sat at the sumptuous board of Martha, appeared a vision which horrified him, for six out of the number of the guests present seemed to be headless trunks. He confided this secret to his disciple; and in fact, soon after, the six persons indicated by the vision perished by the sword of John the Terrible, the subduer of Nóvgorod, and desolate and forsaken was the dwelling of Martha Borétskaya, from whom the holy man had met his only repulse.

With increased reputation he returned to his Obítel', and after forty years' toils, first of seclusion and then authority, he was called to an eternal Obítel'. The dying man left a comforting assurance to his followers, that "though he was leaving them in the body, yet in spirit he should be ever with them, and by this they would know that he had obtained the grace of God—if the Obítel' did not fall off spiritually or in earthly prosperity." His prophetic word has been fulfilled. The Obítel' of Solovétsk took a firm footing on the sea-beaten strand, and like a rock it has repelled the turbulent billows and hostile fleets.

Arsénii, the ever-constant follower of Zosíma, succeeded him in the dignity in 1478. During his short rule there died in Nóvgorod, in the Obítel' of Anihony the Roman, the first fellow-champion of the two great hermits of Solovétsk, Gérman, bequeathing his remains to be laid with those of his colleagues on the desert isle.

A year later, in the time of this Igúmen, Theodosius the Third enters the Dviná province of Nóvgorod, and confirms by his authority all formerly granted by them to the Obítel', offering to the Saviour, His blessed Mother, and St. Nicholas all the Solovétskie Islands, Solovétskii and Anzér-

skii, Muksál'ma, Zaétskii (Hare), and other islets, forbidding under the fear of his princely displeasure, the Boyárs of Nóvgorod and the people the entrance or infringement of their territories. Dosiféi, the succeeding Igúmen, having retired to the Belozérskii convent of St. Ferapónt, persuaded Spiridón, the Metropolitan of all the Russias, who was residing there in exile, to write, in the seclusion of his cell, the lives of his blessed teachers, Savvátii and Zosíma, from the words of eye-witnesses.

He to whom he had transferred his authority, Igúmen Isaiah, carried out about this time the dying wish of the sainted Gérman, and conveyed his remains, besides those of his fellow-labourers, in the same manner as Zosíma had removed those of the first Superior, Savvátii, to the scene of his desert labours. This was the third corner-stone laid to the foundation of the Solovétsk stronghold. Isaiah and Dosiféi, the last disciples of St. Zosíma who had witnessed his life, next occupied his dignity. The Igúmens who succeeded them at the Obítel' are little known. One of them, however, Vassián, moved by zeal to the memory of the holy men, wrote an account of their miracles which had happened prior to his time and contemporary with it, for constant miraculous cures were being performed at their tombs.

In the time of Alexéi, the twentieth superior in order after the holy founders, the whole monastery was consumed by lightning. This calamity attracted the compassionate consideration of the Metropolitan of all the Russias, Makárii, and likewise that of the 'Tsar' John.

He consoled the suffering brotherhood by valuable offerings and grants of extensive districts on the coast. Little more than about half a century had elapsed after the death of holy Zosíma, when out of the community founded by him on the desert shore rose a new luminary destined to shed effulgence over all the land, and not only out of the desert but likewise from the archiepiscopal throne.

To the remote Obítel' monastery came, in the habit of a pilgrim, the Boyár, Theodore Kolytchóv. After many years' wandering among the hermitages and monasteries of Olónets, he takes the angelic habit, and is tonsured by the hand of the Igúmen Alexéi, ignorant of what a treasure was, in his person, acquired by the Church. Ten years later the monk Filíp, on account of his high virtues, succeeds the Igúmen Alexéi, with benediction of the Archbishop of Nóvgorod, Feodósii; this was the future primate of Moscow and all Russia, the confessor and martyr, one of the brightest characters in the history of our Church. The pious, saintly Filíp turned the whole of his attention and care to the well-ordering and reformation of the monastery confided to his care, and revived in it the memory of the holy founders.

He discovered the miraculous image Odigítria, which had been brought to the desert island by St. Savváti, and placed it above his tomb, and the stone cross out of his cell he erected in the chapel, where rested the holy Géрман, his colleague. With his own hand he repaired the time-worn psalter of St. Zosíma, and loved to clothe himself in the ancient vestments of the saint, that he might be more penetrated by his spirit. And who could more worthily than St. Filíp perform in them the holy offices at God's altar?

The fame of the sanctity of the Superior of Solovétsk, the late Boyár, rapidly spread throughout Russia; from all parts flowed abundance of offerings, from the Tsar' and the people, into the monastery by Filíp now made famous. The Tsar' John well-nigh every year bestowed upon it either a grant of land or rich alms; and when the charters granted to others were annulled he granted new ones to his beloved Obítel', for from childhood he had known its great Superior, which acquaintance was the cause of the future exaltation and martyrdom of St. Filíp, who was awaiting an imperishable crown in heaven.

All that is best in the Solovétskaya Obítel', all her chief

churches, are the work of the hands of this great prelate, and they have been preserved unto our times.¹ First he erected the refectory chapel of the Assumption, with a chantry dedicated to the decollation of St. John the Baptist at the head of it, in honour of the Tsar's patron-saint, as it were foreseeing that he himself was to suffer for the word of truth spoken to the terrible Tsar'. Then, having arranged the offices of the monastery, he undertook with the Tsar's money the building of the Cathedral of the Transfiguration of our Lord, with chapels and altars to the Archangel and the Prepodóbnye (patron-saints, Zosíma and Savvátii) on each side of it. Four altars rose at the extremities of the cathedral, dedicated to the patron-saints of the Tsar's children, Léstvitchnik and Stratilát, and another cathedral to the Twelve Apostles and the Seventy Evangelists. Thus was he penetrated by the apostolic spirit, even before he assumed that estate, on the archiepiscopal throne.

But when all was ready for consecration of the holy edifice he was deprived of that spiritual comfort, and in his absence the sacred remains of the holy founders, Savvátii and Zosíma, were transferred to the church built for their reception, the author of the sacred solemnity being called by the Tsar' to occupy the Metropolitan Throne, and only his own remains many years later could return for a short period to the Obítel' glorified by his life, and rejoin those of the Prepodóbnye (*i.e.*, Savvátii and Zosíma).

The holiness of Filíp was as if it were reflected on his disciples; and the very incorruptibility which awaited him as a reward for his martyrdom was vouchsafed also to some of them for the painful and lingering deaths they had suffered in carrying out their vow of obedience.

In the days of Filíp's rule several barques belonging

¹ It was at this time (1554) that the English vessels first appeared in the White Sea.

to the monastery laden with lime for the building of the church were wrecked, and there perished four devout monks, whose bodies were discovered later uncorrupted, even in the depths of the ocean. Of them Ióna and Vassián became famed in the Pertomínskii Convent, which is on the Únskie horns; and the two others, novices, John and Lóngin, were laid in the village church of Tenénskii, where they still await removal to their beloved (Obítel'), which they had served faithfully in life and glorified in death by the numberless miraculous cures performed at their tombs. The storm during which they were lost occurred in the year 1561; and seven years later was to rise another more fearful storm, a moral one, on their great pastor, and engulf him in its waves.

A strange fate was that of Filíp and the stern 'Tsar'! John loves and honours him while on his desert isle, for in boyhood he had been his playfellow in the number of companions, the children of Boyárs, and later he had more than once seen him in his capital as the chief of the Solovétskaya Obítel'. John summons Filíp to the archiepiscopal throne, because he stood in need of a worthy successor to Makárii, and desired to see a righteous man at the head of the Russian hierarchy.

Before this he had chosen his own confessor, Afanásii, and after his early death, which soon followed, the Bishop of Kazán'; but dreading his censure and reproaches, he ultimately fixed on Filíp. What was it that inclined the terrible monarch to elevate men of known holiness when he might have found among those about him sycophants and servile doers of his will? John is not at peace with himself; he is conscious of his soul's infirmity, which at times overcomes his better nature, and yet in him is deeply rooted respect for the priesthood. This prompts him to seek for a godly man to occupy the archiepiscopal throne, that the same by his silence should seem to ex-

tenuate his dark deeds, being himself irreproachable by his holy life.

The secret stings of conscience force John to act against himself, to obtain for himself an intercessor against its reproaches; but when he meets with open contradiction, the evil overcomes the good in his diseased mind, the good intention by degrees giving way before the kindling wrath, till the blazing forth of his fury and the terrible storm fall on the head of the innocent victim, to sweep all contradiction from his path. Such would appear to be the solution of the strange behaviour of John towards Filíp, commencing with the deep respect which induced the Tsar', against the desire of the humble-minded Igúmen, to raise him to the metropolitan see, culminating at last in his insulting him in the sacred precincts of the church.¹

Even this fearful action he strove to justify to his conscience by calling a council of the Church, before which he laboured to incriminate Filíp, whom he had deposed in the eyes of his brethren the bishops. At last, in a final transport of wrath, he finishes his victim in the Ótrotchii Monastery by the hand of Malyúta Skurátov, it may be not being aware himself at the time of the perpetration of the cruel deed. All this narrative of the sufferings and martyrdom of Filíp belongs more to the history of the Church than to that of Solovétsk, within which, however, it had an echo.

The peaceful convent which, with tears, had seen her Igúmen depart to the throne of the hierarchs of Moscow, received again, but only after the lapse of many years, the uncorrupted remains of her former pastor, to see him again depart for the Uspénskii Sobór in the ancient capital, then not for a temporary bishopric, but for the perpetual consolidation of the Russian Church on this fourth corner-stone together with the holy saints, Peter, Alexéi, and Jonas.

¹ See also pp. 142, 143.

In the Lent of 1566 the Igúmen Filíp had been called out of his beloved Obítel', and on the festival of the Transfiguration the same year, his follower Paísii, who had succeeded him, consecrated the Church of the Spas (Saviour) built by him, and two days later he solemnly transferred to the northern chapel chantry of it the relics of the holy founders of Solovétsk. But two years from thence the same disciple, like unto Judas, became the traducer of his teacher; for the holy Filíp, following the example of Christ in the pastorship of his flock, in this was also ordained to resemble Christ, that he was to be betrayed by one of his disciples!

When, for the iniquitous accusation of Filíp, there were sent the dastardly men charged with the inquiry into his convent—Pafnútii, Archbishop of Súzdaľ' and the Archimandrite of Andróniev Monastery, Theodosius the Boyár, the Knyaz' Témkín, and the Clerk of the Court and others—they succeeded in shaking by fear and flattery promises the soul of the timid Paísii, and of some other unworthy monks of Solovétsk. These calumniators were transported to Moscow to bear false witness, and the whole magnificent treasury, and the very money gathered by the zeal of St. Filíp, was laid under seal. But after the unjust condemnation of the holy man and his martyrdom, the wrath of the monarch (John) was turned on the traducers themselves; doubtless the secret reproaches of his conscience made a louder and stronger appeal in favour of the righteous man than did their falsehoods to his discredit. Ten of these monks were banished to several distant monasteries, and the chief betrayer, the Igúmen Paísii, was imprisoned in the lonely convent of Valaám, where he ended his days. Till the death of Filíp, and even after, none of the monks of Solovétsk were admitted to the dignity of Superior, the affairs of the monastery being administered in the interim by two monks of Belozérskaa from the Kirillov Monastery.

CHAPTER II.

The Wars with the Swedes.

It is worthy of notice that the same year that witnessed the martyrdom of Filíp was likewise the one during which danger first threatened his late residence from external enemies.

In 1570 some Swedish ships appeared on the White Sea, evidently threatening to attack the monastery; but the danger, for this once, blew over without any evil consequences. However, at the same time, a Voevóda, a captain of the Tsar's, Símon Lupándin, was sent to search out and pursue foreign vessels on the White Sea, and the Tsar' sent to the builder, Varlaám and brethren, four brass culverins, with 400 different kinds of arms and 4000 pounds of gunpowder; so that, in a manner, for the first time a peaceful Obítel' became a military fortress. About a hundred Strel'tsy' (musketeers and archers), under the command of Voevóda Ózerov, were appointed for its defence, and it was hastily enclosed by a wooden stockade; and, four years later, the Tsar' sent once more four culverins and powder in consequence of the Swedes having invaded the Kém'skii district and ravaged the adjacent country, killing a Voevóda and many archers and musketeers.

The Voevóda Zagryájskii formed out of the tenantry of the monastery a company of militia and made preparations for its defence; and next year about 3000 Swedes, making a descent on the Kém'skii Island, were defeated in a three days' sanguinary conflict by another Voevóda Anstchkov; and two Swedish leaders fell in this battle.

At this period, though full of anxiety, the Solovétsk inhabitants, with the aid of Leoníd, the Bishop of Nóvgorod, commenced the building of a stone church near

the cathedral dedicated to St. Nicholas, the great defender of Orthodoxy. At length the stern heart of the 'Tsar' softened to his Obítel', and in reply to the humble petition of the brotherhood, he granted them a Superior after their own heart out of the number of the disciples of Filíp, the pious Tákov, who had been called to govern the Paleostrovskii Convent, and finally was raised to the post of Superior of his own former monastery.

During his time the favours of the Tsar' again flowed, but now connected with sorrowful memories of the innocent blood of Filíp, like unto that of Abel which cried to heaven.

In the year 1582 the monarch sent 500 roubles for Masses to be said for the soul of his son, who had died by his hand, and for those monks who had suffered in the cause of Filíp 100 roubles, a valuable goblet, a gold cross, brass clock, and silver sacred vessels. Then two years later again, for the repose of his son's soul, whose death sorely disturbed his peace, he sent another gift of 200 roubles, with sable furs which had belonged to him, and a necklace ; for the soul of his cousin, Knyaz' Vladímir Andréévitch, who had been compelled, together with his whole family, to drink in the Tsar' John's presence a dose of poison, and for his mother, the principal nun Evfrosíniya, who had been drowned in Góritsy, 200 roubles ; and the same sum for the soul of the murdered Knyaz' Tchenyátis, and 100 roubles for the souls of the slaughtered Nóvgoródians, 753 souls, who had been, as it was termed in the register for the guidance of the priest, finished by Malyúta Skurátov, one of the chief prompters and instruments of the cruelties of John the Terrible's reign, a man known to the most ignorant of the Russian people.

It was evident that the fearful storms of that diseased mind, which had swayed John in the course of many years, had before the close of his life quieted down, and

that he was now returning to his pristine condition, reviewing with horror the cruelties of his past career.

The mild reign of his son Feódor dawned, signalised by many benefits bestowed on the Solovétsk convent. His first donation was that of 400 roubles for prayers for the soul of his father, "the crowned monk."¹

He forthwith commanded a stone fortress to be erected around the monastery, in consequence of it being exposed to frequent attacks from the neighbouring Swedes; this bulwark was constructed of mammoth cobble stones, at the cost of the monastic treasury, by the district tenantry of Solovétsk, in the space of ten years. At the same time the wooden fortification at Súma, on the western coast, was built, and the whole Súmskii and Kém'skii districts were granted to the Obítel' for the completion of these State or public buildings, as one may term them.

By the Tsar's order our people again went against the Swedes and Finns, who were laying waste the villages in the vicinity of the sea-shore; for which purpose there were sent to the monastery warlike men, who knew how to manage firearms, with 600 archers, and in the space of several years about 7 hand-guns, 800 balls, and 50 poods of gunpowder. The first-rate captains of the Tsar' relieved each other by turns for the defence and supervision of the fortifications in course of erection. At length they were completed in 1594, with a covered way all round the wall, with strong barbicans, eight high towers, and gates; it occupied more than a verstá in circumference.

It is noteworthy that such an enormous edifice was completed not only at the sole cost of the monastery, but under the immediate superintendence of a monk of Solovétsk, Trífon.

The considerable elevation on which the Obítel' stands,

¹ John used to ring the church bells and conduct Divine Service himself.

the bay on the west side, before the holy gates, where there is a wharf for small vessels, and the Holy Lake, which surrounds the wall on the east side, together with its thick walls, rendered the monastery impregnable to the arms of the time; yet for further strengthening of it, that the Lord might guard its comings in and outgoings, a chapel in the name of Annunciation was erected. The Igúmen Iákov, venerating the memory of his spiritual father, the saintly Filíp, had most at heart the desire to have his relics returned to the convent, and supplicated the mild monarch then reigning to permit the removal of the uncorrupted remains of the martyr from the Tverskói Ótrotchii to the Solovétskii Monastery.

Thus in 1591, twenty years after his cruel death, with solemn spiritual triumph St. Filíp returned to the Obítel', which he had left for the primacy, and was laid under the porch of the chapel of the Prepodóbnye.

The humble imitator of his monastic life (this Igúmen Iákov), like unto Filíp, was full of zeal for the Obítel', and when the erection of the stone church of St. Nicholas within the walls of the monastery was commenced he transferred the old wooden church of the saint to the desert Anzérskii Island, which is separated by a channel of the sea five versts wide from that of Solovétsk, and so he laid the commencement of the lone Anzérskii hermitage, which in time throve with a flourishing number of ascetics in the days of the founder Eleázár, and afforded a peaceful refuge to that pillar of the Church, the patriarch Níkon, where he sought for quiet and silence at the commencement of his career.

After a rule of twelve years Iákov was succeeded by another champion, also one of the monks of Solovétsk, Isídor, formerly Archimandrite of the Ipát'evskii Monastery, to be made famous later on by the defence of Nóvgorod against the Swedes during his tenure of the archbishopric of St. Sophia.

Though his rule lasted no more than seven years, yet he did much to benefit the Obitel', and afterwards did not cease to bestow on it liberal alms from Nóvgorod the great. Isídor completed the Church of the Annunciation above the gate, joined by a warmed passage the Winter Cathedral Uspénskii (Assumption) to the Summer Cathedral of the Transfiguration and the Church of St. Nicholas, and, besides, erected a two-storeyed building for the church vestry and armoury. In his time the Tsar' Borís Gouunóv likewise showed favour to the monastery, made it a present of a bell of 700 poods (about 28,000 pounds), which bears his name, and sent 2000 roubles for Masses for the soul of Tsar' Feódor.

During the troublous times of the Pretenders, that time of trial for Russia, the Solovétsk brotherhood was destined to produce champions for the defence of the fatherland; out from it came Avraám Pálitsin, the cellarer of Tróitskii, who saved not alone the Lávra Monastery, but the capital likewise, and all Russia. Like the former Igúmen Isídor, he made a firm stand against the Swede Delahardi in the Kreml' of St. Sophia, and suffered together with his flock. He was succeeded by the brave and worthy Antónii, who repulsed all the attacks of the Swedes from her coast fortresses in the course of his seven years' rule, extending to the year 1612, so memorable in our history.

The Swedish Viceroy and Voevóda Behm or Boehm sent to inform Antónii that an auxiliary force of Swedes had been sent at the request of the Vasílii Ivánovitch Shúiskii, and seeming to be troubled by the ill-disposition of some of the Boyárs towards the weak Tsar', demanded of the Igúmen, "Whom did he own for Tsar'?" and desired his aid for himself from the Prince of Sweden. But the brave monk rejected all the offers of the enemy, and transmitted to Nóvgorod 5000 roubles to the famous Voevóda and popular leader, Knyaz' Michafl Skópin Shúiskii, and to

the Tsar' more than 3000 roubles as a pledge of his loyalty.

Two years later, during the interregnum, when it was again demanded of him on behalf of the King of Sweden, Charles IX., "Did he intend to acknowledge the Crown Prince 'Tsar' of Moscow?" he courageously replied, "that in conformity with all ranks in the State, and the entire Russian people, he refuses to own any stranger as Tsar', excepting one of their native orthodox Boyárs."

Then the forces of Sweden made their appearance on the coast with the intention of spoiling and destroying the monastery, and passed over to the Kúsovy Islands, distant only thirty versts from Solovétsk. Thus the convent was in imminent danger, but it was preserved this time, as formerly, by the intercession of its saints.

At the demand of the Igúmen, who was not only the chief civil manager, but, one may say, Voevóda of the north coast, a military force was sent under the command of a Voevóda, Lihareff. They marched out of the fortress of Súma against the Swedes, and demanded of them the cessation of hostilities on account of the existence of an armistice; but the Swedes, on their part, answered by demanding of Antónii the surrender to them of the Súmskii fort, under pretence that it had been ceded them by the Tsar' Basil. Antónii had the fortitude to refuse them, and so secured and retained the whole coast.

And in the year following danger continued to menace the convent, but not from the Swedes, but on the part of traitorous fellow-subjects, the men of Lithuania and Cherkáskych, who, taking advantage of the intestine disorder of Russia, ravaged the coast and the adjacent districts; but the militia belonging to the monastery defeated all their attempts against its strongholds. During the rule of Antónii there joined the brotherhood a famous, though an involuntary, monk, Simeón Bekbulátovitch, sometime

Edigér, Tartar Tsar' of Kazán', much honoured by John the Terrible, who gave him the title of Grand-Duke of Tver' and took him with him in all his campaigns ; but, dreaded by Godunóv for his Tsarish origin, he was at last forced to turn monk by the false Dimítroi, and banished to Solovétsk for having discovered his imposture and exhorted the people to avoid the customs of the Latins.

A strange example of the freaks of fortune, the now blind Tsar'-monk Stefán petitioned that he should be transferred from the Solovétskii Monastery to that of the Krílov, and by decree of Knyaz' Dimítroi Pojárskii, the liberator of Russia, and other Boyárs, he was removed to the Beloózero. How much instruction this can give rise to if we trace his eventful life from the throne of Kazán' to the cell of Beloozérskii ! Is it not consoling to see in the former Mohammedan monarch a zealous defender of Orthodoxy and opposer of the Latins, ready to sacrifice life for Russia and its Church, who, after such witnessing to truth, dies humbly in the cell of a monk, though he might have again entered a career of worldly ambition ?

Again a famous Churchman and patriot succeeded Antónii, the Igúmen Irinárch, who later on was canonised and numbered with the former Prepodóbnye of Solovétsk, as he himself glorified the memory of Prepodóbnye, German, one of the three founders of the Obítel', when, in course of erecting the church, he discovered his uncorrupted remains.

Irinárch ruled ten years ; and a truce having been at last agreed to, the Voevódy of Sweden, of the town of Kaian, in 1614, seeing their ill success, gave up their attempts against the north country ; and the youthful Tsar' Michail, in consideration of the great sacrifices of the Monastery of Solovétsk during the whole course of the national war, bestowed on it the whole Korolévskii Bonoen Kóvlenskii district, with a conventual house in Moscow, and embel-

lished the tombs of the Prepodóbnyc with wrought-silver boards.

Irinárch repaired the decayed parts of the ramparts, erected two new towers and many buildings and offices which had become indispensable owing to the political importance of the stronghold of Solovétsk, and left behind him an undying memory of his virtues among the inmates of the Obítel', who in course of time had recourse to his intercession and prayers.

Irinárch received and, under the holy shadow of the convent, welcomed to a peaceful shelter the declining years of the famous cellarer, Avraám Pálitsin, who returned, according to his promise, after his glorious deeds for the liberation of his country; the time of his last residence in the convent (to his death) was seven years. By the Word, as with a spiritual sword, smote Avraám the traitors at the time of the expulsion of the foe out of Moscow; and it is worthy of notice that in the Solovétskii Monastery, the very place where he ended his days, are preserved the two material swords of her country's liberators, Skopin Shúiskii's, and that of Knyaz' Duantrii P'ojárskii, both the champions having bequeathed them to the ancient Obítel', which in their time served as a bulwark to the whole north; and the two swords are still preserved with care in the sacristy of the monastery. Avraám died in the year 1627, shortly after Irinárch, during the rule of Makárii, his successor.

CHAPTER III.

Nikon and the Office-Books.

RAFAÍL, one of the Archimandrites of Astrachán', was elected Superior of Solovétsk, and ultimately became Bishop

of Astrachán', having in this way crossed the breadth of Russia from one extremity to the other to undertake its spiritual guidance. However, in the brief term of his government, on the occasion of a new war with Poland, he succeeded in contributing 14,000 roubles towards the State necessities out of the treasury of the convent; for in those troublous times our great monasteries were not only strongholds of the nation, but its treasuries and granaries.

The Convent of St. Sérgii had more than once fed with its bread the capital of Russia, and not less than Solovétsk contributed pecuniary aid, repulsing in arms the enemies of the nation; so that what in prosperous times had been bestowed by the piety of the Tsars was promptly and gratefully returned in the dark days of civil discord.

From among the number of the monks of Solovétsk in the days of Rafail, there again ascended the primate's throne a pastor adorned by many virtues, Joasáf the First, who during the whole period of his patriarchship forgot not his spiritual cradle, bestowing on it many liberal donations. One of the Solovétsk Igúmens, Markél, successor to Rafail, was appointed to the Vologódkii diocese cathedral; but in spirit he remained inseparably with the convent, at his death bequeathing his remains, not to be buried with those of his brother bishops of Vólogda, but in the humble chapel of Solovétsk, near those of holy Gérman. The seven years' rule of Markél is memorable to the Oblitel', amongst other things, for the fact that in his time there came to it in search of refuge the great Níkon, the future patriarch, then only a Iero-monách (monk priest), and as a lover of ascetic life, settled not in the convent itself, but in the desert hermitage of Anzérskii, under the guidance of the saint-like builder, Eleazár.

From hence they made together the pilgrimage to Moscow, where Níkon became known to and appreciated by that pious monarch, Alexéi Micháilovitch. After three

years' ascetic life, having made up his mind to leave the Anzérskii hermitage, he was driven by a storm to the desert island of Kfi, on which he founded the celebrated Krest-óvaya Obítel' when patriarch.

He had been chosen to build up the Kozfeozersky Pústyni' in the limits of Olónets, but was soon afterwards summoned by the future Tsar' to the Archimanuricy of the family Obítel' of the house of Románov, the Nóvospasskii. Three years later he was elevated to the metropolitan cathedra of Nówgorod.

It seemed that all the great and glorious leaders of the Russian Church had to pass through the furnace of Solovétsk. Nikon, when yet only an Archimandrite, commenced to benefit the convent, remembering that there he had assumed the monkish habit. He suggested to the Tsar' that the time had come for the glorification of the martyr Filíp, for constant miraculous cures were performed at his tomb; and the devotee Alexéi, having consulted a council of bishops, commanded that the tomb of the righteous man should be opened and the holy remains transferred to the Church of the Spas, built by him.

The Igúmen Iliyá, successor to Markéll, was found worthy of this spiritual consolation, and soon after, through the mediation of Nikon, already Metropolitan of Nówgorod, in the year 1651, he was promoted to the rank of Archimandrite, with several privileges of the Church service, such as the sacramental fan (in Russian *ripidií*) and the signing or blessing candles.¹

Not for long did the relics of St. Filíp remain in the Spásskii Cathedral; the heart of the zealous Nikon, full of reverence for the memory of the martyr, was constantly prompting the translation of them to the very scene of his pastoral labours, as if by a mysterious presentiment that he himself was to suffer when in the same cathedral. He

¹ See page 67.

persuaded the Tsar' and the patriarch Iósif to further his plans, and set out himself for the distant Obítel' of Solovétsk for the precious relics of Filíp.

Once before a storm had carried him to the Kfiskii Island; again he had to encounter a storm on the White Sea, which damaged his ship, but he reached the desired haven and himself read aloud the invitatory letter of Alexéi to Filíp, addressed as if to the living. The mild monarch in touching terms implored the martyr to forget the outrages of his royal ancestor and return again to bestow the abundance of his grace on the former scenes of his archipastorship. With high solemnity Níkon exhumed his uncorrupted remains; by sea and by land, across the lakes, over all the midnight region, in sacred procession, passed to the capital, and, met by the 'Tsar' at the gates of the city, he placed Saint Filíp in that church where he had formerly officiated, the Uspénskii Sobór (Cathedral).

After Filíp, Níkon remained the first pastor of the Russian Church, for during his long pilgrimage to Solovétsk the aged patriarch Iósif, eldest metropolitan, had died, and the cathedra remained unoccupied, waiting for Níkon and Filíp. Níkon ascended the throne of the Church, prevailed thereunto by the entreaties of the Tsar' and Council of the Church.

A small part only of the relics of St. Filíp was left in his vacant shrine in the Spásskii Sobór; and it is remarkable that, as at his first removal out of the convent, peril began to threaten from foreign foes, so subsequent to his second departure discord arose. Four years after the removal there were forwarded to Solovétsk some missals or service-books, reprinted by Nikon from ancient authentic manuscripts, Greek and Slavonian. But those amended or revised copies appeared in the light of novelties, innovations, to some illiterate people of the monkhood. This might likewise be caused by their personal prejudice against Níkon, whom they had known during his stay at

the Anzérskii hermitage, and did not love for his extreme severity towards all laxity in Church discipline. Perhaps he had given proof of the same spirit while metropolitan of Nóvgorod, as the convent of Solovétsk was at that time a dependency of the bishopric (or, rather, under its jurisdiction). They broke out into open murmuring and discontent against his excellent and beneficial labours for the Church, and in defiance of the remonstrances of Iliyá, not even taking the trouble of giving them an examination, left the sealed trunks of office-books unopened in the armoury. This audacious action was the commencement of the unhappy sedition which ten years later broke out in the monastery, more among the laymen than the monks, and for a time dimmed its national glory.

It, however, did not cease from contributing from time to time liberally from its resources to the needs of the State. On occasion of the war with Poland the Archimandrite Iliyá sent the Tsar' 13,000 roubles in guise of a loan, and built a stone fort in Kem' as a precaution against the Swedes, who actually made an aggression, but were repulsed with loss. Archimandrite Varfoloméi, who succeeded Iliya, sent another benevolence of 22,000 roubles to the Tsar' to assist in carrying on the war, when subsequently the rumour of the disobedience of some of the monks of Solovétsk reached Moscow, and in his place Iósif, one of the Solovétsk monks, was appointed.

Then both the actual Superior and his predecessor, together with the former Confessor of the Tsar', Archimandrite Nikanór, endeavoured to exhort the disobedient to receive the amended ritual books, but the long-smothered spark excited by the evil-disposed prisoners in the convent burst out into a flame; the two Archimandrites had to withdraw, rejected by the declared schismatics; and the third Nikanór, unexpectedly going over to them and placing himself at their head, together with Knyaz L'vov, who had

been banished for wrongfully and illiterately altering the books when he superintended the printing office in the time of the patriarch Iósif. The cellarer Savvátii and the head of the Strel'tsý (archers) joined them; but when, later on, the cellarer returned to the right side, the mutineers, on their own authority, appointed as cellarer the common monk Azárii, and as treasurer Geróntii, and unadvisedly rejected the conciliatory messages of the Tsar' and the exhortation of the commissioned Church dignitaries. This was a dark page in the chronicle of Solovétsk; but its preceding and subsequent fame has completely obliterated all traces of it, though the event may not be omitted for the sake of historical sequence.

Ten long years it laboured under this malign influence. The Crown pleader, Attorney Vólochov, with a body of a hundred musketeers (Strel'tsý), for four years consecutively presented himself in the Tsar's name on the Záetskii Island, adjacent to Solovétsk, hoping to bring the monks to reason; but inside the strong walls themselves, till then the safeguard of the north coast of Russia, bands of turbulent Kózaks, the dregs of dispersed adherents of the Pretenders, had ensconced themselves, had thrown the elder monks into dungeons and seized the convent treasury, while the discontented of the community, to avoid their persecution, passed over to the Tsar's troops by degrees; others again, availing themselves of the liberty they enjoyed, dispersed throughout the whole coast-country, and spread the schism under the pretence of preaching and maintaining the true ancient ritual. Thus originated the numerous sects and doctrines of the Pomoryáne sea-coast inhabitants.

The commander of Strel'tsý, Teveleff, with a thousand musketeers (archers), was despatched to relieve the handful of men under the command of Vólochoff, and though he removed his camp for the winter on to the very island of Solovétsk, he could not obtain possession of the stronghold,

provided as it was with all appliances necessary to support a long siege.

At length the Voevóda, Messhérinov, took the command of the troops, and pressed the siege with vigour; he encircled the walls of the convent by a rampart and repelled the desperate sorties of the besieged, not losing courage after unsuccessful assaults, and continuing them even in winter. In January 1676, the monk Feófil, deserting from the monastery, discovered to the Voevóda the distressful condition of his brethren pining in dungeons, and the violence of the Kózaks; he pointed out a secret passage under the White Tower, from the side of the cemetery, by means of which the monastery could be taken without bloodshed.

After a stormy winter night, while the rebels were heedlessly sleeping, towards the dawn, fatigued by the season and watching, the Tsar's Strel'tsy broke into the monastery, through the concealed way, and smote all who dared to offer armed resistance. Many fell in the *mélée*; others were put to death for rebellion or dispersed among distant prisons. The faithful monks were liberated out of confinement, and those who had been reduced by weakness received forgiveness through the mercifulness of the mild Alexéi.

Once more the Obitel' shone forth in the light of its former sanctity: monks were transferred from various monasteries to Solovétsk; Makárii of Tichvin was appointed Archimandrite; the office of Ecclesiarch was for three years held by Ignátij, of the family of the Bunskey-Korsakoffs, who was later Metropolitan of Tobólsk, and exposed the errors of the Raskól by pastoral messages which are extremely valuable to us, as a contemporary evidence to the frenzied actions of the *soi-disant* champions of the old ritual. For the space of a year a troop of the Tsar's forces, three hundred strong, commanded by Knyaz' Volkónskii, remained in the Obitel' until tranquillity and complete order were re-established.

CHAPTER IV.

Visit of Peter the Great, and arming of the Monastery.

WHEN Makárii obtained, at his request, permission to return to his former monastery, the former cellarer, Ilarión, occupied his place for five years, and subsequently was ordained Metropolitan of Pskov, for Solovétsk continued to supply out of its brotherhood candidates to the highest dignities of the Church. While he was Superior the Savvátii-Zosímovskii hermitage, in the Archangel region, was incorporated with the Obítel', and the new diocese of Archangel and Cholmogóry was formed to preserve the north coast from the schism. In consequence of this the Monastery of Solovétsk departed from the cognisance of the Bishops of Nóvgorod to that of the Archbishops of Cholmogóry. The first of them, Atanásii, the famous defender of Orthodoxy at the Moscow Synod, paid the Obítel' a visit, to pay his devotions to the relics of its holy founders. The new Archimandrite Firs, one of the treasurers of Solovétsk, had the honour of being ordained to this dignity by the patriarch Ioakím, and twice welcomed to her convent a sceptred guest, the great Peter—Petr Velíkii.

The first time the monarch arrived in a yacht from Archangel on June 7, 1694, together with the Archbishop Afanásii and a few Boyárs, and during the time of his three days' stay bestowed on the monastery proofs of his Tsarish generosity. Earlier had it received back by the ukázy of the two Tsars', John and Peter, 40,000 roubles, which it had lent their father for military requirements. At the same time his Majesty granted more than 1000 roubles to the convent, ordered that 3000 measures of rye should be sent from Archangel as an alms to the brotherhood, and, as a memorial of his visit, placed a cross in the *tchasóvnya*

(chapel), close to the landing-place. On the occasion of this visit of the Tsar', the patriarch Adrian, on his part, gave a rich New Testament as a benediction to the Obítel', and both the Tsar's made offerings to the value of 600 roubles for the erection of a new *iconostasis* in the Spásskii Cathedral, and two other hermitages were incorporated with the monastery, the T'chuchlómskii and the Markútschinskii.

At the commencement of the new century a miraculous event occurred in the Obítel' of Solovétsk. On the 6th of September 1701, in memory of the miracle of the Archangel Michail, during Divine Service the spire of the Spásskii Cathedral was struck by lightning, and, to the horror of those present, the *iconostasis* was scorched in several places, the image-lamp was torn from its chain, and the stone flooring shattered. At the altar the officiating Ieromonách, Markéll, who later was Igúmen, had his boot torn off, and, what was miraculous, without injury to his foot. The whole church was filled with smoke. The Divine Service, however, was not discontinued, and the whole brotherhood with deep emotion chanted a *Te Deum* for their delivery from danger.

Soon intelligence was received that the Swedes were preparing to attack Archangel and the Obítel' itself, but the threatened danger was averted by the solicitude of the great monarch; armed forces were sent by his orders to the coast fortresses, and in the monastery itself steps were taken for its defence. The enemy, after an abortive attempt on the Novodvinskaya fortress, left the White Sea with their ships, after destroying a few buildings belonging to the monastery on the shore. Next year the Obítel' was comforted by a visit of the Tsar' with his son, the Tsesaré-vitch, Senate, and a numerous suite.

The squadron of thirteen vessels reached the Solovétsk Islands in August, and, through contrary winds, remained for some days at the Anzérskii Island. How short a time

had passed since the *Grandsire*, the first boat Peter built of the Russian fleet, floated in loneliness on the Pereyas-lávskoe Lake! And now, lo! a whole fleet of warships had brought the great founder of our navy to the holy Obítel' on the White Sea, as if that, the first commencement of the Russian navy, had come to receive the blessing of SS. Zosíma and Savvátii.

On the evening of the 10th of August the Tsar' landed, and was triumphantly met by the Superior and the whole brotherhood at the Holy Gate. Before entering he made a circuit of its walls, to examine this stronghold of the North Sea, and the bells ringing joyous peals. He then entered the Holy Gate and the cathedral, where he kissed the tombs of the Prepodóbnye. Then he viewed the vestry and armoury, and promised next morning to be present at the Liturgy and dine with the monks; the evening he passed in the apartments of the Archimandrite with his whole suite, and in the night returned on shipboard.

Next day, accompanied by the Tsesarévitsh, the Tsar' attended Divine Service, which was performed with cathedral solemnity, and with the co-operation of the Court singers and choristers. Having visited all the buildings of the monastery, he tasted the monks' repast. On the third day he came on shore to see and examine the monastic manufactories and fisheries on the island.

On the eve of the Festival of the Assumption of the Virgin he came, together with the Tsesarévitsh, and placing himself among the monks in the choir, he chanted the whole service. The other choir was occupied by the Court singers, who chanted in the Greek measure. Peter desired to be shown the charters granted by his ancestors to the holy foundation, especially that of his father, granting the Archimandrite the privilege of giving the blessing in the Divine Service with the signing candles and mitred, and on his part, as a proof of his peculiar favour, permitted the

Superior from thenceforth to perform it similarly to the ritual of the Tchúdiv Monastery, wearing a mantle with bishop's pectoral, which right was later confirmed by an imperial charter, with the benediction from the occupier of the post of patriarch, the Metropolitte Stefán.¹

And on Assumption Day, Archimandrite Firs performed the service in full solemnity, with all the prerogatives newly granted him, in presence of the Tsar' and members of the Synod, and again the pious Tsar' sang among the monks as one of the choir. The remaining days of his stay he frequently came ashore, and having visited the adjacent Záetskii Island, commanded that thereon should be built a wooden church dedicated to the enlightener of Russia, the Apostle St. Andrew, under whose standard his small fleet first appeared upon the sea.

More than forty Boyárs of the first rank composed the suite of the Tsar' and Tsesarévitsh, together with the Court clergy, and about 4000 soldiers of all arms accompanied him in the ships during this memorable sea-voyage, which may be called his first sea campaign undertaken in his own ships and on his own waters. In the evening of the festival holiday there arose a favourable wind for his return voyage, and the Tsar' with his whole suite embarked; and with dawn the imperial flotilla sailed to one of the wharfs belonging to Solovétsk on the nearest shore.

The zealous Archimandrite, taking with him the cellarer and several monks on a vessel belonging to the convent, hastened after his sceptred guest to thank him for his gracious visit, and presented him with an *óbraz* of the Prepodóbnye and a copious supply of provisions. Having graciously received this offering, Peter rewarded the Superior and brotherhood, and ordered that there should be delivered them out of the Archangel stores 200 poods of gunpowder for the use of the monastery in case of danger.

¹ Page 67.

So terminated this remarkable voyage of the glorious reformer of our country to the remote islands of the White Sea, acquired for her by the pious zeal and enterprise of Savvátii and Zosíma. The sovereign, leaving his ships at Archangel, travelled by the lichen-covered paths and morasses of Olónets, clearing a path where, until then, it seemed impassable, drawing after him on timber rollers two yachts a distance of 160 versts, to Povénetsskaya Wharf, on the Onéga Lake, and from thence, by the river Svir', reached the Ládoga Lake.

The same autumn he stormed and took the fortress of Schlyusselbúrg, at the mouth of the Nevá, so indefatigable was the energy of the great monarch : the foundation of St. Petersburg was the result of his victory.

In 1714 Peter summoned to the new-born capital the Archimandrite Firs to negotiate a contract for the supply of salt from the saltworks of the monastery for the Government ; and three years later the Archimandrite died in St. Petersburg, after thirty years' honourable administration of the monastery, which he brought to a flourishing condition. His body, through the mediation of the Dowager-Tsarítsa Paraskéva Feódorovna, was transferred to the Solovétsk Convent, and buried near the cathedral porch.

Varsonófii, one of the tonsured brethren of the Obítei', and who had been, later, monk of the newly established Lavra of Alexándr Névkii, was consecrated his successor as Archimandrite by Stefán, the occupier of the patriarchate ; and the Emperor, bearing in mind the merits of his predecessor, confirmed to him all the privileges conferred on Firs. Varsonófii was even afterwards honoured by being appointed member of the Holy Synod, and after occupying the post of Superior for the term of twenty years, was consecrated Archbishop at Archangel, where for another score of years he piously attended his duties. The Empress Ánna, appreciating his services, bestowed on the Obítei' a gift to the value of 1000 roubles,

together with rich church plate; and he himself, while Archbishop, made it numerous benefactions.

Gennádii, descended from a noble family of "Little Russia," was appointed to succeed him, and this Superior, to the utmost of his power, exerted himself to embellish the churches of Solovétsk; he likewise erected two new chapels over the tombs of Gérman and Irinárch. After having governed the community for the space of twenty years, Gennádii was discharged from his duties by an ukaz of the Holy Synod, and the Archimandrite of the Gálitchskii Avraámievskii Monastery, Dosiféi, occupied his place for fifteen years.

During the rule of Dosiféi occurred the final changes in the hierarchical and internal existence of the community of Solovétsk. In 1764 all the districts of the monastery, more than 5000 souls, were incorporated in the newly founded Colleges of Economy, and on this occasion the monastery, which had so often made sacrifices of its means for the benefit of the fatherland during times of trouble, paid in another sum of 35,000 roubles as its last offering.

At the same time the armed force in both the forts, Súmskii and Kém'skii, was left under the jurisdiction of the monastery, and the Obitel' itself acknowledged to be *stavropigiál'naya*,¹ i.e., under the direct control of the Holy Synod, and independent of the Archbishop of Archangel, together with confirmation by the Holy Synod of the Superior of all the privileges of Archimandrite ritual mentioned above. Such changes in the interior life and the revenues did not prevent, however, the zealous Archimandrite Dosiféi from doing much for his convent. He built a high belfry; he cast bells of 300, 500, and 1000 poods (a pood is 40 pounds), and constructed a splendid *koutchég* (chest or ark) for the altar of the Transfiguration Cathedral, and a silver wrought image of the Prepodóbnye above their shrines;

¹ See p. 167.

he even built sea-going vessels which he could freely navigate to and fro amongst the islands ; and in his time the Anzérskii hermitage was finally incorporated with the Solovétskii Monastery.

Fortunately, during this season of such momentous changes for the monastery, men of experience were chosen as Superiors, who ruled long enough to uphold its internal welfare. So the well-meaning Dosífeí was succeeded by his treasurer, Ieroním, who remained at the head of the community nearly to the close of his life, carefully attending to all its wants and renewing and repairing all that was old. Through his representation the means for the support of the shipping were augmented, and he obtained the subsidies for the maintenance of the armed force quartered in the monastery, by reason of the constant danger from the attacks of Sweden.

In 1790 two experienced engineers arrived to examine the fortifications of Solovétsk, and by them two batteries were erected outside the wall ; but this season passed without hostilities, and the sites pointed out for the batteries made use of on occasion of the later siege. During his tenure of office the Archimandrite Ióna built anew the stone church of St. Filíp in place of the old dilapidated building adjoining the Spásskii Cathedral, and the *ikóny* (holy pictures) in all the churches were magnificently ornamented with silver dresses (*rízy*). By him also new cells were constructed for the brotherhood, and a wide haven for times of rough winter weather, where vessels might ride in security, on the south side of the convent. Such was the solicitude of this zealous Archimandrite.

Meantime, on the oft-threatened attack of the English, in the spring of the year 1801 there arrived from Archangel in row-barges two grenadier battalions, cannon, and military stores, under the command of General Doch túrov. This cloud which threatened the Obítel' passed without discharging its

thunders ; it was destined to flash its lightning on the convent half a century later and illumine it with new glory. In 1814, on the re-establishment of universal peace, the detachment of artillery it had possessed, with all its serviceable cannon and ammunition, was conveyed from the Solovétsk stronghold to the Novodvínskaya fortress. At the same period nearly all the cannon presented by the former Tsar's to the monastery were distributed amongst various coast fortifications.

In the hard year of national trial, 1812, the Solovétsk monks, though not personally participating in warlike deeds, notwithstanding made sacrifices, as in former times, for their fatherland, in proportion to their means, to the extent of about 5000 roubles, through their Archimandrite Ilarión ; and a few years subsequently, during the devastations in Greece, the Archimandrite Makárii sacrificed not only money, but even the pearls and church plate, for the redemption of suffering fellow-believers out of Turkish captivity.

The ten years' government of the second Archimandrite, Dosiféi, commencing 1826, was beneficial for the material welfare of the community, because he turned particular attention to its domestic economy, renovated the vestry, constructed two sea-going vessels, and built stone bridges across the bay, a distance of 120 fathoms, for access to the cattle-sheds and kitchen-garden. By him likewise the corner towers were strengthened, and the two lakes adjacent to the convent united by a canal of two versts in length. He also petitioned for and obtained the augmentation of the number of monks which had become necessary through the growth of the Obitel', but the best memorial he left was on the Anzérskii Island, the Raspyátskii (Crucifixion) hermitage, which he had completely restored.¹

This hermitage was built on the middle of the island, on a lonely hill, by name Golgófa, at the commencement of last century by the hermit (ascetic) Jesus, who had long

¹ See pp. 150, 151.

been the confessor of the Imperial family, and who came in search of silence and peace on this lonely hill, which had from of old been the asylum for hermits. He left for this his place of Superior of the Anzérskii hermitage, and built on the mount a wooden church in memory of the crucifixion of Jesus Christ; but he did not succeed in his design of raising a stone one, and peacefully expired, at a great age, on the scene of his pious labours. The church erected by him having come to complete decay, the Archimandrite Dosiféi replaced it by a magnificent stone one, with belfry, refectory, and cells; and the summit of the mount he paved with flagstones, removing the old wooden church to the bottom of the mount, to the spot where the Prepodóbnye hermit (ascetic) Jesus had been favoured by a vision of the Mother of God and Prepodóbnyi (saintly) Eleazár, principal founder of the Anzérskii Skit (hermitage).

Yet another august visit gladdened the community, 140 years after the second expedition of Peter the Great. On the 15th June 1844 the Grand-Duke Konstantín Nikoláevitch arrived at the monastery on a war-schooner, *The Polar Star*, a name which we may apply as an allusion to the Imperial Star which shone in our northern land.

The prior Dimítrii, with the whole body of monks, met in the holy gateway the welcome guest, who heard the Liturgy in the church of Prepodóbnye, &c., reverently worshipped at their tombs, and, like unto his great ancestor, partook of the monks' repast.

The next day he visited the two lonely hermitages of the Anzérskii Island, Tróitskii and Raspyátskii, and returning to the convent, sailed for Archangel. In commemoration of his visit there was built a stone *tchaslóvnya* or oratory on the shore, and in it placed a large wooden cross, on which with his own hand he marked his name and the year of his visit (1844).

Concluding with this event, so joyful for the Obítel', our

cursory review of its past history, we enter upon the narration of its glorious siege. It pleased the providence of God that there should be elected at this time a man of worth, capable of doing the great work that awaited him, and not failing in courage amidst the dangers that threatened him from all sides. Alexándr was his name.

In 1854 the *Brisk* and *Miranda* bombarded the monastery; the record of that event is to be found in Chapters XI., XII., and XIII. of this book.

Alexándr was succeeded by Feofán, of whom the author of "Free Russia" writes descriptively. Feofán was followed by the kind-hearted Melétii, who recently has by permission of the Holy Synod retired from active work, and Father Varlaám rules in his stead. Two modern steamboats have been added to the fleet of vessels to carry the pilgrims the 300 versts from Archangel, but no greater event has been recorded of late in

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